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THE WORKS OF JOHN RUSKIN

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1906

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VOLUME XXIII

VAL D'ARNO

THE SCHOOLS OF FLORENCE

MORNINGS IN FLORENCE

THE SHEPHERD'S TOWER

672343

J. Ruskin, after Botticelli Allen & Co. Sc.

Zipporah

VAL D'ARNO
THE SCHOOLS OF FLORENCE
MORNINGS IN FLORENCE
THE SHEPHERD'S TOWER

BY

JOHN RUSKIN

LONDON
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Note.—Of the additional plates introduced in this volume, No. VII. has appeared before in a separate publication (see p. 30 *n.*).

Of Ruskin's drawings here given, the *frontispiece* (the study of Botticelli's "Zipporah") was shown at Brighton in 1876 (see below, p. 470) and was No. 112 in the Ruskin Exhibition at the Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours, 1901.

INTRODUCTION TO VOL. XXIII

This is a Florentine volume. It contains two courses of Oxford lectures (delivered respectively in 1873 and 1874) which dealt with Tuscan Art, and to these it adds the "simple studies of Christian Art for English travellers" entitled *Mornings in Florence* (1875–1877), with its supplementary volume of illustrations called *The Shepherd's Tower*. Other courses of lectures were delivered by Ruskin at Oxford in 1873 and 1874; but as these were on natural science, they are reserved for other volumes. The contents of the present volume are, then: I. *Val d'Arno*, being "Ten Lectures on the Tuscan Art directly antecedent to the Florentine Year of Victories" (1250). These lectures were delivered in the October term 1873, and published a year later; the delay was caused by the preparation of the illustrations. II. *The Æsthetic and Mathematic Schools of Art in Florence* (1300–1500). These lectures, which are now published for the first time, were delivered in Michaelmas Term 1874. III. *Mornings in Florence*. This was published at intervals during the years 1875, 1876, 1877. Ruskin's serious illness in the following year prevented its completion. An additional chapter written for Ruskin by Mr. R. Caird is now for the first time published. IV. *The Shepherd's Tower* (1881). In connexion with "The Sixth Morning," which described the bas-reliefs on Giotto's Tower, Ruskin issued at a later date a series of photographs of them, with a Preface which, with reproductions of the photographs, is here given. Finally, in an Appendix, there are given, first, some Notes for an Eton Lecture (1874), headed by Ruskin "Giotto's Pet Puppy"; secondly, a passage upon Giotto and Niccola Pisano, which was perhaps written for the lectures on *The Æsthetic and Mathematic Schools of Florence;* and, thirdly, a Note which Ruskin contributed to an Exhibition Catalogue in 1876, illustrative of Botticelli's "Zipporah," in the "Life of Moses"—a picture which is described in *The Æsthetic and Mathematic Schools of Florence*. It is hoped that the collection into one volume of Ruskin's Florentine studies will be found of some special interest by readers who are visiting, or are familiar with, that city.

1873

In 1873 Ruskin delivered at Oxford, in the Michaelmas Term, the course of lectures which comes first in this volume. Earlier in the year he had delivered a few lectures on Birds (Vol. XXV.). For the rest, the year was one of quiet work; nor did he take any foreign tour: it was a Brantwood year. His diary written there shows how it began:—

> "The two first days of the year spent actively on rush blossom and paper cones (Jan. 4)."[1]
>
> "Books and coins all being ordered and catalogued as fast as may be (Jan. 20)."

So, in a letter to Mrs. Arthur Severn (January 19), he says:—

> "I am taking a real 'rest' just now—a wonderful thing for me to do. I have finished my February *Fors,* and won't work at anything for a little while except cataloguing my books and such sleepinesses."

And again, a few days later (in an undated letter to Mrs. Severn):—

> "The light has come at last—the snow is divine on the hills, and illuminates my study all into its corners. I can paint, and think, and do everything quite nicely. I'm cataloguing my books, and finding my coins, and really it's a sort of ideal life now, so quiet and far away, and yet with so many pretty things about me, and lake and mountains outside, and my Joanie and Arfie loving me all the while."
>
> "Worked well at Miracles[2] and coins (Jan. 26)."
>
> "8 February [his birthday]. Opened at Ecclesiasticus, 50, 17, reading on to 18, and by chance, 8.[3] I must try to make my daily life more perfect as I grow old. Write this and my Greek notes at seven morning, sans spectacles."
>
> "Much tried and depressed last night; better, and with good thoughts of Swallow lecture,[4] this morning, as if by reaction (March 31)."

[1] Drawings for the Oxford Collection: see Vol. XXI. pp. 285, 308.

[2] A paper on "The Nature and Authority of Miracle" (reprinted in a later volume of this edition), read to the Metaphysical Society in February 1873, and printed in the following month's number of the *Contemporary Review.*

[3] "And as the flower of *roses* in the spring of the year."

[4] Delivered at Oxford on May 2, 1873, and printed as Lecture ii. in *Love's Meinie.*

"Too little done, alas, always. Still I've made out wing, and painted tree (April 5)."

"It is curious I have so little satisfaction in work done: only a wild longing to do more, and always thinking of beginning life—when I am drawing so fast towards its end (April 11)."

Such entries give us a good glimpse of Ruskin's days of quiet work at home; of his studies of leaves and stones and coins; of his writing now upon Miracles for the Metaphysical Society, and now upon Tuscan Art or upon Birds for his Oxford lectures; and of the reverent spirit which consecrated all his laborious days. He went up to London in February to read the paper on Miracles (see a later volume), and to Oxford in March to give the first of his lectures on Birds; other lectures of the course were given in May, and two of them were repeated at Eton. "The Eton boys gave me such a cheer last night," he wrote to Mrs. Severn, after one of the Eton lectures (letter undated), "as I've never yet had in my life. I hope to be very useful to them." But for the rest, all the early part of the year, as also the spring and summer, were spent quietly at Brantwood. The Lake Country in winter —its most attractive season, as many of its lovers consider—was new to him, and he enjoyed it greatly:—

"*January* 23.—Entirely clear starlight and snowlight, with sickle of crystal moon, at half-past five. Yesterday a glorious walk in north wind. The stream and old bridge in Yewdale greatly sweet to me. Strange coming and going of clouds; purple sunset; pillars of reflection at the Waterhead."

"*January* 31.—Yesterday across to Coniston Hall, and divine walk up stream and by the foot of Old Man to Walney Scar. North wind bracing, not cold. Frost delicious, icicles at cascade."

"*February* 23.—Yesterday divinest walk through sunny peaceful glades of Mr. Marshall's[1] to the rocks above his tarn—quite, I am certain, one of the finest views in Europe (admitting heather and rock to be lovely, having these in perfection, and lake, sea, and vale besides)."

"*February* 25.—Yesterday entirely radiant in calm frost and pure snow. Rowed to Fir Island, the beauty of it and intense quiet making me feel as if in a feverish dream. A robin met and waited by me at each of the two places where I landed, and flitted from stone to stone at the water's edge."

"*March* 1.—Not the first mild day of it;[2] bitter frost, white fog.

[1] Mr. Victor Marshall, of Monk Coniston, one of Ruskin's nearest neighbours.
[2] Wordsworth: "To my Sister." Compare Vol. XVII. p. 376.

Yesterday, all day lovely; I walking to and fro on my road thinking how blessed I was to have such a place. Helvellyn, silver white in the north; the lake, silver pure, far south, between wild trunks of trees and sweet rocks by wayside. That it is a *way*, too—yet so quiet!"

"*April* 12.—Yesterday, with Downs, up ravine of Wetherlam; I across alone to Colwith Fall. Never saw anything of its kind so lovely in my life as the afternoon sunlight on the folds of Wetherlam, and the quiet fields and brook of Little Langdale. In the morning, cutting wood faggots. Pretty common snake among the dry leaves."

"*April* 21 (letter to Mrs. Severn).—What would I not give to have had you here to-day and yesterday! The sky literally cloudless—the clearness far more exquisite than I remember even in earliest childhood—every bank one garland of primrose, oxalis, and anemone, and the young ferns all green and curled; and the violets wherever a bit of blue will be lovely.

"The streams have nearly faded into silence, their pools quiet like large emeralds, laced together by threads of silver. I drove to Langdale yesterday with Burgess and Downs. Walked home past Wordsworth's Blea Tarn, the scene of the *Excursion*—absolutely *no* cloud in the sky. This morning, at five, the rosy light on the Old Man reflected in *utter* calm by the lake, with a long line of blue wood smoke level, like a cloud, in the shadow between. I *never* saw anything so lovely."

"*April* 25 (diary).—Worked with Burgess and Downs on Harbour; found it much nicer in company than alone. Chopped path from gate of garden up to my own rest-garden, with my own hand, in exquisite twilight."

"*July* 17.—Yesterday up Wetherlam, and down by the upper Tarn, by myself. Stayed on top of second peak of Wetherlam, seeing at once Skiddaw, Saddleback, Scawfell, Helvellyn, the Langdales, Blea Tarn, Windermere (nearly all), and Lancashire and the sea as far as Preston, and in the midst of it, my own little nest. Came down by miner's cottage, and heard of boy, from sixteen to twenty-four, dying of crushed thigh, and *I* am discontented. But the mystery and sadness of it all."

How characteristic of Ruskin's work is the mingled note of beauty and sadness in these entries! The hand which penned them was busy, at alternate moments, in writing pages of *Proserpina* or *Deucalion*—revealing the delicate beauties of flower and herb, or translating into words the splendour of the Iris of the Earth[1]—and in hurling through

[1] The title of chapter vii. in *Deucalion*.

Fors Clavigera thunderbolts of passionate indignation against the faults and follies of the age, and the whole fabric of the modern world. It is the commingling of the two notes which gives the special quality to Ruskin's work. He was at once a prophet prophesying against the evil of the world and a magician revealing its beauty. "My work is very complex just now," he wrote to Mrs. Severn (March 3), "Birds, *Fors*, Flowers, and Botticelli all in a mess; house-building here and garden-planning and harbour-digging." His literary work for the year was miscellaneous. In addition to the usual monthly numbers of *Fors Clavigera* and the essay on Miracles, already mentioned, he engaged in controversy upon Political Economy with W. R. Greg and Professor Hodgson;[1] he wrote upon Mr. Ernest George's etchings;[2] he sent an Address to the Mansfield Art School;[3] published two parts of *Love's Meinie* and one of *Ariadne Florentina*;[4] brought out new editions of *Modern Painters* and *The Stones of Venice*, and reissued *The Crown of Wild Olive* with a new Appendix, containing an analysis of part of Carlyle's *Friedrich*. He was also "hard at work on new elements of drawing,"[5] though none of this (*The Laws of Fésole*) saw the light till some years later. Among the books which he read, in addition to the daily study of the Bible (in Greek and English), were Callimachus[6] —"very delicious and fruitful to me," and a collection of early French romantic poetry—the book of The Hundred Ballads; this he studied very minutely, making notes and, sometimes, a translation.[7] He was also reading during some weeks *The Romance of the Rose* in a French manuscript. Each day he copied out several lines, noting obscure words, and occasionally amusing himself by translating the French into English verse. His books written at this time contain many references to the poem which Chaucer turned into English.[8] With regard to his home amusements, the "garden-planning" may best be reserved for

[1] See Vol. XVII. pp. 503–505, 553 *seq.*

[2] Vol. XIV. pp. 335 *seq.*

[3] Afterwards added to *A Joy for Ever:* see Vol. XVI. pp. 153 *seq.*

[4] See Vol. XXII. p. 392 *n.* (a note added "at Assisi, June 9th"). Compare *ibid.*, pp. 409, 444.

[5] *Letters to Norton*, vol. ii. p. 67 (reprinted in a later volume of this edition).

[6] Quoted in *Aratra Pentelici*, § 195 (Vol. XX. p. 343), and *Ariadne Florentina*, § 221 (Vol. XXII. p. 451).

[7] The title of the book is *Le Livre des Cent Ballades contenant des conseils à un Chevalier pour aimer loiulement et les responses aux ballades publié d'apres trois manuscrits . . . par le Marquis de Queux de Saint-Hilaire*, Paris, 1868. Ruskin's copy (No. 323), with his annotations, and inscribed "Norman Hay Forbes, With John Ruskin's love, 23rd May 1888," is now in the possession of Mr. S. W. Bush, of Bath.

[8] See, for instance, below, pp. 61, 117, 138; *Ariadne Florentina*, § 57 (Vol. XXII. p. 336); *Love's Meinie*, §§ 35 *seq.*; and *Fors Clavigera*, Letters 24, 34, 45, 61.

the introduction to his book on flowers—*Proserpina*. To the house building and harbour digging, he refers in the present volume; they were occupations which gave him much amusement as well as hints for architectural points.[1] One of Ruskin's grandfathers had been a sailor, and he himself was fond of boats and shipping. The lake was thus one of the principal pleasures of Brantwood; "he liked going out," says Mr. Collingwood,[2] "when there was a little sea on, and white horses, and he would paddle away before the wind with great enjoyment." At first he had no harbour, and the boats were exposed to the storms, which can be wild enough, when they give their mind to it, on Coniston Water. So the construction of a breakwater was one of the lord of Brantwood's first concerns. At a later date (1875) two of his Oxford pupils and diggers[3]—the translators of Xenophon's *Economist* for *Bibliotheca Pastorum*—were invited to Brantwood to go through that book with him, and the harbour digging became one form of their daily exercise. They enclosed a small piece of the lake and then deepened it, to allow of the boats coming in, and also built steps up the bank to the garden path. Ruskin often joined them in the harbour making; and though, later on, a local mason was called in to finish the work and make an inner harbour, the work of the Oxford diggers still stands.

In 1873 Brantwood was ready for guests, and Ruskin received many. Early in the year came Lady Burne-Jones and her daughter:—

"One afternoon when it was too wet to go out at all, Mr. Ruskin took little Margaret with him into the drawing-room and played with her at jumping over piles of books that he built upon the floor. Of course nothing was allowed to interfere with the ordered routine of his life; which was literary work in the morning, bodily exercise in the afternoon, and music and reading aloud in the evening. Sometimes he invited visitors into his study, to show them books and minerals and pictures, or the beautiful view of the Old Man across Coniston Water, which lay beneath his window. This one room was light and bright, and filled with his presence in a wonderful way. . . . We seemed to leave him with the whole world for companion in his quiet room, and the lights of heaven for candles."[4]

[1] See *Val d'Arno*, §§ 142, 153 *n.* (below, pp. 86, 93).

[2] *Ruskin Relics*, 1903, p. 18.

[3] Mr. Collingwood and Mr. Wedderburn.

[4] *Memorials of Edward Burne-Jones*, vol. ii. p. 33. Mrs. Lynn Linton used to speak of Brantwood as "a dungeon" and as "stifled with shade." The old dining-room in particular was very dark and dull, with the hillside rising close to its windows. At a time later than this visit of Lady Burne-Jones Ruskin built a new dining-room looking to the lake (the ground-floor room at the extreme right of the house in the plate. The next two windows are those of Ruskin's study; his bedroom was above it, though he sometimes occupied the turret-room).

Photo Walmsley

Allen & Co Sc

Brantwood

Other children of whom Ruskin saw much at this time were Miss Violet and Miss Venice Hunt, daughters of Alfred Hunt, who came with his wife to stay at Brantwood, and afterwards settled for a time in Coniston.[1] "Venice" (Mrs. W. Benson) was his godchild, and Ruskin was at one time minded to adopt her. Miss Violet Hunt has printed some pleasant reminiscences of these days at Brantwood (though the first of her incidents belongs to Denmark Hill days):—

"Ruskin loved children, but I think that the abnormal in them was what appealed to him. He was puzzled by the absolutely natural child. Once, when he was showing his Turner, 'The Slave Ship,'[2] we asked him cheerfully what all those people were doing in the water. 'Drowning!' he said; 'they have been thrown overboard to lighten the ship.' But the legs of the slaves were thick and unlike legs, and so altogether comic, that the more my mother and Mr. Ruskin explained to us that these unfortunates were in mortal anguish and fear of death, the more we giggled. I remember his awestruck face as he leaned across towards my mother, saying, '*Are* children like that?' Even in his play with us he called for the exercise of that forbearance towards its well-meaning but blundering elder which is innate in all children. We thought 'J. R.' charmingly unpractical. Mr. Ruskin used to take us out nutting in the woods, carrying an axe to cut down the trees, so that we should be able to reach the nuts. We disapproved of the plan; nuts so easily gotten lost all their savour. . . . Then he played hide-and-seek with us, and I remember how the word went round among the three little conspirators to spare the Professor's feelings and not find him too readily. I can see now his slim back lying spread out on a rock near the waterfall, looking like a grey trout that had somehow got on to the bank, in the full view of six sharp eyes, that politely ignored him for a time. Being full of hero-worship, and anxious to ascertain from him his views on every subject whatsoever—a pleasure in which my sisters were as yet too young to share—I used to prefer a *tête-à-tête* walk. His little bow of assent when I timidly asked him flattered the woman in the child. I remember saying as we set out one Saturday: 'Mr. Ruskin, before we start, do tell me if we shall be asked to come here again next Saturday.' 'Certainly,' he said, 'but why should you think of that now? Sufficient for the day is the happiness thereof.' 'No,' I said courageously—I was only eleven—'I can be so much happier to-day if I know it is not the last—if I know I am going to be happy another day—if this day is only a *piece* of happiness, not the whole of it.' 'Poor child,' he said, in a tone of intense commiseration which I could not understand then, though I do now."[3]

[1] See Vol. XIV. p. 298.
[2] Plate 12 in Vol. III. Ruskin sold the picture in 1869 (*ibid.*, p. lv.).
[3] "Ruskin as a Guide to Youth:" *Westminster Gazette*, February 3, 1900.

Miss Violet Hunt tells me how well she remembers also Ruskin describing to her what he saw from his bedroom windows—"all the mountains of the earth passing in procession, with the Coniston Old Man at their head."

Presently Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Severn were established at Brantwood. "Yesterday," he notes (July 3), "Joanna and Arthur and baby arrive all safe—to my great comfort and, I think, theirs." Among the visitors entertained at Brantwood in this year were Lord and Lady Mount-Temple. The elders did not have to make the same indulgent allowance as the children to Ruskin's efforts to please them:—

"Mrs. Severn has a lively story of an excursion with them to Monk Coniston Tarn,[1] a pretty bit of water on the hills, with a fine panorama of mountains all round—the show-place of Coniston. It was a foggy morning, but he hoped it would clear; and they drove through the woods in expectation, but it was still foggy. They got out of the carriage and walked to the finest point of view; still the fog would not lift. Then Ruskin waved his hand and pointed to the scene they ought to see; and in his best eloquence, and with growing warmth, described the lakelet embosomed in its woods and moors, Helvellyn and the Pikes, Bow Fell and Wetherlam, and the Coniston Old Man. For a moment it seemed as if the whole was before their eyes; and then they burst out laughing. 'After all,' said Lady Mount-Temple, 'is not this the best that we could have?' 'And to me,' said Ruskin, with his old-fashioned courtliness, 'what view could be so entirely delightful?'"[2]

Coventry Patmore was another visitor (though in 1875, not 1873), and his letters give us characteristic glimpses of Ruskin as host:—

"Yesterday afternoon," writes Patmore from Brantwood, "I had a long walk with Ruskin, and a great deal of interesting talk. Mr. and Mrs. Severn are here, and a gentleman named Burgess, who seems to be a kind of artistic assistant to Ruskin, whose attention is at present given to Botany. He is at present copying a patch of moss on a rockside above some water, in which water he sits half the day—of course by the help of a chair and a footstool."

"Ruskin's ordinary manners are courteous and obliging almost to an embarrassing degree, but a little scratch or contradiction will put him out strangely. I was walking with him and Severn among the mountains near Coniston, and we stopped to admire the beauty of a wild strawberry plant, which was in fruit and flower at the same time, in a nook by a

[1] See above, p. xxi. (diary for February 23).
[2] *Ruskin Relics*, by W. G. Collingwood, p. 227.

little gully. As we went on Ruskin said to me, 'I suppose, Patmore, that we are the only three men in England who would have passed that plant without eating the fruit.' I, shy of praise for such a singular sensibility, replied, 'I believe, Ruskin, that you are the only man in England who would have thought of eating it.' He was evidently hurt, and was quite silent for some time."

"Nothing can be kinder and more sedulously courteous than Ruskin; and the Severns are a delightfully pleasant, lively, and unaffected couple. My whole day, every day since I have been here, has been filled with healthy, active amusement—rowing in the morning, walking up the mountains in the afternoon; and talking, laughing, and listening to nice unlearned music in the evenings.

"I leave here to-morrow. . . . I daresay I shall have a good time, though not so good as I am having here, with Ruskin almost all to myself." [1]

Let us also be of the invited company, and spend a day at Brantwood with Ruskin at home: [2]—

"A moderate-sized house, half covered with creepers; its walls of a pale yellow, that looks almost white from a distance; its principal windows overlooking the Lake of Coniston, and facing the 'Old Man's' rocky peak; the rest almost shut in by the trees at either side and the hill that rises up abruptly at the back—such is the home which Mr. Ruskin bought, without even seeing it first, some seven years ago, wherein, amid the treasures of art he has collected and the scenery he loves, he contrives (to quote his own words) to 'get through the declining years of my æsthetic life.' [3]

"A short drive, over which the shady trees almost meet, and the visitor has come from the high-road up to the house, the entrance to which might seem somewhat gloomy were it not for the glimpses of blue lake he catches here and there. Pause in the hall a few minutes if you would see two figures by Burne-Jones before you pass to the cheerful drawing-room. Here, since its windows look on the lake, the pleasant breakfast-table is brought in daily, and Mr. Ruskin's guests enjoy the Brantwood strawberries and the cream from the farm across the hill, while their host, who has breakfasted already and been writing *Proserpina* or *Deucalion*, or whatever is in hand, almost since sunrise, reads aloud now the results of his morning's work, courting criticism instead of being offended at it like smaller men; now some extracts from the letters which have just come; and now, when

[1] *Coventry Patmore*, by Basil Champneys, vol. i. pp. 284, 285.

[2] The following account is taken from the *World* of August 29, 1877; it was headed "Celebrities at Home, No. LIV. Professor Ruskin at Brantwood." The article was written by Mr. Wedderburn. See also two articles (also by Mr. Wedderburn), entitled "A Lake-side Home," in the *Art Journal*, November and December, 1881.

[3] *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 76 (Notes and Correspondence).

the meal is nearly over, he opens a book reserved for this occasion, and the party are treated to no common reading of one of Scott's novels. Here, in the evening, when they have watched the sunset splendour pass from crimson into grey till the mountain ridges stand out sharp and black against the star-bright sky, all reassemble—some from the lake's shore, where a cigarette has been secretly smoked, while the Professor, who does not like any sign of tobacco near him, has been taking his after-dinner nap—and the day's last hours are spent in lively talk or at chess, a game of which Mr. Ruskin is fond, and at which he is not unskilful. Sometimes a book—one of Miss Edgeworth's old-fashioned stories, perhaps—is taken up and read aloud, as at breakfast, the others sitting at the chessboard or making sketches in pen and ink, while the best of hostesses and kindest of cousins does a woman's duty at the tea-table. Round them hang some good drawings by Prout; a lovely village maid from Gainsborough's easel;[1] four Turners, which are carefully covered over when the room is unoccupied; a painting of 'Fair Rosamond' by Burne-Jones; and one or two sketches by Mr. Ruskin himself.

"Across the hall the dining-room is entered, and here the eye lights on two portraits by Northcote, over the sideboard, of Mr. Ruskin's parents; whilst in the same room are two 'Annunciations,' both by Tintoret, and, to omit the rest, there hangs above the chimney-piece Turner's portrait of himself in youth,[2] and we see that the mouth which was afterwards sensual was once softly sweet. But it is in the 'Professor's study' that those who would know of Mr. Ruskin at home must be most interested.[3] The room is long and low, with two large windows opening out upon the lake. At one end is the fireplace, over which is hung Turner's 'Lake of Geneva,' a water-colour remarkable for its splendour and unusual size; at the other is the occupant's writing-table. The walls are rightly covered with book-cases and cabinets rather than with pictures. Here are the original MSS. of *The Fortunes of Nigel* and a volume of Scott's letters; here a 'Fielding' on large paper and an edition of Plato by a distinguished divine have honourable place; here some specimens of the binder's art and the best that printing can do; and humbly hidden here behind some other volumes are copies, kept for reference or for gift, of the Works of John Ruskin. In this corner stand three marble figures, which once helped to support a font, chiselled by Nicolo Pisano, and broken, it is said, by Dante;[4] and lying on the table is a book of drawings in sepia, by Mantegna and Botticelli, which the British Museum thought it could not afford to buy.[5] This cabinet contains, admirably arranged on variously coloured velvets,

[1] The frontispiece to Vol. XXII.
[2] The frontispiece to Vol. XIII.
[3] See Plate B; with the key-plan and Ruskin's inventory on p. lxviii.
[4] See *Ariadne Florentina*, § 67 (Vol. XXII. p. 343).
[5] See Vol. XXII. p. xxxviii.

A. Macdonald J. and G. Nicholls

Ruskin's Study at Brantwood

the half of Mr. Ruskin's valuable collection of minerals, the greater part of which was once the property of the Duke of Buckingham at Stowe. These drawers are full of illuminated missals and fine old manuscripts (though the best, perhaps, lie in the Professor's rooms at Corpus); and here is a cabinet filled with drawings, not a few by Turner, which it would take long to partially enjoy.

"Thus much has been done to make the interior of the house as interesting as it is comfortable; and outside too, Brantwood is very different from what it was when its former owner — a writer, we believe, of Radical pamphlets[1] — had but lately left it desolate. The turret-window at one corner of the house has been built since then, that its present master may, from his chamber, see the hills at dawn on almost every side; the well stocked gardens, one sacred to Mr. Ruskin's especial pleasure, another made lovely with standard roses and terraces of grass—all give evidence of a characteristic taste; and the harbour at their foot was begun three summers back by two of the Professor's undergraduate 'diggers,' who enjoyed a month of his genial hospitality. For as a host Mr. Ruskin possesses that uncommon faculty of making his guests forget that his house is not their own. To its favoured frequenters Brantwood is Liberty Hall indeed; perfect freedom is allowed them in all they do; and they are not bound to follow out plans laid down in a series of programmes for their supposed amusement, though, if the day be fine, the Professor will take an oar and pull across the lake to show them the old Hall, now a farm, which was once the home of Mary, Countess of Pembroke, and where her brother 'Sir Philip Sidney, it is delivered by tradition, lived for a time in our Arcadia of western meres.'[2] Gathered round the pleasantest of tables, the inmates of Brantwood enjoy the freest 'flow of soul'; their host directs and sustains, but never monopolises, the talk; nor need any be afraid of being victimised by that spirit of self-conscious dictation or affected silence which has been known to spoil enjoyment in the company of some literary men.

"Mr. Ruskin rises early, as we have said, and writes for three hours before his guests are down. Breakfast over, he retires to his study to answer numerous letters or complete some piece of unfinished work, or will go out on to the hill, perhaps, and make a delicately-finished study of rock and grass for the engraver's hand to copy. Between one and six o'clock, the tourist in the Lakes may see a slight figure dressed in a grey frock-coat (which the people round, ignorant of Ascot, believe unique), and wearing the bright blue tie so familiar to audiences at Oxford and elsewhere, walking about the quiet lanes, sitting down by the harbour's side, or rowing on the water. The back is somewhat bent, the light-brown hair straight and long, the whiskers scarcely showing signs of eight-and-fifty summers

[1] See Vol. XXII. p. xxi.

[2] Preface (§ 1) to *Rock Honeycomb* in *Bibliotheca Pastorum*.

numbered, and the spectator need not be surprised at the determined energy with which a boat is brought to shore or pushed out into the lake.

"Sometimes a friend breaks in on this peaceful time, and is met with both hands outstretched, whilst the gentle look in the clear blue eyes and a few low-voiced words give him full assurance that he is entirely welcome. To such the place is gladly shown; and a walk is taken up the grass paths cut through the woods, with seats placed where the views are best, to look out over mountain and lake, and be taught, maybe, in the rich colours and fleecy clouds, the utter rightness of Turner; till, ascending higher, an admiring eye must be cast on a bit of rough ground red with heather, which, lying just beyond the boundaries of Brantwood, the Professor laughingly calls his 'Naboth's vineyard.'"

1874

In October Ruskin left Brantwood to keep term, and deliver his lectures (*Val d'Arno*), at Oxford. Account of them is given below (p. liv.); Ruskin stayed on when the course was finished, to teach in his school. He spent the end of the year, and the early days of 1874, partly at Margate—being led there by desire to study Turner's skies[1]—and partly in London, where he went through a round of theatres and pantomimes.[2] He was again in Oxford in the Lent term of 1874, and had announced himself to give in March "Three Lectures on the Relations of Outline between Rock and Perpetual Snow in the Alps."[3] But as the appointed day drew near, Ruskin, who was at the time in much distress of spirit, felt himself unable to face the ordeal. "The giving up lectures," he wrote to Mrs. Arthur Severn, "does not mean any giving *in*, but that I have no heart or strength for *speaking*, and could not have looked people in the face. The sorrow so sucks the life out of me; but it increases the thoughtful power, and I'm doing really more than if I were at Oxford. But the Prince will be vexed; he really wanted to hear me lecture again." The geological lectures were accordingly postponed till the October term, and Ruskin went abroad for seven months.[4] This was a very busy tour; it affected

[1] Compare Vol. XIII. p. 470.

[2] See *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 38.

[3] *University Gazette*, January 23 and March 4, 1874.

[4] The itinerary of the tour was as follows: Boulogne (March 30), Paris (March 31), Chambéry (April 3), Turin (April 5), Genoa (April 6), Sesti (April 7), Pisa (April 9), Assisi (April 12), Rome (April 16), Naples (April 19), Palermo (April 22), Taormina (April 26), Palermo (April 30), Naples (May 1), Rome (May 4), Narni (May 16), Rome (May 20), Assisi (June 9 to July 11), Perugia (July 12, with frequent visits thence to Assisi, and also a day at Gubbio), Florence (July 25),

vitally Ruskin's views upon Italian art, and it provided most of the material which is worked up in the lectures on *The Æsthetic and Mathematic Schools* and in *Mornings in Florence*. Ruskin on this occasion took no friends with him; though he was attended by his servant Crawley, a courier (Klein), and (for a short time) Mr. Allen. He started in great depression, and at Paris he found it necessary to take medical advice. But by the time he was fairly in Italy, the change of scene and work had effected a cure. "I am better," he writes to Mrs. Severn from Pisa (April 9); "indeed, nearly quite well to-day, and have already done all I had to do essential here, besides getting a lovely walk outside the walls. The courtesy and dignity of the older peasants, and the essential sweetness of character of the people generally, polluted and degraded as they are, touch me more deeply every time I return to Italy." From Pisa he went to Assisi. One of the main objects of his visit to Italy was to superintend, as a member of the council of the Arundel Society, the work of copying some of Giotto's frescoes in the two churches of St. Francis which the society had entrusted to Herr Kaiser.[1] This duty led Ruskin, as we shall see, into much fruitful study; but for the present he was content with a general inspection, and went on to Rome, *en route* for Sicily. His friends Colonel and Mrs. Yule[2] and their daughter (Miss Amy Yule) were at this time living at Palermo, and they had pressed him to come and see them. The few days which he spent at Rome were pleasant. "I am quite well," he wrote to Mrs. Arthur Severn (April 18), "and enjoying myself as I haven't done these twenty years, I think:"—

> "There's nothing here damaged that I care for (the Botticellis are so divine in their decay that I don't mind it), and I've just a sweet link or two of memory about 1841 and φίλη,[3] but no intensely happy days to mourn over, and there's something in the bigness of the places which suits me just now—I can't conceive why, but it

Lucca (July 28), Pistoia (August 6), Lucca (August 7), Florence (August 19 to September 18), Pistoia (September 19), Lucca (September 21), Spezia (September 30), Turin (October 3), Chambéry (October 4), Geneva (October 6), St. Martin (October 7), Chamouni (October 8), St. Martin (October 10), Chamouni (October 14), St. Martin (October 17), Geneva (October 19), Paris (October 20), Calais (October 21), Herne Hill (October 22).

[1] The drawings are now in the National Gallery. They were published by chromo-lithography by the Arundel Society.

[2] Sir Henry Yule (1820–1889); in Sikh wars 1845–1846, 1848–1849; under secretary to Indian public works department, 1855; secretary to mission to Burma, 1855; retired 1862; C.B., 1863; resided at Palermo, 1863–1875; member of Indian Council, 1875–1889; K.C.S.I., 1889.

[3] Lady Mount-Temple. See Vol. XVIII. p. 47, and for Ruskin's first sight of her in 1841, *Præterita*, ii. § 39.

> does. There's an aloe hedge in the back-garden here, with leaves —let me see, I mustn't exaggerate—I was going to say eighteen feet long, but they really *are* from six to nine feet long; a single aloe cluster would barely go into your back dining-room. Well, I vainly tried to explain to myself that a little saxifrage root at Brantwood was just as good. I liked the great big things *because* they were big, and bent over against me like a great green-blue wave of breaking sea. I had a nice day's work in the Sistine too, and have scaffolding up, and permission to work for six months (if I like), and if I don't bring home pretty Zipporah—I'm no professor of fine arts."

That piece of work was reserved till the visit to Sicily was over. The weather was unpropitious, for the wind was cold, and there are pages of his diary filled with the daily iniquities of the "Storm Cloud."[1] Naples he found to be "certainly the most disgusting place in Europe," combining "the vice of Paris with the misery of Dublin and the vulgarity of New York" (April 19)—"the most loathsome nest of human caterpillars I was ever forced to stay in,—a hell with all the devils imbecile in it" (April 20).[2] First impressions of Palermo were not encouraging either. "The general definition of Palermo is, I find, a town built of large stones of the colour of mud, with an iron *curled* balcony to every window and everybody's shirts, chemises, petticoats, and bedclothes hung out over them to dry" (April 21).

Next day he wrote some fuller *impressions de voyage*:—

> ". . . I am in a terribly bad humour to-day, the *black* cold wind having actually pursued me here, the only difference from London being the scorching and dangerous heat in the middle of the day. I have learned, however, three or four inestimable truths, by coming to Sicily. First, and not least, not to despise even the worst darkness of England, or storm of Coniston, as evils of a baser climate. That accursed wind takes them all over earth, and the orange groves are all blighted here, by the same storms that made me ill in passing the Cenis. Secondly, I gathered to-day the small blue iris, wild, on the rocks of Monreale, within half a mile of the Greek mosaics which represent it, and am now certain—matching the flower fresh gathered with the visible sea beyond Palermo —that Homer's *violet*-coloured sea[3] meant, as I have said it did,

[1] See his lecture in a later volume on "The Storm-Cloud of the Nineteenth Century."

[2] His impressions of Naples on his return from Sicily were not more favourable: see Vol. XXII. pp. 410–411.

[3] See *Laws of Fésole*, Vol. XV. p. 426.

iris-coloured, and that the hitherto called 'violet' crocus of the Greeks were of *this* flower—the blue fleur-de-lys.[1]

"Thirdly, in the dustiest street of Palermo, or, at least, as dusty as well could be, I saw a group of serious players at bowls, but the bowls were—oranges. I thought this a very characteristic bit of street scene.

"Fourthly, I've seen Indian fig in perfection as a rock-plant, covering heights like Yewdale Crag with masses of its blue-green leaves, fixed like painted bronze.

"Fifthly, I've seen the tomb of Frederic II., and knelt at it! and am going to draw it to-morrow—God willing.

"In spite of all these, and several more valuable gains, I am on the whole in a very sulky humour; the misery and wrong on every side are so terrific, my own strength for good so lost, like a poor bee or ant drifted down a mill-race of foul water. One of the finest Gothic Saracen churches here was destroyed by the bombardment as late as '69! . . .

"Colonel Yule called this morning, to say I might take Amy to Messina if I liked. . . . I shall see Etna and Taormina, and probably be glad afterwards."

At Palermo Ruskin went of course to see the Metopes of Selinus in the Museum, and the diary (April 30) contains some notes upon them:[2]—

"The guttæ, like rough corks, absolutely simple chopped cylinders, gave me much to think of.

"Just the thing I should have liked best to see, Athena's head, gone. Her body beautiful.

"The earlier Perseus and Gorgon intensely comic.

"Horrible restorations forbid examination of the Actæon, but the crouching of the beaten dog is wonderful—the half-strangled one, held in the air, undercut, a complete dramatic piece of modernism. But Actæon's face, seen in front, is in repose, though sad; Diana's equally so. Hercules, curly short haired, with the true lovely head curve, equally dispassionate, though his foot curls over the Amazon's, but rather as a baby's curls over its mother's hand than with any expression of strength.

"The foreshortened horses of the chariot coming out of the metope, straight at us; the forelegs cut quite free, and the chariot carefully carved behind them—most new and interesting."

[1] See *Queen of the Air*, § 84 (Vol. XIX. p. 375); and Vol. XXI. p. 112.
[2] There is a reference to them, below, on p. 475.

From Palermo Ruskin went by sea to Messina, and thence by rail to Taormina. The views of Etna from that famous beauty-spot delighted him, and he wrote a full description to Mrs. Arthur Severn:—

"Taormina, *Sunday, 26th April*, '74.—This morning, at five, or a little earlier, I saw the dawn come on Etna, the most awful thing I ever yet saw, in heaven or earth. By dawn, I mean rosy sunrise. I dressed by the early light at half-past four, and got out to a little lonely campo in front of a chapel, looking down, fifteen hundred feet, to the seashore, and across to Etna, whose cone rises in one long sweep. . . .

"Now that slope rises to more than 10,000 feet above the blue bay; there is 5000 feet (perpendicular) of height under snow, which is as much as in any first-rate Alp. And the summit, this morning, was throwing up white smoke in a perfectly vertical column, two thousand feet higher, and with a perfectly visible motion like that of ordinary slow smoke, at this distance—fifteen miles.

"The slightest sketch will be better than a volume of words. Look here, the sky was green and pure; the smoke column, where it was *dense*, caught the rose-light of sunrise like a white cloud, but when it became thin, came dark on the sky, slowly drifting away and returning in a nearer line, *across* the pillar of fire, which glowed through it. All in the most tender hues, but with the bloomy Italian depth in them, which is at least not to be done thus, in a blot. [Here is sketch.]

"Well, I can't go over my Etna, but the body of the cone ought to be darker against the sky, though it's snow; in shade, the purple blots at the bottom mean the mountain bare of snow, and just at the crater it is also melted away. Just at the moment when the sun touched the base of the smoke without descending to the mountain summit, it was literally the Israelite pillar of Fire and Cloud. Now, the smoke was rising at a rate which lifted the lowest wreath to the place where the pillar broke in about a minute or a minute and a half. Allowing from 2000 feet to half a mile for the height of the pillar, the smoke was rising at the rate of from twenty to thirty miles an hour, exploded with the velocity of an ordinary railroad train.

"At the instant the sunrise touched the top of the cone of the mountain itself, the belfry of the chapel beside me broke into a discordant jangle of deep-toned bells, as if to give warning to the whole village; beating first in slow time, one stroke, hard and loud; then quicker, and then with discordant clashes and hurries; the

bells very fine and solemn in tone, but dreadfully painful from the discordant and violent ringing. The quantity of horrible annoyance of moral as well as bodily nerve one has to bear sometimes from this entirely neglected and lost people (the higher in rank the worse) cannot be told; it makes me angry and sorrowful to a degree I never was yet—and you know that is saying much. Nevertheless, the discordance and almost terror of the beautiful body of sound was in a strange sympathy with the horror of the morning light—rose red—on the dreadful cone. It came lower, with no break from cloud; and down on the snow, as on Mont Blanc; and so down and down, till the great cone to the sea was all purple. Then gradually the light got pale and passed away into the white sunshine, a little arid and colourless, of an ordinary Italian morning; and now, half-past eight, it is misty and like England again. But I have got out of the power of the *black* wind at last; and a twilight walk, last night, when I saw the top of Etna for the first time, its smoke dark against the west, ought to be remembered by me for ever. But the overwhelming multitude of new impressions crush each other. Fancy, since yesterday morning at five o'clock, I have seen Charybdis, the rock of Scylla, the straits of Messina, Messina itself, now the second city in Sicily, the whole classical range of Panormus on one side, Calabria on the other, and a line of coast unequalled in luxuriance of beauty; every crag of it crested with Moorish or Saracenic or Norman architecture wholly new to me; a Greek theatre, the most perfect in Europe, now visible on one side of the valley beneath my window, and Etna on the other. And think that from the earliest dawn of Greek life that cone has been the centre of tradition and passion as relating to the gods of strength and darkness (Proserpine's city is in the mid-island, but in full sight of Etna), and you may fancy what a wild dream of incredible, labyrinthine wonder, it is to me."

The sketches of dawn and sunset on Etna, as seen from Taormina, are now in the Ruskin Art Collection at Oxford; as also in his drawing of the Tomb of Frederick II. at Palermo.[1]

Ruskin now returned to Rome, and set to work on his copy of Botticelli's "Zipporah." The study pleased him. "I have got my Zipporah," he wrote to Mr. Allen (May 20), "more to please me than anything I ever did." He was "convinced," he wrote to Mrs. Severn

[1] See Vol. XXI. pp. 150, 151, and Plate XL.; and for the latter drawing, Plate XVI. in this volume (below, p. 190). There is also at Brantwood a sunrise dated by Ruskin "Etna, ½ past four morning, 26 April 1874."

(May 13), "that copying frescoes ought now to be my main work till I am sixty." The copy had taken him fourteen working days in all. He made a study also of the little dog in the same picture. "Zipporah's pet doggie has cost me," he tells Mrs. Severn (June 3), "head for head, nearly as much trouble as his mistress. His little undulating soft mouth, with its intense enjoyment of dinner mixed with supreme impertinence, and the wink in his left eye, which shows that the principal enjoyment of his life is barking at Moses, have given me no end of trouble—but I've got him." This sketch of "Gershom's dog" is now in the possession of Mrs. W. G. Collingwood; the "doggie" is frequently referred to by Ruskin.[1] The more important study of Zipporah is at Brantwood, and forms the frontispiece to this volume. He sent it in 1876 to an exhibition at Brighton, and the note upon it which he wrote for the catalogue is here reprinted (p. 478). His work in the Sistine Chapel on this occasion is reflected also in the lecture upon Botticelli in *The Æsthetic and Mathematic Schools of Florence*, and in the sixth lecture of *Ariadne Florentina*,[2] which, though originally delivered in December 1872, was not prepared for the press till 1874. Ruskin's letters to Miss Susan Beever[3] contain many charming records of these days at Rome. The Borghese Gardens, which he had never before seen, were a revelation to him:—

> "I wonder you and Mamie [Mrs. Hilliard]," he writes to Mrs. Severn (May 28), "did not make more fuss about those Borghese gardens when you found I had never seen them! Gardens, indeed! they're more like Windsor Forest, with stone pines for oaks. I got into them by mere chance last night as I was exploring; they had just cut the hay in them, and though a wet day had spoiled it, still there it lay in fresh swathes all up and down among the pines, a nightingale or two singing, and lots of rooks, giving themselves the clerical airs of jackdaws, talking—about the Immaculate Conception of Rooks, I suppose—at a great rate; the fountains playing and plashing about everywhere, rather more than one wanted after a wet day (and in fact, the Roman fountains have such a steady stream of water *always* splashing and sputtering out at you, from every conceivable corner, all day and night long, that one sometimes—such the inconsistency of nervous nature—wishes they would stop

[1] See Vol. XXII. pp. xxvii., xxviii., 486.
[2] See Vol. XXII. p. 442.
[3] In *Hortus Inclusus*, reprinted in a later volume of this edition.

for a minute or two). There was nobody in the gardens to enjoy these various pleasantnesses. The stupidity with which really nice people fall into the ways of nasty people, and let themselves be merely dragged round and round the Pincian, in a cloud of tobacco and dust, is a very curious phenomenon to me."

On this Italian tour Ruskin wrote an almost daily letter to his cousin, as in old times to his parents; and to her, as on former tours to his father, he described precisely how he spent his time:—

"Rome, Corpus Domini [*June* 4] '74.—I've never told you—though I've meant to twenty times—how I spend my Roman day. I rise at six, dress quietly, looking out now and then to see the blue sky through the pines beyond the Piazza del Popolo. Coffee at seven, and then I write and correct press till nine. Breakfast, and half-an-hour of Virgil, or lives of saints, or other pathetic or improving work. General review of colour-box and apparatus, start about ten for Sistine Chapel, nice little jingling drive in open one-horse carriage.

"Arrive at chapel, sauntering a little about the fountains first. Public are turned out at eleven, and then I have absolute peace with two other artists—each on a separate platform—till two, when public are let in again. I strike work; pack up with dignity; get away about three; take the first little carriage at door again, drive to Capitol, saunter a little about Forum, or the like, or into the Lateran, or San Clemente, and so home to dinner at five.

"Dine very leisurely; read a little French novel at dessert; then out to Pincian—sit among the roses and hear band play. Saunter down Trinità steps as it gets dark; tea; and a little more French novel; a little review of day's work; plans for to-morrow; and to bed.

"But to-day, instead of writing in the morning, I ordered carriage and went away at a quarter past seven, to San Paolo. It was a perfectly cloudless morning; and I got into the cloister, which is more beautiful by far than the Lateran, and just now full of roses, and painted the roses, as well as I could against the Byzantine pillars. When I was tired, and the sun got on the pillars, I wanted to be in shade; I went into the church and stood—and at last knelt—a long while, by St. Paul's grave.

"They were chanting very solemnly, with aiding organ, and the floor of the church was strewn with rose leaves for their Corpus Domini procession. I got thinking—more rightly, I believe, than

ever before—of St. Paul's work, and what the power of it had been; and how what had been most put to evil use in it was only corrupted by evil men. How still his work was perhaps to be done—in great part.

"Then I came away all across the fields beside Tiber, and under the Aventine home, and had my breakfast at half-past eleven; and then went and called on poor papa,[1] and found him better than I expected, and had a long nice talk with him. And he said he would like to see my drawings, so I'm going to put what I have in order, and to take him my folio, and Zipporah herself, to call, next Sunday morning, and say good-bye."

From Rome Ruskin returned to Assisi, where he settled down for several weeks of hard work. In addition to the tasks presently described, it appears from his diary that besides writing two numbers of *Fors Clavigera* he did work on *The Laws of Fésole*, *Deucalion*, and *Proserpina*. In that city of the saints he found an epitome of early Italian art[2] and a school of architecture.[3] His eyes were opened, as they had never been so fully before, to the genius of Giotto, and he entered into a communion of spirit with St. Francis which deeply coloured his later writings. Ruskin stayed at the inn, but he wrote in the Sacristan's cell; the little room is described in *Fors Clavigera*.[4] Fra Antonio became one of his dearest friends. Wherever Ruskin stayed and studied he made friends in this way, and the fact should be remembered when one reads his printed words of vituperation. "The accursed modern Italians," he was used to say;[5] and here from Assisi he wrote to Mrs. Severn (June 4) that "A beggar boy,—half idiot, whole devil, greatly irritates me. The quantity of wretches of this sort whom wholesome earthquake would swallow like Korah and make manure of! Korah was the mere representation of millions equally insolent and far more nasty who remain unburied."

But while Ruskin inveighed against his fellow-creatures in general, he endeared himself to individuals. He denounces the tribe of beggars; but at Rome, where a particular begging friar waylaid him each day outside the Hôtel de Russie to kiss his hand, "I took him round

[1] Mr. Arthur Severn's father, Joseph Severn, who died in 1879, aged eighty-five.

[2] See the passage given below, p. 207 *n.*

[3] See *The Æsthetic and Mathematic Schools of Florence*, § 15 (below, p. 194).

[4] Letter 46 ("The Sacristan"). Ruskin's drawing of the cell is in this edition reproduced in the volume containing that letter.

[5] Vol. X. p. 115 *n.*; and compare *Deucalion*, i. ch. v. § 7.

the neck," he says, "and kissed him instead."[1] And so it is that those who have followed Ruskin to his favourite places of sojourn, always find loving memories of him. Sir William Richmond has given some instances:—

"There was a certain Fra Giovanni, sacristan of the Church of S. Francesco d'Assisi, a great friend of mine some thirty-five years ago—alas, now he has joined the great majority. He was a tremendous snuff-taker, an eternal gossip, intensely human, with a childlike simplicity, and a mind as narrow as the blade of a knife. On returning to Assisi some years afterwards I learnt that Mr. Ruskin had been there for some months, and I gathered that he had taken hold of the very soul of the folk of Assisi, and engaged the adoration, respect, and friendship of Fra Giovanni, who could talk of nothing else but Mr. Ruskin. Dilating upon his industry, he explained the motives of the frescoes by Giotto in Italian, but after the true Ruskinian manner. Wrapped up in a pocket-handkerchief, after the fashion of the Italians, he kept letters from Mr. Ruskin, and treasured them like the relics of a saint. The Master annually forwarded a subscription towards the expenses of keeping the church clean, and also towards such repairs of the fabric as might be necessary.

"At Amiens he produced the same kind of effect. Nearly all the custodians of that cathedral, about which he wrote so charmingly, possess letters from Mr. Ruskin, written with as much care as to matter and style as if they had been intended for publication. In Perugia the same tale is told of him. There is something very touching in this. Eloquent men are apt to forget, and vain men to be content with the possession of an audience; it is only great men who prolong a friendship into space, without any chance of return through the Post Office or Telegraph, remaining content with the certainty of a bond of real sympathy which space cannot destroy."[2]

It was the same thing at the Armenian Convent,[3] and again at Lucca, where Ruskin spent some weeks of this summer, and which he visited again in 1882.[4] Ruskin felt the power he thus had of attracting

[1] *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 56.

[2] "Ruskin as I knew Him," in *St. George*, vol. v. p. 297. Sir William Richmond writes of Fra Giovanni. Ruskin's more particular friend was Fra Antonio Coletti. Two Brothers only had been allowed to remain after the secularisation of the convent: "One, the sacristan who has charge of the entire church; the other, exercising what authority is left to the convent among the people of the town" (Letter of April 14, 1874, in *Hortus Inclusus*).

[3] See Vol. XX. p. l.

[4] The following is an extract from Mr. Montgomery Carmichael's *In Tuscany*, 1901—a book which in its sympathetic portraiture of "Tuscan Types" would have

devotion from sympathetic souls. During his first days at Assisi he had written to Mrs. Arthur Severn (April 12):—

> ". . . I find the air here seems exactly good for me, and am very sorry to leave, even for a short time; but I shall see much that will be most useful to me. I hope, above all, the battlefield of Benevento, and Manfred's Saracen fortress, Nocera. . . .
>
> "My Arundel work here will require extreme patience and resolution, the difficulties are very great, and I don't believe anybody but myself could deal with them. I have a great sense of being entirely in the right place here (as of utter uselessness at Oxford).
>
> "An extraordinary fit of wellness has succeeded the extraordinary fit of illness. At Genoa I felt as if I could do nothing; and here I have suddenly great appetite, enjoyment of my work, and capability of thinking and directing without fatigue. . . .
>
> "Padre Antonio rejoices in the hope of giving me my coffee every day at one o'clock, and every face in the streets seems kind to me. Begging enough, of course, but sincere and frank; as of poor clanspeople asking a chief's help—not impostors making the most of a stranger.
>
> "If I chose to stay long, or returned annually, in seven years I could be as much a chief as Fergus McIvor—only ruling for peace and good instead of trouble. The least word of kindness opens a fountain of passion in a moment."

He relented even to one of his favourite *bêtes noires*, when he met him in the flesh. "A long and useful talk with Cavalcaselle makes me sorry," he notes in his diary (Assisi, July 10), "for what I thought against him."

greatly pleased the editor of *Christ's Folk in the Apennine:* "In turning over the leaves of the visitors' book at the inn [the Albergo dell' Universo at Lucca] I discovered unexpected and exalted testimony to its worth. This is what I found:—

> 'Mr. Ruskin and Mr. Collingwood stayed here three weeks in the October of 1882, and have been entirely comfortable in the care of M. Nieri and his servants.'

The Lucchesi remember Mr. Ruskin's several visits very well, and with much pride and pleasure. They tell many an anecdote about the 'gran scrittore inglese,' who used to go about with a man bearing a ladder, and scale the façades and interiors of their churches, peering into all manner of nooks and crannies with strange persistency and devotion. And the landlady of the Universo will tell you, not without a touch of compassion in her voice, how the 'povero Signor Collingwood' was made to lie on his back, and copy the design on the ceiling of the Master's bedroom. Small wonder when one has seen the design, which is delicate and extremely beautiful" (p. 150).

Ruskin, then, loved his fellow-men, when he came into personal contact with them. But he could never go to Italy without finding new instances of old buildings destroyed, pictures repainted, or spots sacred to him by early associations and for their own sake vulgarised by the march of "progress." Such experiences filled him with feverish impatience to snatch records of beautiful things while yet there was time. "My time is passed," he wrote from Florence in this year, "in a fierce steady struggle to save all I can every day, as a fireman from a smouldering ruin, of history or aspect."[1] The experience filled him also with furious indignation at those who were responsible for the destruction. This responsibility must be shared, he felt, by all who consented to, or even who remained passive under, the wrong-doing. These are the feelings which explain Ruskin's refusal of an honour which the Royal Institute of British Architects desired to do him at this time. In March 1874 the Institute had resolved to award to Ruskin the gold medal of the year. The intimation reached him when he was in Italy, and after taking time to consider the matter he wrote from Rome declining the medal. He set out a list of the architectural vandalisms which he had witnessed in Italy, and "under these circumstances," he said, "I cannot but feel that it is no time for us to play at adjudging medals to each other." His friend, Sir Gilbert Scott, the President of the Institute, earnestly begged him to reconsider this refusal, but Ruskin wrote from Assisi, on June 12, declining so to do. He took occasion to emphasise what he considered the root of the evil, namely, architects' "commission on the cost"—a point which will be found noticed in this volume;[2] and he cited, as further cases of vandalism, the "miserable repainting" of the Upper Church at Assisi, and "the destruction of one of the loveliest scenes in Italy—the fountains between the buttresses of Santa Chiara."[3] The correspondence, as a writer in the *Journal* of the Institute remarks, was "eminently characteristic of the lofty-minded irreconcilable, who in his actions came as near putting into practice his own counsels of perfection as is given to a man to do."[4]

Ruskin's first work at Assisi was to study the frescoes attributed to Giotto in the Upper Church, which were among the works to be

[1] See letter of August 25, 1874, in *Hortus Inclusus* (reprinted in a later volume of this edition).

[2] See p. 82.

[3] Also at Assisi.

[4] The correspondence was first published in the *Journal* for February 10, 1900. It is reprinted in a later volume of this edition.

copied for the Arundel Society. The walls of the apse and transept of that church were painted, it will be remembered, by Cimabue and Giunta Pisano: all these paintings are much ruined, or repainted; in the nave, beneath Cimabue's, are frescoes of the Life of St. Francis, always attributed to Giotto, and commonly supposed to be early and indisputable creations of his brush. In the Lower Church the triangular spaces in the vault over the High Altar contain Giotto's frescoes of the three counsels of perfection (the Marriage of St. Francis with Holy Poverty, Chastity, and Obedience) and St. Francis in Glory. In the south transept is a large fresco, attributed to Cimabue, of the Madonna and Child, with St. Francis and four angels. Ruskin, in a letter to Mrs. Arthur Severn (June 25), gave his first impressions derived from the study of these various works:—

> "I want really to tell you, now, something of what I'm about here, now that I begin to know it myself. I really didn't know what I *was* about for the first ten days.
>
> "In the first place, there's a series of paintings in the Upper Church, said to be by Giotto, which I came to direct the copyist of for the Arundel Society.
>
> "These paintings have been slightly injured by damp. Most of the figures have one eye out, and many two; those which have bodies are usually without legs, and those which have legs, usually without heads. All the blues have turned green, most of the greys pink, most of the whites black, and the greater part of the rest of the colour is gone altogether. Under these circumstances it is very difficult to arrive at a trustworthy idea of the harmony of colour in the original work, or to direct the proceedings of the copyist so as to produce an agreeable and faithful representation for the British public.
>
> "Farther, as I examined these works more attentively I began to have doubts of their *original* authenticity. As I had never studied Giotto carefully before, and as, confessedly, his pupils assisted him in the work, this impression required very careful observation to confirm or correct it. My first business was to draw some unquestionable Giotto myself. It took two whole days to get a scaffolding put up to do so, and then the sun went out for a week, somewhere. However, at last I did my bit of real Giotto in the Lower Church, and then went back to the Upper one, the result being my conviction that Giotto never touched any one of the series of frescoes vulgarly attributed to him.
>
> "Meantime I had made acquaintance with the man who is

'restoring' the frescoes of Cimabue, above these reputed Giottos. I had been swearing at him ever since I came to Assisi, but as I wanted to get up on his scaffolding, I was very glad when he asked the favour of a visit from me. To my amazement I found him a very honest and ingenious man, and to my extreme satisfaction, the Director of the Venetian Accademia di belle Arti! His treatment of the Cimabue frescoes is, to say the least of it, daring. He puts linen on the fronts of them; then cuts them up into slices and carries them about; can produce you a quarter of a yard of Cimabue as they do silk at Howell & James'. Then he scrapes the wall smooth, puts some fine new cement on it, sticks his frescoes on again—a quarter of a yard at a time—washes off his linen, then brushes and washes the fresco face, and—there you are, as fresh as a daisy.

"With these unusual opportunities I feel it my duty to go in for a course of Cimabue, whom I find as much bigger than I expected, as I find Giotto less, and, in fact, a man standing altogether alone in his time, like Tintoret. But as his frescoes never have above one-fourth of them left—the rest having dropped off bodily and left only the bricks behind, so that you have a rapturous burst of brickwork suddenly in the middle of the Marriage in Cana, or through the celestial hierarchies, and as all are eighty feet from the ground and originally rather confused compositions—I have had a good deal of difficulty in making some of them out, not to say forming a professional opinion of them.

"The next matter in hand is the roof. This is mostly painted by Giunta of Pisa, the oldest painter of all, it being a curious arrangement in Assisi that the top of everything is built and painted before the bottom. Giunta of Pisa is a very interesting painter, but in his work not only all the whites, but all the *lights* have turned black, so that one has to study him through his negatives, exactly like the figures you have in black to cut out with scissors to cast shadows with."

The opinion here expressed that "Giotto never touched" any of the frescoes of the Life of St. Francis in the Upper Church must not be taken as Ruskin's final decision in the matter.[1] He did not print it, nor in his published references to Giotto's work does he return to the theory.[2] It may be, therefore, that subsequent

[1] It should be remembered that his *Giotto and his Works in Padua* was written many years before he had been to Assisi.

[2] See *The Æsthetic and Mathematic Schools of Florence*, § 22, p. 206.

study modified his opinion, but this expression of it is of value and importance as tending to confirm the doubts which have recently been cast upon the genuineness of the paintings in their present state.[1]

Ruskin's main work in sketching at Assisi was devoted to Giotto's Allegories, and especially to the "Marriage with St. Poverty," and to the fresco of Cimabue above described. He was allowed to have scaffolding erected in order the better to see Giotto's great fresco.[2] He also devoted himself to a careful study of the architecture of Assisi. He made plans and measurements of the churches, with notes of the arches and traceries, his diary here resembling those which he used to write at Venice.[3] There are in it several pages which seem to have been intended for a book, or a course of lectures, of Walks in Assisi, and in planning his tour he had intended to gather material for a monograph on the place;[4] but ultimately nothing was published dealing exclusively or mainly with Assisi. His notes on Giotto's Allegories were given in *Fors Clavigera*;[5] his study of Cimabue became a lecture in the Oxford course—*The Æsthetic and Mathematic Schools of Florence*; his new and deeper appreciation of Giotto was carried further in S. Maria Novella and S. Croce, and became a principal theme in *Mornings in Florence*. Some pages of his notes at Assisi, which he marked as being in connexion with the Oxford lectures, are now incorporated with them (pp. 194, 195). Ruskin summed up his work at Assisi in a letter to his cousin (July 10):—

> ". . . I'm off to-day to Perugia, after coming to grief by attempting too much, as usual, but I'm not sure whether the try to get all I've been at was not the wisest thing in order to learn. I've got (1) Giotto's Poverty, and (2) a scrawl of his Hope and Charity, and (3) Cimabue's Madonna, and (4) Cimabue's St. Francis, and (5) Giotto's St. George, and (6) a separate study of the roses round Poverty's head, and (7) a nice one of Love, Death, and the Devil, and (8) my old pet griffin, better done, and (9) the other griffin on the other side of him, and (10) the rose window above, and (11) a capital, carefully done, of building in main street, and (12) a bit of the convent cloister, and all the measures of the Upper and Lower Church, and

[1] See on this subject F. Mason Perkins's *Giotto*, 1902, pp. 71–73.
[2] See *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 76.
[3] See Vol. IX. pp. xxv. *seq.*
[4] *Letters to Norton*, vol. ii. p. 69 (reprinted in a later volume of this edition).
[5] Letters 41, 45, 48, 76.

a good bit of lecture done on Cimabue and Giotto, and it's pretty well for a month and a day only, and so hot."[1]

The studies thus referred to exercised a profound influence upon Ruskin's estimate of Italian art, and of spiritual things beyond and behind it. In an earlier Introduction some previous developments of his views were noticed.[2] The last movement of his mind had been away from evangelical faith; it had coincided with his growing admiration of the great worldly, irreligious painters; his religion had become "the religion of humanity," though "full of sacred colour and melancholy shade"; his teaching had been of such exhortations as may be based on intellectual scepticism. But while engaged on drawing Giotto's frescoes, "I discovered," he says, "the fallacy under which I had been tormented for sixteen years,—the fallacy that Religious artists were weaker than Irreligious. I found that all Giotto's 'weaknesses' (so called) were merely absences of material science. He did not know, and could not, in his day, so much of perspective as Titian,—so much of the laws of light and shade, or so much of technical composition. But I found he was in the make of him, and contents, a very much stronger and greater man than Titian; that the things I had fancied easy in his work, because they were so unpretending and simple, were nevertheless entirely inimitable; that the Religion in him, instead of weakening, had solemnized and developed every faculty of his heart and hand; and finally, that his work, in all the innocence of it, was yet a human achievement and possession, quite above everything that Titian had ever done!"[3]

This "discovery" influenced Ruskin's whole outlook. It affected, to begin with, his estimate of painters. At first, as we have seen in the letter to Mrs. Arthur Severn, he was inclined to exalt Cimabue to pre-eminence, even at the cost of lowering Giotto. To Cimabue he continues in the lecture in this volume[4] to award very high place; but further study of Giotto[5] caused him to render to that painter

[1] Of the drawings here mentioned, No. 1 is often referred to by Ruskin as being in his School at Oxford; but it was afterwards removed No. 3 was engraved as the frontispiece to *The Bible of Amiens*. No. 10 is referred to below, p. 188. No. 11 (at Brantwood) was No. 150 in the Ruskin Exhibition at the Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours, 1901.

[2] Vol. VII. pp. xxxix., xl.

[3] *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 76.

[4] See p. 197.

[5] Ruskin, as we have seen, had first studied the repainted frescoes by Giotto in the Upper Church.

his full and due award.[1] And so, at Florence presently, Ruskin set himself to write of Giotto and his works in Florence as twenty years before, with a more reserved admiration for the master, he had written of *Giotto and his Works in Padua*. His admiration for Angelico also revived. Writing from Perugia he says to Mrs. Arthur Severn (July 19):—

> "I have not drawn anything from Angelico for twenty-five years, and am greatly surprised to find my early enthusiasm for him entirely revive. There *is* nothing like him in his own way. Lippi gives me more complete satisfaction, but the passion and heavenliness of Angelico almost force one to believe what he chooses. I have learned a great deal in this last six weeks, but at heavy cost of worry and effort. I don't know if it could have been done with less. I am very glad to have put myself right about Angelico. I had been very unjustly dwelling on his weaknesses, and had not seen his best work for too long a time."

The revelations which came to Ruskin in the Church of St. Francis affected also his religious attitude. His writings henceforth became, as he says,[2] "much more distinctly Christian in tone." This development was partly connected with a crisis in his personal history to which reference will be made in a later volume; and partly, as we have here already seen, directly caused by artistic theories. But something, we cannot doubt, was due also to the spirit of the holy place at which the new revelations had come to him. At Assisi Ruskin was studying not only the painted frescoes but the Bible with his usual intentness:—

> "*June* 25.—This morning a wonderful lecture from Fra Antonio on corruption of the age."
>
> "*June* 28.—Hot and weak, having slept little, lying awake till past two thinking of what I could do for England, or how I should know what was right. Read first vision of Ezekiel."
>
> "*July* 3.—I challenged Fra Antonio to raise one of his dead friars out of the cemetery if he wanted me to believe—this morning over our coffee. On which, for the sake of the end of it, he recounts Dives and Lazarus very grandly."
>
> "*July* 30 (Lucca).—Beginning the great central *Fors*, I chance

[1] The alternations of Ruskin's placing of the two painters are recorded in successive letters to Professor Norton (June 19, June 21, August 12), reprinted in a later volume of this edition.

[2] *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 76.

on and read carefully, and as an answer to much thought last night, Isaiah vi."[1]

"*September* 9 (Fiesole).—Sketched distant Florence, and stood long by the green pillar of façade of Badia, and knelt in the road to the little lamp-lighted shrine as I returned to the Convent of St. Domenico in the twilight."

Ruskin had been living at the home of St. Francis, drawing the pictures of his life and passion, writing in the cell of his convent, handling the relics of the saint,[2] and feeling ever more and more in sympathy with him who "in his Catholic wholeness used to call the very flowers sisters, brothers,"[3] and who "took the doves out of the fowler's hands."[4] His mood was one of spiritual exaltation, and "he dreamt that they had made him a brother of the third degree of the order of St. Francis—a fancy that took strong hold of his mind."[5] He held himself, he wrote in *Deucalion*,[6] "a brother of the third order of St. Francis," and was half inclined to imitate the saint's renunciation; and, though the calls of duty, the multitude of his practical schemes and the pleadings of common-sense led him away from the monastic ideal,[7] yet we cannot doubt that his spiritual intercourse with St. Francis left some permanent impress on his religious life.

[1] See *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 45, dated Lucca, August 2, 1874.

[2] On April 14 he writes to Mrs. Arthur Severn:—

"Had coffee with Father Antonio, and a quiet go in at the relics. St. Francis' sackcloth—very rough indeed—various bones, the box which the Virgin's veil used to be kept in at Jerusalem, and—really a very precious thing—the very (so esteemed) Thorn of Christ's crown which St. Louis gave to the Convent. The Thorn is one of the Eastern acacia, and I never had completely and comfortably in my own hand a reliquary so precious before; for at all events, this *is* the Thorn which St. Louis brought, and before which how often he must have poured out his soul."

See also the letter of the same date in *Hortus Inclusus* (reprinted in a later volume of this edition). He "fondly kept a little 'pinch'" of St. Francis's cloak (*Love's Meinie*, § 132): the little reliquary containing this is still at Brantwood. Mr. Oscar Browning, who visited Assisi in the winter of 1874, "heard the impression which Ruskin had left on the Sacristan. He said that Ruskin had discussed at great length the propriety of being a Roman Catholic, and in that case of joining the third order of St. Francis. The Sacristan prayed every day for his conversion, and remarked to me, 'C'è una piccola cosa, ma credo che san Francesco lo farà'" ("Recollections of Ruskin," in *St. George*, vol. vi. p. 142). But the Sacristan's prayer did not avail.

[3] Tennyson: *Locksley Hall Sixty Years After*.

[4] *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 41.

[5] So, Mr. Collingwood in his *Life and Work of Ruskin*, 1900, p. 304. Mr. Collingwood there adds that at Assisi Ruskin "fell dangerously ill again, as at Matlock in 1871." The diary, however, contains no trace of such illness; it accounts for busy work during every day which he spent at Assisi.

[6] Vol. i. ch. x. ("Thirty Years Since").

[7] *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 41.

From Assisi and Perugia Ruskin went to Lucca. It was a journey only from the influence of St. Francis to that of Ilaria—his "Lady of Caretto," the type to him of all that is noble in woman, and right in art. He worked hard at studies from this monument, as also upon Niccola Pisano's sculpture over the door of the cathedral. A study of Ilaria's head, made at this time, is here given (Plate XIX.); and in the Oxford lectures of 1874, the fruits of his close study of the doorway are contained (pp. 224–227).

There is perhaps no town in Italy which preserves intact so much as Lucca of the charm of older times, and Ruskin's diary shows his enjoyment in it:—

> "*July* 28.—The happiest walk in moonlight I have had this twenty years in this blessed place, still preserved to me."
>
> "*August* 11.—Yesterday up hills to north of town, by tributary stream of Serchio, in glorious afternoon, and the vines, olives, rocks, and Carrara hills beyond one glow of calm glory and perfect possibilities of human life."

So, in more detail, he wrote to Mrs. Arthur Severn (August 18):—

> "I've had the most wonderful walk to-night that I've yet found in Italy. The hills to the south are all of marble, and the ravines in them one sweet wilderness of olive, and moss, and vine, and chestnut; but I came on a little cottage among the rocks to-night, with its threshing-floor — or rather winnowing-floor — *area* of the Latins, merely a wide space of the mountain path under rocks of naked marble, while, beneath, the olives clothed all the slope of the hillside to the plain of Lucca. I never saw anything in this world so exquisitely wild and so delicately *homely* at once—the whole level space of path covered with the golden chaff of the just winnowed corn, the quite stern, yet finishedly beautiful marble at its side, the cottage with the steps to its door cut in the rock, and an arcade of vines over the path from its roof. And I saw much more to-night—as beautiful, though not as strange—in fact, I know no place at all comparable with this Lucca, the *distant* lines of mountain being so grand and so placed against the light, and the nearer hills of such rock and foliage."

After Lucca came a month at Florence, where he plunged into the work in the Spanish Chapel which led to his writing *Mornings in*

Florence. Here, as ever with Ruskin, the days proved all too short, the years too few. He had known Florence well thirty years before, and he was now a Professor of the Fine Arts, but as he grew older he felt only how much he had yet to learn. "Yesterday through the Uffizi," he writes in his diary (July 27), "wishing I was a boy again, and feeling myself just able to begin to learn things rightly." So, again, at St. Martin presently, he wrote, "I have everything to learn—at fifty-five. Thank heaven that I am still docile and am gaining firmness" (October 15). If Ruskin is stimulating, suggestive, provocative above most teachers, is not the reason that he was always learning? "Botticelli," he wrote to Professor Norton (June 19), "remains where he was, because he couldn't get higher in my mind." But when the pictures at Florence were re-studied, his admiration for the painter went higher still. "At Academy," he notes in his diary (August 29), "saw Sandro's Madonna Enthroned and Madonna Crowned,[1] and was more crushed than ever by art since I lay down on the floor of the Scuola di San Rocco before the Crucifixion."[2] He worked unceasingly at studies from the "Spring,"[3] and in the Spanish Chapel. He was much disturbed, as he complains vociferously in his diary,[4] by street noises; even at Fésole he was tempted to pray for deafness:—

> "(*Diary, August* 24.)—Slept well after finding the sacred places of Fiesole still safe, though gambling boys, shrieking, howling, swearing in the sweet field of the cloister and beside the cypresses of Turner's view, so that deafness would now be a mercy to me, in Italy. I've never quite conceived of deafness though. Fancy never hearing water ripple or dash, or a bird sing, or a leaf rustle! Worked splendidly on Emperor and his crown, and got pretty sketch of San Domenico of Fiesole, in calm sweet evening."

It was now that Ruskin noted and copied the inscription on San Domenico which he recited at Oxford.[5] His life of eager, unceasing work at Florence is described in letters to Mrs. Arthur Severn:—

> "(*September* 3.)—I don't know what I'm about now, really. (I'm so at my wit's end between Botticelli's Graces and Simon Memmi's

[1] The pictures are described in the Oxford lectures: see below, pp. 272, 273.
[2] See Vol. IV. p. 354.
[3] The picture seems at that time to have been "skied," for Ruskin mentions in his diary that he got up to it on a high ladder.
[4] Compare *Deucalion*, i. ch. v. ("The Valley of Cluse").
[5] See below, p. 268.

Virtues.) . . . The days are flying like minutes, and I seem to get nothing done. . . . Logic's eyebrows are enough for a day's work, and the weather is so fine that I never get forced to stop, and the more I work the less I seem to do. To-day I've been *up* at my dear Spring, drawing the roses by measure for my book vignette.[1] They are so altogether inimitable, I try and try again till I fall asleep with trying."

"*Friday evening, Sept.* 18*th*, '74.—I must tell you exactly how this last day but one in Florence has passed. It has been a nice active one.

"Up at six. Red dawn. Bothered in shaving by aphorisms coming into my head.[2] Dressed by ten minutes to seven. Read Esdras ii. xiv., to verse 15.

"Coffee. Put down bothering aphorisms. Put on boots. Walk to Santa Croce quietly. Set to work thinking over Giotto's fresco of St. Francis before the Soldan. Sketch Soldan's crown. Do eyes. Feeble attempt at beard.

"Sketch draperies of Soldan's discomfited Magi. A. Magus giving in. B. Magus shut up. C. Exit Magus. [Here sketch.] Proceeded to examine St. John in Patmos.[3] Sketched Woman, Baby, Dragon, and Moon, and thought it time to go to breakfast. Found letters from Joanie. . . . *Fors* for October, proof. Ate breakfast, read letters and *Fors* proof, out at eleven for Spanish Chapel. Drew Pope Clement and his mitre. Ditto, Geometry's back hair coming loose in an infinite curve. Deciphered inscription in St. Thomas Aquinas' book.

"Got ladder in green cloister. Examined picture of St. Anne and baby. Came back and had a final try at Logic's white jacket. Had to give in—no use. I never yet have been able to draw a girl's shoulder; it's just where the arrow points, under the hair. [Here sketch.]

"Then . . . had to finish Zoroaster's beard, and Tubal-cain's anvil . . . and then went home to dinner and wrote to Di Ma.[4]

"Then drove up to Bellosguardo and saw sunset, and walked home, and wrote out notes till ten o'clock . . . Must go to bed."

Ruskin's Italian work was now at an end, but he had still to give finishing touches to the lectures on Alpine form which he had announced

[1] The rose which was already appearing on the title-pages of most of his books: see *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 22, § 2.

[2] Probably the aphorisms in *Laws of Fésole* (Vol. XV. pp. 359–364).

[3] See below, p. 356 *n.*

[4] A pet name for Mrs. Arthur Severn.

for the October term. For this purpose he decided to revisit the Savoy mountains, and the first week in October saw him established once more in his favourite quarters at the Hôtel du Mont Blanc, St. Martin, within a walk of Chamouni:—

> "It was a strange experience to-day," he writes to Mrs. Arthur Severn (October 6), "passing by Mornex . . . and then up the vale to Chamouni, which I first saw when I was fourteen. Would you believe it, there is actually not a rock, not a cottage, not a tree, traceably changed in the forty years. I am writing in a room which seems to me the same in wall, floor, furniture, that it was when my father and mother and I first saw Mont Blanc near, from it, in 1833. Nothing is changed—except Mont Blanc and I! Both of *us* fatally. He, as thin and wasted in snow, as I in heart and flesh. I never saw anything so sorrowful, so unbelievable, in the courses of nature. This great mountain, which one thought so eternal, faded like a white rose. I can only give you an idea of the change, and it is not an exaggerated one, by telling you that what looked once like a bride-cake, looks now like an ill-plastered wall.
>
> "Stay, there is one thing changed in the valley, and that one, very slight, has prevented all the rest. The road, which once was little more than a beautiful winding lane, well made, is now everywhere widened and in most places levelled and straitened. This enables vast omnibuses, like our tramway ones, to carry the mob up to Chamouni from Geneva in a day. Away they bowl, as if to Epsom; the harder they go the merrier. And I don't believe one fool in a dozen dozen so much as looks up at the cliffs on each side, or at a flower, or a tree, in the most wonderful piece of mountain scenery I know in the world.
>
> "The result is, fortunately, that as no inn will pay now, even of the old ones on the *road*, no new ones are built. The season is over. The road, where widest, was silent; I kept aside to the old lane I knew, and except the cattle bells, and sweet chimes of Magland chiming for a baptism—the cliff echoes so taking them up that I guessed all round the valley before I guessed the real steeple, and thought myself wrong again twice before I came to it—I heard nothing all the way but my own tread and the plash of the river."[1]

He found much to do and much to enjoy. At Chamouni he had

[1] Compare the description in *Deucalion*, i. ch. v. ("The Valley of Cluse").

converse once more with his old guide, Joseph Couttet, now eighty years of age—"a beautiful old man."[1] The wasting of the snows gave him much to think of, and he began "rewriting" his glacier lectures.[2] He made, too, on this occasion the sketch—"one of the best I ever made of the thing I have loved best"[3]—of Mont Blanc which is now in the Oxford Collection. He explained to his cousin the postponement of his return home:—

> "(ST. MARTIN'S, 10*th October.*)—I am much better, and you will not regret the pain of your disappointment (what cool assumption of it!) when you know how good my stay is for me.
>
> "There is no other spot in the world, now so happy for me, as the seat where I have just been breakfasting. The room is like this [sketch plan]. A, in ⌒ that much of it my armchair. Little B, breakfast-table. Big B, my bed. F, fireplace with bright wood-fire. D, door. S, the sun, drawn rather too near. W. 1, little recessed window, looking out on Mont Blanc. W. 2, other little recessed window, looking out on Vale of St. Martin's and hills beyond. Now you see, sitting at A, I have Mont Blanc on my right, now grey against cloudless and dazzling morning light (you see the position of the sun—an afterthought), and seen *over* a simple wooden cottage roof backed by trees—a beautiful little rustic scene itself. By turning my head I see over my shoulder, out of Window 2, the most lovely slope of pasture, wood, and cottage which I know in Savoy, backed by mountains, snowless in summer, but now silvered like Geneva frost-work, and all glowing in the solemn and pure light of morning. (I had no conception of the greater intensity of the light here, as compared with Italy. Orion, last night, shone like a flash of lightning held still, quivering in every star. I never saw such a 'blaze of jewellery' with even my child's eyes.)
>
> "Well, this room, you know, was always my father's when we came here—and *he* was always happy here, and *I* was always good. And there is therefore no other room so delightful to me. The Denmark Hill rooms are to me—chambers of parting only. But this—of life."

The entries in his diary made at St. Martin have the old note of rapture. "Rosy sunset intense; beyond all glows I ever remember;

[1] *Letters to Norton*, vol. ii. p. 107 (reprinted in a later volume of this edition).
[2] *Ibid.*, p. 104.
[3] Vol. XXI. p. 144.

rocks turned to garnets, carbuncles; snow to rose leaves" (October 10). "Divine, unchanging days and nights; the sun like a golden hand on an azure dial, enamelled all with pine and snow. The best day for work I ever had in my life" (October 11). "Exquisite ineffable beauty, and joy of heart for me, all along Valley of Cluse: the same at the Reposoir. Got out to walk, first under the Chapel; then at my old mill ravine. Found the Brezon fountain yet unharmed, except by cattle; and the Brezon in gold and emerald, sun behind it, as Parnassus. So walked to Bonneville. There, at first, still all sweet: then a cloud seemed to come over my mind and the sky together" (October 18).

So also was it to be with the mingled sunshine and cloud of Ruskin's inner life. The year next to come was to be one of overmastering cloud, but for the present there were "loveliest letters from Ireland." The long change of scene in Italy, the peace and mountain air of Chamouni, had, as he says, put new life into him, and he returned to a term of great energy at Oxford. In the few days which he spent in London he saw the dearest object of his affections; had stimulating talks with Carlyle;[1] and saw something of Burne-Jones. At Oxford he gave first the postponed, and now much expanded, lectures on Mountain Form; and then the course on *The Æsthetic and Mathematic Schools of Florence*, for the first time printed in this volume—in all twelve lectures. He also attended twice a week at the Drawing School. The lectures on Glaciers went well, and he notes in a letter to a friend that there was a large audience of Masters at them.[2] The lectures on Florentine artists were equally successful. He sent the following note to Mrs. Arthur Severn after the first of them:—

> "10*th Nov.* '74.—I was very grateful for your little note received this morning—it warmed me through.
>
> "I've had a nice breakfast of my diggers, and gave the best lecture, everybody says, I ever gave in Oxford. They are wrong; but they 'know what they like,' and since it pleased them best, I admit that, in a practical sense, it was the best. It *wasn't bad*, certainly![3] Then I went to my diggings, and accepted a

[1] Some of these are recorded in *Præterita*, ii. §§ 229 *seq.*

[2] A letter of November 1874 to Mr. Alfred Tylor, F.G.S.

[3] So, in a letter to Mr. Allen (December 1874): "If you knew how many and what other things I've to think of, and how sad some of them are, you wouldn't wonder. But all seem to be gathering to help of *Fors*. My lectures have been better and more liked than usual, though done—twelve in six weeks—from hand to mouth."

challenge to use the biggest stone hammer—and used it—with any of them."

He had, as we have seen,[1] put the diggings in train before he went abroad, and he now entered keenly into the work himself:—

"I am rather pleased by my work here," he writes to Mrs. Arthur Severn (undated); "the diggings involve many questions, and are in fact a business I should like to take up wholly, with no lectures. Little gutters want bridging, sloughs swallow up stones, banks won't slope steep enough, and there's a new problem every day I'm there, and two if I'm not. The great problem is to get stones enough. The second to get hammers enough. The men go at them so hard they break the hammers sometimes in ten minutes! I've broken a good lot of stones to-day—and my own hands, a little."

During this term, too, Ruskin mixed a good deal in the social life of the University. He notes in his diary dinners with the Prince, pleasant visits from Professor Henry Smith and Mr. Nettleship, meetings with Bishop Colenso and Sir Thomas Acland, a dinner with the Political Economy Club, and "nice breakfasts of undergraduates." It was in this term, too, that Ruskin organised the symposia of which we have heard[2]—"meditative dinners," as he calls them, at which a circle of the dons discussed various University questions with him. These discussions seem to have interested him greatly; he notes in his diary the names of those who were present, the topics discussed, and the questions which he desired to propound. It was in every way one of his most active and useful terms at Oxford, as the whole year was one of the most fruitful in his life, and at times one of the happiest. Fate had other things in store for the near future, but for the present we pass to give account of the writings of 1873 and 1874 collected in this volume.

VAL D'ARNO

The lectures, which stand first in this volume, "on the Tuscan Art directly antecedent to the Florentine Year of Victories" (1254) were very carefully written by Ruskin; contrary to his usual custom, they

[1] Vol. XX. pp. xli. *seq.*
[2] Vol. XX. p. xxxiv.

were all composed, and indeed already in type, before they were delivered, and they were subsequently published in the same form.[1] They were greatly enjoyed by Carlyle, to whom Ruskin had sent advance copies of some of them, and who thus acknowledged their receipt:—

"5 Cheyne Row, Chelsea.
"31 *October*, 1873.

"Dear Ruskin,—After several weeks of eager expectation, I received, morning before yesterday, the sequel to your kind little note, in the shape of four bright 4to lectures (forwarded by an Aylesbury printer) on the Historical and Artistic development of Val d'Arno. Many thanks to you for so pleasant and instructive a gift. The work is full of beautiful and delicate perceptions, new ideas, both new and true, which throw a bright illumination over that important piece of History, and awake fresh curiosities and speculations on that and on other much wider subjects. It is all written with the old nobleness and fire, in which no other living voice to my knowledge equals yours. *Perge, perge*—and, as the Irish say, 'more power to your elbow!'

"I have yet read this *Val d'Arno* only once. Froude snatched it away from me yesterday; and it has then to go to my brother at Dumfries. After that I shall have it back. Your visit to me still hangs in the vague; your very pen to me-wards continues uncomfortably stingy; but we will hope, we will hope. I am not very well; but it is mainly Old Age that ails me, so that there is nothing to be said, or complained of. Have you read poor Mill's *Autobiography;* and did you ever before read such a book?

"Adieu, dear Ruskin; work while it is called to-day!

"Yours affectionately,
"T. Carlyle."

Carlyle had some personal reason to like the lectures, for in them Ruskin quoted his master's works and enforced his teaching.[2] At Oxford, however, the lectures were not so popular as some other of the Professor's courses. "Displeased at having thin audience," he wrote in his diary (October 23, 1873) after the second lecture; and again (November 7), after the sixth, "Yesterday much beaten about; bad day altogether, and thinnest audience I ever had at lecture. Didn't like the lecture myself. Burgess said it was good." The fact is that, in writing the lectures so carefully, Ruskin had packed them too full

[1] See § 157 *n.*, p. 96.
[2] See below, pp. 37, 131.

to make them readily understandable;[1] they were very allusive, and in this edition it has been thought desirable to append a good many notes. The connexion between the artistic criticism and the historical analysis is in fact close and essential, but it is not always readily apparent. Ruskin's mind, says Professor Norton of these lectures, "was so susceptible to impressions, so receptive of suggestion, so keen in its pursuit of each successive interest, that every new piece of work was apt to open into unexpected directions, and its main stream, diverted into numberless channels, left its original course unfulfilled and spread over a wide delta in a network of streamlets. . . . The lectures are deficient in systematic order, and in thoroughness of treatment. But imperfect in construction and fragmentary in teaching as they are, they are the work of a master so variously accomplished and of such keen vision, that they afford instruction which no other treatises on the subject supply, and which no student of Italian art, competent, through knowledge gained from other sources, to take advantage of what they offer, can neglect without loss."[2]

There was in the lectures hardly enough of "Tuscan art" to please those who came to hear about pictures and buildings; while the sketches of Florentine history in the thirteenth century presupposed more familiarity with persons and incidents than perhaps every hearer possessed, or than every reader has always in his mind. The book, in spite of Carlyle's enthusiastic praise, and though it is full of happy things, has remained one of the less widely read of the author's works. The additional illustrations introduced in this volume will, it is thought, make several passages of the text more readily interesting; and here, in the introduction, some rough index of the contents may not be out of place.

Ruskin's purpose in this course of Florentine studies has been clearly stated by Professor Norton:—

"Their main subject was the splendid revival of the Fine Arts in Tuscany during the thirteenth century. Here, and at this time, they had been instinct with creative imagination, and with passionate emotion. Sculpture, architecture, painting, poetry, had never displayed higher power, nor expressed an intenser life. It was Mr. Ruskin's intention to trace the sources of this revival in the social, political, and religious influences by

[1] See his note on p. 42, where he apologises for "packing sentences together."
[2] Introduction to the American ("Brantwood") edition of *Val d'Arno*, pp. v., vii.

which the Italian nature was moulded, and the current of its native forces determined. He proposed to study the course of the fates of that land which is still tutress in art of the modern world,[1] to show the gradual ascendency of the elements of order in society, resulting in the increase of security and wealth, as well as the invigoration of intelligence, the quickening of the moral sense, the refining and deepening of sentiment, the improvement of manners, and the ardour for expression in monumental works, that they should bear witness to the power, the pride, and the piety of the community."[2]

Such a survey required the introduction of many topics often omitted in artistic criticism. Ruskin anticipated a certain restlessness in his audience (§ 255) as he touched on institutions, laws, theology. But the early Florentine artists were in a sense theologians, and the study of "Isaiah and Matthew" is necessary to understand them (§ 257); "the hieroglyphs upon the architecture of a dead nation" cannot be read "without knowing the sculptures and mouldings of the national soul" (§§ 6, 129); "the great fact which I have written this course of lectures to enforce upon your minds is the dependence of all the arts on the virtue of the State and its kindly order" (§ 271).

Up to the middle of the thirteenth century, says Ruskin, there is no surviving art except that which was derived from the Greeks (§ 8). He proceeds to discuss in this book the historical conditions in which, in Tuscany, the Christian and the Greek influences combined to create a new birth of art; hitherto, the nations had been "too savage to be Christian" (§§ 54, 248).

He maps out roughly the external forces which influenced the Italian states—the "profane chivalry" of Germany, adverse to the Popes and allied with the Ghibellines; the "pious chivalry" of France, the ally of the Church and the Guelphs; and the Eastern powers, at once the enemies and the tutors of the West (§§ 51–53).

There were three movements which converged to create the state favourable to the artistic revival. First, freedom of thought: here the source is Germany, and the struggle is illustrated by the long conflict between the Emperor Frederick II. and the Popes (§§ 3, 58). Secondly, the development of the class of craftsmen, the refinements of new art being centrally represented by the Sainte Chapelle (§§ 59, 67, 78).

[1] Quoted from *Val d'Arno*, § 6.
[2] Introduction to the American ("Brantwood") edition of *Val d'Arno*, p. vi.

Thirdly, the development of trade (§ 60). Incidentally, Ruskin gives a picture of the ideal state in the Middle Ages (§ 73).

Passing more into detail, and coming to the history of Florence in particular, Ruskin's summary is this: that the history is that of the struggle of the craftsman as against the priest (as in the war of the Pisans with Gregory IX., § 91), and against the pillaging soldier (as in the war of the Lombard League against Frederick II., §§ 91, 96). This latter point is what gives unity to the complicated story of Florence in the thirteenth century. The significant date is 1250, the year of the first Trades Revolt. "Shield and Apron" is the title of Ruskin's third lecture; or, as he first called it, "The Bottega."[1] The life of the workshop is its theme, the rise of the men "whose bearing is the Apron, instead of the Shield" (§ 72). The next lecture is called "Parted per Pale"; or, as again he first called it, "Peace and War" —the subject is the struggle of Labourer against Knight, the title referring to the shield of Florence (§§ 109, 110). "Resolute maintenance of fortified peace": that is the ideal of the true burgess (§ 108), symbolised by the building of the Palazzo Vecchio (§ 106). But the Florentines were not content with the passive enjoyment of such peace for themselves; they became armed missionaries of free trade (§ 122). "Pax Vobiscum" is the title of Lecture v. (or, in the original draft, "Peaceful Florence"): her "Year of Victories" crowned honest efforts to make peace by means of war. (Lectures vi. and vii. revert to artistic criticism, in a connexion to be explained presently). The Florentine revolutions were in the name of "Libertas"; but the "Franchise" (titie of Lecture viii.), of which Ruskin speaks, is not the same as modern ideas of liberty. In the next lecture he describes some of the feuds which raged "tumultuous and merciless as the Tyrrhene Sea," but also "with the uses of naturally appointed storm" (§ 248). In the last lecture ("Fleur-de-Lys"), he pursues the historical sketch, and describes the institutions of Florence in the days of her glory (§ 271).

Ruskin's historical allusions and descriptions in the lectures thus summarised are by no means continuous, and some readers may like to consult the brief chronology of events, with references to the paragraphs in the book, which is now appended to the lectures (pp. 177, 178).

Into this historical groundwork the study of Tuscan Art is dovetailed. The art primarily studied is that of the two architects and

[1] Compare *Giotto and his Works in Padua*, § 17 (Vol. XXIV. p. 32).

sculptors, Niccola Pisano (1206–1278) and Giovanni, his son (died 1320). Lecture i. ("Nicholas the Pisan") discusses Niccola's indebtedness to Greek art, and describes him as "the master of Naturalism in Italy" (§ 17), and also as the author of "your first architecture of Gothic Christianity" (§ 24). In Lecture ii. ("John the Pisan") the Gothic traceries in Giovanni's Campo Santo of Pisa are noticed and contrasted with his "utterly Greek fountain of Perugia" (§ 43)—the "Greek profane manner of design properly belonging to *civil* buildings, as opposed to ecclesiastical and military ones" (§ 44). This starts Ruskin off on the historical sketch summarised above; and if the art of the Pisani be considered the main subject, the following sections and chapters down to ch. v. § 129, or even ch. vii. § 180, are parenthetical. We pick up Niccola again, however, at § 84, when he is called in to pull down the towns of the nobles. The election of Urban IV. as Pope, and his founding of the Cathedral of Orvieto, bring us back to Giovanni and his work there (§ 180), and again on the death of that Pope he is sent for to build his tomb (§§ 40, 43, 180, 189, 261).

So, again, the gradual establishment of "fortified peace" in Florence and the destruction of the palaces of the nobles lead to remarks on the character of the early Florentine architecture thus destroyed (§ 136). From them Ruskin passes in Lecture vi. ("Marble Couchant") to the striped horizontal style of the later Tuscan architecture, a consideration of the proper relation of ornament to construction (§ 146), and a discussion of the Pisan traceries. In Lecture vii. ("Marble Rampant") the subject is continued, the principles of Cyclopean architecture are discussed, and the exquisite adjustment of the stones by the Pisani described (§ 167)—an adjustment all the more necessary when the ornament is to flow or climb (§ 168), and the marble thus becomes "rampant" (§ 169). In this connexion the grace and luxuriance of Giovanni's work at Orvieto are described (§ 176). The occasion of it takes us away again, however, to history, and further discussion of the bas-reliefs in Orvieto is consigned to the author's Appendix, in which he gives notes on the illustrations to the book.

The *manuscript* of the first draft of Lectures i.–v. is contained in a parchment-covered note-book, now at Brantwood. A page of it is here reproduced (p. 22), and a few variations between the text and this MS. are noted (*e.g.*, on pp. 49, 57). The text of *Val d'Arno* was not revised by the author; a few misprints, etc., in earlier editions are now corrected (see below, p. 7).

THE ÆSTHETIC AND MATHEMATIC SCHOOLS

The second course of lectures given in this volume has not hitherto been printed. The subject follows, and in part resumes, the study of Tuscan Art in *Val d'Arno*. The lectures were, as we have seen, successful in delivery. So far as the lectures were written, they were written with great care; they embody the results of the close studies which have been indicated in earlier pages of this Introduction; and they contain some of Ruskin's most interesting and penetrative criticisms of particular artists and particular works of art. Though, therefore, the manuscript is incomplete—for much of the course was trusted to *extempore* delivery, and the manuscript was left by Ruskin in some confusion—it has seemed desirable to include the lectures in this collection of his Works. As here arranged, the lectures are clear and consecutive; and at points where Ruskin left the development of his argument to *extempore* delivery, his memoranda are given and references supplied to other passages which illustrate them. The main omission is of the lecture on Giotto; but what Ruskin wrote for it was afterwards used either in *Mornings in Florence* or in the notes for an Eton lecture called "Giotto's Pet Puppy," here printed (p. 471). *Mornings in Florence* thus completes the lectures, and adds to them a study of the Sienese frescoes in the Spanish Chapel. The lectures on Botticelli should be read in connexion with the sixth in *Ariadne Florentina*, which, as already stated, was revised at the same time. The present volume thus brings together the greater part of all Ruskin's later criticisms upon Tuscan Art.

Had Ruskin himself prepared the lectures for publication, he would doubtless have given them some title less lengthy than they must now bear. The meaning of his distinction between "æsthetic" and "mathematic" is most clearly expressed in § 25; but he himself began towards the end of the course to regret the terms as somewhat clumsy (§ 89), and his love of classification and generalisation led him, as he notes, into some apparent difficulties (p. 199 *n.*).

The *manuscript* from which the lectures are printed is at Brantwood. Some passages have, as already stated, been added from Ruskin's diary written at Assisi, and notes, taken by Mr. Wedderburn at the time of the delivery of the lectures, have also been drawn upon.

MORNINGS IN FLORENCE

The spirit in which Ruskin wrote this well-known handbook is sufficiently explained in his own title-page and Preface (p. 293). The scheme of it grew considerably under his hands; for at first, as appears from a letter to Professor Norton of September 16, 1874, the book was intended to contain three chapters only, thus:—

> "First Morning: Sta. Croce and Gospel of Works.
> "Second: The Spanish Chapel and Gospel of Faith.
> "Third: *Mio bel San Giovanni.*"

As published by Ruskin, it consisted of Six Mornings. A Seventh, written by Mr. R. Caird, is now added. Mr. Caird was studying in Italy in 1876–1877, and Ruskin had made his acquaintance. He had sent some suggested corrections for *Mornings in Florence*, and Ruskin then asked him to write a careful description of the second great fresco by "Memmi" in the Spanish Chapel. Mr. Caird wrote full notes of the fresco, and Ruskin, as will be seen from the following letter, was much pleased with the work:—

> "I am so *very* glad to hear from you," he wrote from Venice (May 3, 1877), "for I have been at last reading your most careful and valuable description of Spanish Chapel with extreme attention, and I propose with your permission to publish it, with a comment or two, as supplementary to *Mornings in Florence,* in the same form. It is too connected and valuable to be broken up for the pieces I should use, in my own account, and at any rate as that can't be given now for ever so long, yours had better take its position at once."

Ruskin expresses the same intention in *Mornings in Florence* (§ 120, see p. 412); and among other material preserved at Brantwood and intended for a continuation of that book was Mr. Caird's chapter, set up into type. Owing, however, to Ruskin's serious illness of 1878, which prevented the completion of so much of his work, this additional chapter, which he had intended to publish forthwith, was never issued by him. It is now added from the printed proof. Some other notes by Mr. Caird are given on pp. 455–457.

M. de la Sizeranne introduces his charming study of Ruskin with a description of a party of English girls, whom he encountered on the Feast of S. Thomas Aquinas in the Spanish cloister of S. Maria Novella, standing reverently before the fresco of the Sciences, while one of them read from a little book words "which seemed like a tuft of flowers springing from the dust of the past."[1] It was one of the "Mornings in Florence" that was being read, and the thin little parts of this guide-book, pleasantly bound in red and gold and easily pocketable, have been now for thirty years as familiar a companion to the tourist in Florence as Baedeker itself. For the benefit of readers at home, a large number of illustrations have here been introduced.

In writing his analysis of the frescoes in the Spanish Chapel, Ruskin was returning in his maturity to works which had fascinated him thirty years before. The reader may be interested in reading, as an introduction to the latter part of *Mornings in Florence*, the following account of Ruskin's first impressions which he sent in a letter to his mother, dated Florence, June 9, 1845:—

> "You know it is quite impossible to be always among saints without feeling better bred for it; and to-day I was all the morning among a host, not of mere saints, but of downright Virtues, in the Chapelle des Espagnols of Santa M. Novella, where the two friends Simone Memmi and Taddeo Gaddi—friends because fellow-pupils of Giotto, and equally venerating and loving their master—worked hand in hand: each trying to set off and adorn the other's works, so that Vasari exclaimed in a pretty burst of feeling, 'Oh, noble souls, that without ambition or envy did love each other, so brotherly, and were glad each in his friend's honour as in his own.' And there are the Virtues and Sciences sitting side by side about St. Thomas Aquinas, and each Virtue has beneath her, her favourite saint; and each Science, her keenest votary. There is Charity—not our hospital Charity with three babies strangling her, but divine Charity, clothed in red for blood, and with a flame of fire upon her head and a bow in her hand; and under is St. Augustine. And there is Faith guarding Christ's flock, and a pack of wolves driven away by a whole troop of black and white dogs who bite very hard indeed, so that the wolves roar again; and the black and white dogs who look very sensible about the face are the Dominicans (Domini canes: ask my father), who wore, as you know, black and white robes.

[1] *Ruskin et la Religion de la Beauté*, par Robert de la Sizeranne, 1897, p. 4.

> And there is Music, or rather St. Cecilia, and under her is Tubal-Cain, beating on his anvil with two hammers, and starting at the change of sound. And there is—but there isn't anything that isn't there, and all so beautiful and pure, and seen by the soft cloister light; for it is in the Chapter House that opens off the *green* cloister, so called because of the *green* frescoes of Paolo Uccello (Paul Bird) who painted all the Old Testament there, only inferior to Benozzo Gozzoli's. The outpouring of *mind* in these frescoes is something marvellous. The Pitti Palace is such paltry work after them: such labour of oil and varnish over a single head, while the brush of the great old men is rolling out creation after creation—hosts of solemn figures and mighty spirits, all in the pure air and bright light, and all not as if you came to look at them, but as if they came to speak to you."

Yet "youth shows but half"; the message which Ruskin came in after years to hear and to understand in these frescoes of the Spanish Chapel is declared in the present volume.

Some loose sheets of the *manuscript* of *Mornings in Florence* are among Ruskin's papers at Brantwood, and one of these is here reproduced (p. 362). In 1882 Ruskin revised the *text;* the proofs with his corrections are in Mr. Allen's possession. The revision is here followed, the variations being described either in footnotes or in the Bibliographical Note (p. 288).

THE SHEPHERD'S TOWER

This publication, issued in 1881, consisted of a Preface and a series of photographs of the bas-reliefs, to illustrate the descriptions of them in *Mornings in Florence*. The photographs were taken specially for Ruskin. They are here reproduced—necessarily on a reduced scale—from his negatives. The precise share which Giotto had in the construction of the Campanile, and the portion of the sculpture which is of his design or execution, are unsolved, and perhaps insoluble, questions. What is known is that on April 12, 1334 (two years before his death) he was appointed by public decree *Capo-Maestro* of Sta. Reparata (as the cathedral then in course of construction was still called). Vasari's statement is that "on the 9th of July 1334, Giotto commenced the campanile of Santa Maria del Fiore . . . all

the historical representations which were to be the ornaments being designed with infinite care and diligence by Giotto himself, who marked out on the model all the compartments where the friezes and sculptures were to be placed, in colours of white, black, and red. . . . And if that which Lorenzo di Cione Ghiberti has written be true, as I fully believe it is, Giotto not only made the model of the campanile, but even executed a part of the sculptures and reliefs—those representations in marble, namely, which exhibit the origin of all the arts. Lorenzo also affirms that he saw models in relief from the hand of Giotto, and more particularly those used in these works: an assertion that we can well believe, for design and invention are the parents of all the arts and not of one only. This campanile, according to the design of Giotto, was to have been crowned by a spire or pyramid, of the height of fifty braccia; but as this was in the old Gothic manner, the modern architects have always advised its omission: the building appearing to them better than it is."[1] In the Opera del Duomo at Siena there is an old drawing which is believed to represent Giotto's design and shows the tower.[2] The passage in Ghiberti's *Commentary on Art* is this: "Giotto was most excellent in every branch of the art, and in the art of sculpture also. The first stories in the building which was built by him, of the bell-tower of Santa Reparata, were chiselled and designed by his hand. In my time I have seen models by his hand of the stories mentioned, most excellently designed." Giotto died in 1336, when the Campanile, it is supposed, had not advanced far beyond the stage containing the first story with the bas-reliefs. Andrea Pisano, and afterwards Francesco Talenti, were commissioned to finish the tower.

It will thus be seen that there is excellent evidence for the traditional belief which connects the design of the tower, and the execution of some of the sculpture, with Giotto, for Ghiberti was born hardly fifty years after Giotto's death. The amount of his handiwork is a question to be decided, if at all, by internal evidence of style. Ruskin's opinion on such points is expressed in *Mornings in Florence* (see pp. 423, 424, 425, 430–433); compare also *Ariadne Florentina*, § 58 (Vol. XXII. pp. 336–337). It is entitled to the more weight from the close study which he had given to the bas-reliefs. He had photographed them, drawn some of them, and repeatedly made

[1] Vol. i. p. 114 (Bohn's edition).
[2] A reproduction of the drawing is given in F. Mason Perkins's *Giotto*, p. 132.

careful notes of their characteristics. In these later studies of "The Shepherd's Tower" he was returning to a building under which he had lived thirty years before,[1] and which he had selected in *The Seven Lamps of Architecture* as the most perfect in the world.[2]

Appendix I. contains Notes for an Eton lecture, which are headed in the MS. "Giotto's Pet Puppy." The notes refer to the puppy which is sculptured on one of the bas-reliefs of Giotto's Tower (see below, p. 418). Particulars of the lecture are given on p. 469.

Appendix II. contains a passage on Giotto and Niccola Pisano, which seems to have been written for the lectures on *The Æsthetic and Mathematic Schools* (see p. 470).

In Appendix III. a Note is reprinted which Ruskin sent in 1876 to accompany the exhibition of his copy of Botticelli's "Zipporah," and of other details from the "Scenes in the Life of Moses" (see p. 470).

The *illustrations* in this volume are numerous, as the nature of its subject-matter requires. The *frontispiece* is a photogravure of Ruskin's study of Zipporah already referred to. The drawing, in water-colour ($56 \times 21\frac{1}{2}$), is at Brantwood. Of the two plates given in this Introduction, the one of Brantwood (A) is from a photograph; the other, of Ruskin's study (B), is a woodcut from a drawing by Mr. Alexander Macdonald. The drawing was exhibited at the Dudley Gallery in 1881; the woodcut appeared in the *Art Journal* for December in that year. For particulars of the objects shown in the drawing, see p. lxviii.

In *Val d'Arno* all Ruskin's original illustrations are given, with some rearrangement (as shown on p. 5), while four additional plates are included, and five other illustrations are inserted in the text. Two of the additional plates (III. and IV.) are drawings by Ruskin of subjects at Pisa which are mentioned in the text; the drawings are both at Oxford. The Greek sarcophagus in the Campo Santo at Pisa, described at length in the text, is given from a photograph (V.); and the original fountain of Siena is also shown (VII.). This last is printed from a woodcut founded on an old photograph, as explained in a note upon the text (p. 30).

The other illustrations introduced into *Val d'Arno* are woodcuts, or line blocks, necessary for the better understanding of the text. Three of them (Figs. 2, 3, and 4) are traced from drawings by Ruskin, now

[1] See Vol. IV. pp. 351–352 *n.*
[2] See Vol. VIII. p. 187.

at Oxford, which he showed when delivering the lectures. The sketch of the Campo Santo at Pisa (Fig. 1), introduced at the point where Ruskin refers to a photograph, is an outline by Mr. Hugh Allen; the other illustration (Fig. 5) gives outlines to enable the reader to follow Ruskin's comparison between figures by Orcagna and Michael Angelo respectively.

The lectures on Florentine artists (*The Æsthetic and Mathematic Schools*) are illustrated by eleven plates from drawings and photographs. Ruskin's drawings are of Frederick II.'s tomb at Palermo (XVI.); the head of Ilaria on Jacopo della Quercia's monument of her (XIX.); a compartment of the Baptistery at Florence (XX.); and the head of one of the Graces in Botticelli's "Spring." This latter plate (XXV.) was engraved by Mr. W. Roffe from Ruskin's study, and he had intended to use it in one of his later volumes. The drawings of the tomb and of the Baptistery are at Oxford; those of the head of Ilaria and of the Grace, at Brantwood. The other plates are from photographs, and illustrate passages in the lectures which are not readily followed without some representation of the buildings, sculptures, and pictures described. Plate XV. shows the door of the Duomo at Assisi to which Ruskin pointed as an example of what he called the "Lombard" style (p. 188). Plate XVII. shows the façades of the Duomo and of S. Francesco, which he contrasted (p. 194). Plate XVIII., showing Niccola Pisano's sculpture of "The Deposition of Christ," will serve to enable the reader to follow Ruskin's close analysis of that work. Plate XXI., showing two of the panels from Ghiberti's Gates, serve a similar purpose. The reproductions of Botticelli's "Madonna and Child, with St. Michael" (XXIII.), and of a portion of the same artist's "Scenes in the Life of Moses" (XXIV.), showing the little dog frequently noticed by Ruskin, will similarly make the present volume more complete in itself.

The illustrations now given in *Mornings in Florence* will in the same way add not a little, it is thought, to the enjoyment of those who read the book away from the place itself. The sepulchral slab of Galileus de Galileis (XXVI.) is reproduced from a photograph which Ruskin placed on sale to illustrate *Mornings in Florence;* the photograph was made from a careful drawing by Mr. A. H. Mackmurdo. Ghirlandajo's "Birth of the Virgin" and "Salutation" (XXVII.), here reproduced from photographs, will recall those famous works to the reader's mind, and enable him the better to follow Ruskin's comparison of them with Giotto's treatment of similar subjects. Of these

latter, satisfactory reproductions by photogravure are impossible; the subjects have been successfully cut on wood by Mr. H. S. Uhlrich (XXVIII. and XXIX.), who has similarly treated Giotto's "Presentation of the Virgin" (XXX.) and "St. Louis" (XXXIV.). Botticelli's "Fortitude" and "Judith" have been well photographed, and are here reproduced by photogravure (XXXI.). The scenes from the life of St. Francis, by Giotto, in the Bardi Chapel of S. Croce, are also reproduced from photographs (XXXII. and XXXIII.). We next come to the frescoes in the Spanish Chapel, which are the subject of Mornings IV., V., and VII. A key-plan of the interior is first provided (XXXV.), drawn by Mr. Hugh Allen, in order to make readily intelligible the references in the text. Each of the two principal frescoes described by Ruskin is shown by photogravure (XXXVI. and XXXIX.), and three of his studies from particular figures in them are added (XXXVII., XXXVIII., and XL.); these studies are at Oxford.

Lastly, all the photographs issued by Mr. Ruskin in his supplementary folio, *The Shepherd's Tower*, are here represented; the plates (XLI.–XLIX.) are reduced from the original photographs.

E. T. C.

NOTE ON PLATE B (p. xxviii.)

THE drawing of Ruskin's study by Mr. A. Macdonald is in the possession of Mrs. Talbot of Barmouth, to whom in 1881 Ruskin sent a sketch-plan (see opposite), with the following inventory of the objects shown in the drawing:—

1. On table nearest—the large book. Lectionary executed in 1160 for the Abbey of Ottobeuren in Bavaria (Benedictine).

2. The small book. A missal of the fifteenth century, dear to me because of some writing in its calendar by a friend; otherwise notable only for its perfect contemporary clasp and binding, with shield bearing or; an eagle sable; gules, five stars or (parted per pale).

3. Byzantine enamelled crucifix, eleventh or twelfth century, bought at Venice, 1852, and a perpetual lesson in all sorts of things.

4. The table on which these lie is my proper working table when I am in full work (in summer), close to my chief bookcase, which is behind me as I sit at this table. The green table at the other end of the room with my inkstand on it is my winter's work table, nearer the fire, and with more light.

5. On the extreme left, in shade, upright. My natural history bookcase, the drawers below having the drawings and materials for *Deucalion*, Swiss sketches of mountain form, etc.

6. Seen over the missals. My last and best sketch of the two northernmost porches of St. Mark's at Venice, painted in spring of 1877.

7. Flat table against which it leans. Contains my favourite proofs and etchings of the *Liber Studiorum*—namely, Grande Chartreuse, Devil's Bridge, Source of Arveron, Æsacus and Hesperie, Clyde, Raglan, Alps from Grenoble, Cephalus, Rizpah, and some others variously illustrative—twenty-five in all. The arrangement of this table was the origin of all the Cabinets of Turner drawings in the National Gallery and at Oxford. It belonged to my old study (at Denmark Hill).

8. To the right of this table, my special Brantwood table, containing, as seen by the half-open door, a few favourite drawings of my own, with my Bewick's, Hunt's, and Turner Alpine sketches. On the table are lying some stones on which I was at work when Mr. Macdonald made the drawing. I forget what the books were. The drawers have my drawing materials.

9. On the left, in shade, on near side of window. My botanical bookcase, with drawers containing materials for *Proserpina*, and those for general work—the drawers of the table No. 8 on that side containing MS. immediately in hand, whatever they may be.

10. Green table, as aforesaid, for winter work—and afternoon tea. Armchair behind it—only for novel reading, or other idleness—never used for work, and of late taken possession of by my cat, conclusively.

11. Open bookcases behind this chair for mixed books of common reference—my Horace, small Latin and Greek grammars, Morphy and Staunton's chess, and the like—a few pet Greek vases at the top of it, lately removed and put over fireplace. See No. 12.

12. Turner's early drawing of Geneva—for the first years of Brantwood thus placed. Displaced for the Luca della Robbia (No. 14), which being now put over the chimney-piece instead, leaves room on each side for the Greek vases of No. 11.

13. To the right of the drawing. Historical bookcase, containing Sismondi's *Ital. Republics*, Carlyle's *Frederick*, Gibbon, History of French Cities, and other materials for the carrying on of *Our Fathers have Told Us*.

14. Luca della Robbia's Madonna, bought for me at Florence, 1880, now put over chimney-piece as the centre of the room.

15. Table between this and the globe. Contains all my larger prints and folios for general work, and carries any larger books needed for it.

16. Framed leaves from St. Louis' Psalter—the most precious MS. in my possession—supported by a basaltic piece of the volcanic ash of Yewdale crag, at the right-hand corner of picture.

– The Turner drawings are all my favourites, in

A B C

D E F

A. Farnley. B. Terni. C. Arona
D. Bonneville E. Narni. F. Schuyler

– The picture over the door was a little illumination of the Entombment. A copy of Tintoret's Visitation is now put in it place.

The Turners are Isola Bella and the Superga of Turin of the Oakewill series.

Ever your loving WR

I

VAL D'ARNO

(LECTURES DELIVERED 1873, PUBLISHED 1874)

The Ancient Shores of Arno

VAL D'ARNO.

TEN LECTURES

ON

THE TUSCAN ART

DIRECTLY ANTECEDENT TO

THE FLORENTINE YEAR OF VICTORIES.

GIVEN BEFORE THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

IN MICHAELMAS TERM, 1873.

By JOHN RUSKIN,

HONORARY STUDENT OF CHRIST CHURCH, AND SLADE PROFESSOR OF FINE ART.

GEORGE ALLEN,

SUNNYSIDE, ORPINGTON, KENT.

1874.

[*Bibliographical Note.*—The lectures, afterwards published under the title of *Val d'Arno,* were delivered under the title of "Val d'Arno in the Thirteenth Century" before the University of Oxford in Michaelmas Term, 1873. The titles of the lectures, as afterwards published, were also announced in the *University Gazette* (October 14, 1873). Each lecture was delivered first in the University Galleries, and afterwards repeated to a more general audience, on the undermentioned dates: Lecture I., October 20 and 22; II., October 23 and 24; III., October 27 and 29; IV., October 30 and 31; V., November 3 and 5; VI., November 6 and 7; VII., November 10 and 12; VIII., November 13 and 14; IX., November 17 and 19; and X., November 20 and 21.

The lectures were published in the next year in a volume of which there have been the following editions:—

First Edition (1874).—This was the eighth volume in the "Works" Series, the general title-page being:—

> The | Works of John Ruskin, | Honorary Student of Christ Church, Oxford. | Volume VIII. | Val d'Arno. | [*Rose*] | George Allen, | Sunnyside, Orpington, Kent. | 1874.

The particular title-page was as given on the preceding leaf, here.

Octavo, pp. iv. + 230. Imprint (at the foot of the last page): "Watson and Hazell, Printers, London and Aylesbury." Headlines as in this edition.

Issued on November 7, 1874, in the usual "Ruskin calf," lettered across the back, "Ruskin. | Works. | Vol. | VIII. | Val | D'Arno." Price 27s. 6d. 1000 copies.

Some of the lectures were printed in rough 4to form for use in the lecture-room.

This edition contained no "Contents" or List of Plates, but it contained on a flysheet instructions for the placing of the plates (though not their titles); these instructions are headed "Val d'Arno. Directions to Binder," and should be included in perfect copies of the first edition. The following is a list of the illustrations (as added in later editions, with the number of the plate in this volume added):—

	In ed. 1.	In this volume.
"The Ancient Shores of Arno" . . .	*Frontispiece*	Plate I.
I. The Pisan Latona. Angle of Panel of the Adoration, in Niccola's Pulpit . .	*To face page* 1	,, II.
II. Niccola Pisano's Pulpit	,, ,, 17	,, VI.
III. The Fountain of Perugia	,, ,, 27	,, VIII.
IV. Norman Imagery	,, ,, 40	,, IX.
V. The Door of the Baptistery, Pisa . . .	,, ,, 108	,, X.
VI. The Story of S. John. Advent . . .	,, ,, 113	,, XI.
VII. The Story of S. John. Departure[1] . .	Plate VI.	

[1] The small editions here added "Plate VI.;" after IX. "Plate VIII.," and after XI. "Plate X." (in order to indicate the identity of subject).

	In ed. 1.	In this volume.
VIII. The Charge to Adam (Giovanni Pisano) .	*To face page* 123	Plate XII.
IX. The Charge to Adam (Modern Italian) .	Plate VIII.	
X. The Nativity (Giovanni Pisano) . .	*To face page* 229	,, XIV.
XI. The Nativity (Modern Italian) . . .	Plate X.	
XII. The Annunciation and Visitation . .	*To face page* 189	,, XIII.

Plate IV. was an engraving on steel (here also used); the others were autotypes.

Second Edition (1882).—This was a reprint of the first, except for alterations on the title-pages, and for the insertion of several references (as, *e.g.*, in § 180, line 6, and § 181, line 2). The only change on the general title-page is that of the date. On the particular title-page the author's description is "Honorary Student of Christ Church, and Honorary Fellow of | Corpus Christi College, Oxford"; the date is changed; and below it is added "[All Rights Reserved]." It should be noted that there is on the title-page no indication of the issue being a Second Edition. Imprint (at foot of the last page): "Hazell, Watson, & Viney, Printers, London and Aylesbury."

Issued in December 1882 in mottled-grey paper boards, with white paper label on the back which reads "Ruskin. | Works. | Vol. VIII. | Val | D'Arno." Price 22s. 6d. 1000 copies. Copies were also issued in calf, the price being reduced to 20s. in 1893 and to 19s. in 1900. In 1893 copies were also put up in green, lettered on the back "Ruskin | Vol. VIII. | Val d'Arno." Price 14s. 6d. (reduced in 1900 to 12s. 6d.). This issue is still current.

Small Edition (1890).—The title-page is the same as in the Second Edition, except that to the publisher's address "and | 8, Bell Yard, Temple Bar, London" is added, and that the date is changed.

Small crown 8vo, pp. viii.+256. Imprint (at the foot of the reverse of the title-page, and at the foot of the last page): "Printed by Hazell, Watson, & Viney, Ld., London and Aylesbury." Contents, pp. v.–vi. (here p. 9). List of Plates (see above), p. vii. Headlines as in the previous editions.

Issued in April 1890 both in chocolate and in green cloth, lettered across the back, "Ruskin. | Val | D'Arno." Price 7s. 6d. 3000 copies. The text remained unchanged. The plates were again autotypes.

Second Small Edition (1900).—Title-page as before, except that the publisher's address is "George Allen, Sunnyside, Orpington | and | 156, Charing Cross Road, London. | 1900." Above it is "*Sixth Thousand.*" Imprint (at foot of the reverse of the title-page, and at foot of the last page): "Printed by Ballantyne, Hanson & Co. | At the Ballantyne Press." The text is unchanged, but an Index (by Mr. Wedderburn) is added, pp. 257–292.

Issued in June 1900. 1000 copies. Price 7s. 6d. (reduced in January 1904 to 6s.). This issue is still current.

Unauthorised American Editions have been issued; and in 1891, *an authorised* ("Brantwood") *Edition* was issued by Messrs. Charles E. Merrill and Co., New York, with an Introduction by Charles Eliot Norton, pp. v.–xii.

Variæ Lectiones.—There are few alterations in the text except the additions of references in ed. 2, which need not be detailed. The re-arrangement of the plates in the present edition has involved consequential alterations in the text; *e.g.*, in § 282, "Plate I." for "Frontispiece," and so forth. Other alterations are as follow :—

§ 2, the quotation from Dante, hitherto somewhat misprinted, has in this edition been corrected.

§ 8, line 4, the MS. and ed. 1 read "death *of* its heart," which seems the right word, and is therefore here restored; other editions read "death *in* its heart."

§ 15, the reference to *Aratra Pentelici* has hitherto been given as "Plate 19"; it should have been "Plate 20." In the present edition it is Plate 22.

§ 46, in the first line from Dante, ed. 1 has "mure" for "mura."

§ 77, in the passage from Sismondi, "Genevese" in previous editions is here corrected to "Genoese."

§ 81, in the reference to *Sesame and Lilies*, eds. 1 and 2 added "p. 58" (*i.e.*, of the "Works" Edition); to which the small editions added "(P. 86 of the Small Edition of 1882)."

§ 82, so here, eds. 1 and 2 added "p. 106" and the small editions added further "(P. 158 of the Small Edition of 1882)."

§ 83, line 11, see p. 51 *n.*

§ 105 (here p. 64, author's note), "chap. 3" (in all previous editions) is here corrected to "chap. 8."

§ 106, in the reference to Villani, "chap. xi." in previous editions is here corrected to "chap. xl."

§ 109, in the quotation from Villani, "una volta" in previous editions is here corrected to "uno volto."

§ 125, the references to Villani are here corrected from "chapters 61 and 62" (in all previous editions) to "62 and 63."

§ 152, line 25, and § 162, line 6, "tufo" in previous editions is here corrected to "tufa."

§ 186, line 7, the small editions read "or San Michele" for "Or San Michele."

§ 202, third line from end, the small editions misprint "Δογος" for "Λόγος."

§ 225, in the quotation from *Shooting Niagara*, Carlyle's characteristic capitals and italics are in this edition followed.

§ 259, last line but one, "1251" in previous editions was a slip of the pen for "1248."

Greek accents are here corrected or supplied in §§ 130, 243, 253. The references to plates are in some cases altered in this edition (see above).]

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The Pisan Latona

VAL D'ARNO

LECTURE I[1]

NICHOLAS THE PISAN

1. On this day, of this month, the 20th of October, six hundred and twenty-three years ago, the merchants and tradesmen of Florence met before the church of Santa Croce;[2] marched through the city to the palace of their Podesta; deposed their Podesta; set over themselves, in his place, a knight belonging to an inferior city; called him "Captain of the People"; appointed under him a Signory of twelve Ancients chosen from among themselves; hung a bell for him on the tower of the Lion, that he might ring it at need, and gave him the flag of Florence to bear, half white, and half red.[3]

The first blow struck upon the bell in that tower of the Lion began the tolling for the passing away of the feudal system, and began the joy-peal, or carillon, for whatever deserves joy, in that of our modern liberties, whether of action or of trade.

2. Within the space of our Oxford term from that day, namely, on the 13th of December in the same year, 1250, died, at Ferentino, in Apulia, the second Frederick, Emperor of Germany; the second also of the two great lights which in his lifetime, according to Dante's astronomy,

[1] [First delivered on October 20, 1873.]

[2] [Ruskin here summarises the account in Villani's *Istorie Fiorentine*, book vi. ch. 39 (vol. ii. pp. 113–114 of the edition of the book in *Classici Italiani*, Milan, 1802).]

[3] [On the significance of this day, see further §§ 102–104, 232, 259 (below, pp. 62–63, 135, 151–152).]

ruled the world,—whose light being quenched, "the land which was once the residence of courtesy and valour, became the haunt of all men who are ashamed to be near the good, or to speak to them."

> "In sul paese, ch' Adise e Pò riga,
> Solea valore e cortesia trovarsi,
> Prima che Federigo avesse briga;
> Or può sicuramente indi passarsi,
> Per qualunque lasciasse, per vergogna
> Di ragionar co' buoni, ad appressarsi."
>
> *Purg.*, cant. xvi. [115–120].[1]

3. The "Paese, ch' Adise e Pò riga" is of course Lombardy; and might have been enough distinguished by the name of its principal river. But Dante has an especial reason for naming the Adige. It is always by the valley of the Adige that the power of the German Cæsars descends on Italy;[2] and that battlemented bridge, which doubtless many of you remember, thrown over the Adige at Verona, was so built that the German riders might have secure and constant access to the city. In which city they had their first stronghold in Italy, aided therein by the great family of the Montecchi, Montacutes, Mont-aigu-s, or Montagues; lords, so called, of the mountain peaks; in feud with the family of the Cappelletti,—hatted, or, more properly, scarlet-hatted, persons. And this accident of nomenclature, assisted by your present familiar knowledge of the real contests of the sharp mountains with the flat caps, or petasoi, of cloud (locally giving Mont Pilate its title,[3] "Pileatus"), may in many points curiously illustrate for you that contest of Frederick the Second with Innocent the Fourth, which in the good of it and the evil alike, represents to all time the war of the solid, rational, and earthly authority of the King, and State, with the more or less spectral, hooded, imaginative, and nubiform authority of the Pope, and Church.

[1] [Compare "Verona and its Rivers," § 29 (Vol. XIX. p. 445).]
[2] [Compare, again, "Verona and its Rivers," Vol. XIX. p. 431.]
[3] [On this name, see Vol. VII. p. 164 *n.*]

4. It will be desirable also that you clearly learn the material relations, governing spiritual ones,—as of the Alps to their clouds,[1] so of the plains to their rivers. And of these rivers, chiefly note the relation to each other, first, of the Adige and Po; then of the Arno and Tiber. For the Adige, representing among the rivers and fountains of waters the channel of Imperial, as the Tiber of the Papal power, and the strength of the Coronet being founded on the white peaks that look down upon Hapsburg and Hohenzollern, as that of the Scarlet Cap in the marsh of the Campagna, "quo tenuis in sicco aqua destituisset,"[2] the study of the policies and arts of the cities founded in the two great valleys of Lombardy and Tuscany, so far as they were affected by their bias to the Emperor, or the Church, will arrange itself in your minds at once in a symmetry as clear as it will be, in our future work, secure and suggestive.

5. "Tenuis, in sicco." How literally the words apply, as to the native streams, so to the early states or establishings of the great cities of the world. And you will find that the policy of the Coronet, with its tower-building; the policy of the Hood, with its dome-building; and the policy of the bare brow, with its cot-building,—the three main associations of human energy to which we owe the architecture of our earth (in contradistinction to the dens and caves of it),—are curiously and eternally governed by mental laws, corresponding to the physical ones which are ordained for the rocks, the clouds, and the streams.

The tower, which many of you so well remember the daily sight of, in your youth, above the "winding shore" of Thames,[3]—the tower upon the hill of London; the dome which still rises above its foul and terrestrial clouds; and the

[1] [Compare § 110, below, p. 67.]
[2] [Livy, i. 4, 5.]
[3] [See Pope's *Windsor Forest*:—

"Oh, wouldst thou sing what heroes Windsor bore,
What kings first breath'd upon her winding shore."]

walls of this city itself, which has been "alma," nourishing in gentleness, to the youth of England, because defended from external hostility by the difficultly fordable streams of its plain, may perhaps, in a few years more, be swept away as heaps of useless stone; but the rocks, and clouds, and rivers of our country will yet, one day, restore to it the glory of law, of religion, and of life.

6. I am about to ask you to read the hieroglyphs upon the architecture of a dead nation, in character greatly resembling our own,—in laws and in commerce greatly influencing our own;—in arts, still, from her grave, tutress of the present world. I know that it will be expected of me to explain the merits of her arts, without reference to the wisdom of her laws; and to describe the results of both, without investigating the feelings which regulated either. I cannot do this; but I will at once end these necessarily vague, and perhaps premature, generalizations; and only ask you to study some portions of the life and work of two men, father and son, citizens of the city in which the energies of this great people were at first concentrated; and to deduce from that study the conclusions, or follow out the inquiries, which it may naturally suggest.

7. It is the modern fashion to despise Vasari.[1] He is indeed despicable, whether as historian or critic,—not least in his admiration of Michael Angelo; nevertheless, he records the traditions and opinions of his day; and these you must accurately know, before you can wisely correct. I will take leave, therefore, to begin to-day with a sentence from Vasari, which many of you have often heard quoted, but of which, perhaps, few have enough observed the value.

"Niccola Pisano finding himself under certain Greek sculptors who were carving the figures and other intaglio ornaments of the cathedral of Pisa, and of the temple of St. John, and there being, among many spoils of marbles,

[1] [For Ruskin's views of Vasari, see the passages collected at Vol. XII. p. 258 *n.*; to which add, in this volume, pp. 218-219, 370, 395 *n.*]

brought by the Pisan fleet,* some ancient tombs, there was one among the others most fair, on which was sculptured the hunting of Meleager." †

Get the meaning and contents of this passage well into your minds. In the gist of it, it is true, and very notable.

8. You are in mid-thirteenth century; 1200–1300. The Greek nation has been dead in heart upwards of a thousand years; its religion dead, for six hundred. But through the wreck of its faith, and death of its heart, the skill of its hands, and the cunning of its design, instinctively linger. In the centres of Christian power, the Christians are still unable to build but under Greek masters, and by pillage of Greek shrines; and their best workman is only an apprentice to the "Graeculi esurientes" [1] who are carving the temple of St. John.

9. Think of it. Here has the New Testament been declared for 1200 years. No spirit of wisdom, as yet, has been given to its workmen, except that which has descended from the Mars Hill on which St. Paul stood contemptuous in pity.[2] No Bezaleel[3] arises, to build new tabernacles, unless he has been taught by Daedalus.

10. It is necessary, therefore, for you first to know precisely the manner of these Greek masters in their decayed power; the manner which Vasari calls, only a sentence before, "That old Greek manner, blundering, disproportioned,"—Goffa, e sproporzionata.

* "Armata." The proper word for a land army is "esercito."

† Vol. i. p. 60, of Mrs. Foster's English translation,[4] to which I shall always refer, in order that English students may compare the context if they wish. But the pieces of English which I give are my own direct translation, varying, it will be found, often, from Mrs. Foster's in minute, but not unimportant, particulars.

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[1] [Juvenal, iii. 78; quoted also in *Aratra Pentelici*, § 206 (Vol. XX. p. 351).]

[2] [Acts xvii. 22; referred to also in Vol. VII. p. 408, and Vol. XVIII. p. 136.]

[3] [Exodus xxxvi. 1, etc. Compare *The Æsthetic and Mathematic Schools*, § 111 (below, p. 266).]

[4] [In Bohn's Library; referred to in the editorial notes of this edition as "Bohn's."]

"Goffa," the very word which Michael Angelo uses of Perugino.* Behold, the Christians despising the Dunce Greeks, as the Infidel modernists despise the Dunce Christians.

11. I sketched for you, when I was last at Pisa, a few arches of the apse of the duomo, and a small portion of the sculpture of the font of the temple of St. John.[1] I have placed them in your Rudimentary Series, as examples of "quella vecchia maniera Greca, goffa e sproporzionata." My own judgment respecting them is,—and it is a judgment founded on knowledge which you may, if you choose, share with me, after working with me,—that no architecture on this grand scale, so delicately skilful in execution, or so daintily disposed in proportion, exists elsewhere in the world.

12. Is Vasari entirely wrong then?

No, only half wrong, but very fatally half wrong. There are Greeks, and Greeks.

This head with the inlaid dark iris in its eyes,[2] from the font of St. John, is as pure as the sculpture of early Greece,[3] a hundred years before Phidias; and it is so delicate, that having drawn with equal care this and the best work of the Lombardi at Venice (in the church of the Miracoli),[4] I found this to possess the more subtle qualities of design. And yet, in the cloisters of St. John Lateran at

* Compare *Ariadne Florentina*, § 46 [Vol. XXII. p. 329].

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[1] [Plates III. and IV. The drawing of the apse is No. 76 in the *Reference* Series (Vol. XXI. p. 33). The portion of the sculpture of the font—the head described in § 12—is No. 99 in the same series (*ibid.*, p. 35). Ruskin made the sketches in May 1872 (see Vol. XXII. p. xxvi.).]

[2] [See Plate XXXVIII. in Vol. XXI. The drawing is No. 99 in the Reference Series (*ibid.*, pp. 147–148).]

[3] [Ruskin refers to this passage in a letter to Professor Norton from Lucca, August 18, 1874 (see a later volume), remarking that he was driven by a native Etruscan "with the same black eyes that are inlaid on the Font of Pisa"; and explaining that "the effete Greek of St. John Lateran is real Byzantine—polluted at Rome to its death."]

[4] [See Vol. XI. p. 393; and for the work of the Lombardi generally, Vol V. p. 75. Ruskin's drawing of the Church of the Miracoli is not known to the editors.]

Arches of the Apse of the Duomo, Pisa
1872

Study of a Panel on the Font of the Baptistery, Pisa

1872

Rome,[1] you have Greek work, if not contemporary with this at Pisa, yet occupying a parallel place in the history of architecture, which is abortive, and monstrous beyond the power of any words to describe. Vasari knew no difference between these two kinds of Greek work. Nor do your modern architects. To discern the difference between the sculpture of the font of Pisa, and the spandrels of the Lateran cloister, requires thorough training of the hand in the finest methods of draughtsmanship; and, secondly, trained habit of reading the mythology and ethics of design. I simply assure you of the fact at present; and if you work, you may have sight and sense of it.

13. There are Greeks, and Greeks, then, in the twelfth century, differing as much from each other as vice, in all ages, must differ from virtue. But in Vasari's sight they are alike; in ours, they must be so, as far as regards our present purpose. As men of a school, they are to be summed under the general name of "Byzantines"; their work all alike showing specific characters of attenuate, rigid, and in many respects offensively unbeautiful, design, to which Vasari's epithets of "goffa, e sproporzionata" are naturally applied by all persons trained only in modern principles. Under masters, then, of this Byzantine race, Niccola is working at Pisa.

14. Among the spoils brought by her fleets from Greece, is a sarcophagus, with Meleager's hunt on it, wrought "con bellissima maniera," says Vasari.

You may see that sarcophagus[2]—any of you who go to Pisa;—touch it, for it is on a level with your hand; study it, as Niccola studied it, to your mind's content. Within ten yards of it, stand equally accessible pieces of Niccola's own work and of his son's. Within fifty yards of it, stands the Byzantine font of the chapel of St. John.

[1] [There is at Brantwood a beautiful drawing by Ruskin of part of these cloisters; for his praise, at an earlier period, of some of the work in them, see Vol. VIII. p. 177 *n.*]

[2] [Plate V.]

Spend but the good hours of a single day quietly by these three pieces of marble, and you may learn more than in general any of you bring home from an entire tour in Italy. But how many of you ever yet went into that temple of St. John, knowing what to look for; or spent as much time in the Campo Santo of Pisa, as you do in Mr. Ryman's shop[1] on a rainy day?

15. The sarcophagus is not, however (with Vasari's pardon), in "bellissima maniera" by any means. But it is in the classical Greek manner instead of the Byzantine Greek manner. You have to learn the difference between these.

Now I have explained to you sufficiently, in *Aratra Pentelici*, what the classical Greek manner is.[2] The manner and matter of it being easily summed—as those of natural and unaffected life;—nude life when nudity is right and pure; not otherwise. To Niccola, the difference between this natural Greek school and the Byzantine, was as the difference between the bull of Thurium and of Delhi (see Plate 22 of *Aratra Pentelici*[3]).

Instantly he followed the natural fact, and became the Father of Sculpture to Italy.

16. Are we, then, also to be strong by following the natural fact?

Yes, assuredly. That is the beginning and end of all my teaching to you. But the noble natural fact, not the ignoble. You are to study men; not lice nor entozoa. And you are to study the souls of men in their bodies, not their bodies only. Mulready's drawings from the nude[4] are more degraded and bestial than the worst grotesques of the Byzantine or even the Indian image makers. And your modern mob of English and American tourists, following a lamplighter through the Vatican to have pink light thrown

[1] [The printseller's shop in the High Street.]
[2] [See Vol. XX. pp. 334 *seq.*]
[3] [Vol. XX. p. 349.]
[4] [At the Victoria and Albert (South Kensington) Museum (compare Vol. XXII. p. 235); and for a summary of Ruskin's references to Mulready, see Vol. IV. p. 336 *n.*]

for them on the Apollo Belvidere, are farther from capacity of understanding Greek art than the parish charity boy, making a ghost out of a turnip with a candle inside.

17. Niccola followed the facts, then. He is the Master of Naturalism in Italy. And I have drawn for you his lioness and cubs[1] to fix that in your minds. And beside it, I put the Lion of St. Mark's,[2] that you may see exactly the kind of change he made. The Lion of St. Mark's (all but his wings, which have been made and fastened on in the fifteenth century) is in the central Byzantine manner; a fine decorative piece of work, descending in true genealogy from the Lion of Nemea, and the crested skin of him that clothes the head of the Heracles of Camarina.[3] It has all the richness of Greek Daedal work,—nay, it has fire and life beyond much Greek Daedal work; but in so far as it is non-natural, symbolic, decorative, and not like an actual lion, it would be felt by Niccola Pisano to be imperfect. And instead of this decorative evangelical preacher of a lion, with staring eyes, and its paw on a gospel, he carves you a quite brutal and maternal lioness, with affectionate eyes, and paw set on her cub.

18. Fix that in your minds, then. Niccola Pisano is the Master of Naturalism in Italy,—therefore elsewhere: of Naturalism, and all that follows. Generally of truth, common-sense, simplicity, vitality,—and of all these, with consummate power. A man to be inquired about, is not he? and will it not make a difference to you whether you look, when you travel in Italy, in his rough early marbles for this fountain of life, or only glance at them because your Murray's Guide tells you,—and think them "odd old things"?

19. We must look for a moment more at one odd old

[1] [From the pulpit at Siena; No. 153 in the Educational Series (Vol. XXI. p. 88. The drawing is reproduced on Plate E in Vol. XX. (p. 363).]

[2] [No. 160 in the Educational Series (Vol. XXI. p. 89). Compare § 191, below, p. 114.]

[3] [On the lion of Nemea and the skin of him worn symbolically by Heracles, see *Queen of the Air*, Vol. XIX. pp. 416–417, and Plate XVIII. (*ibid.*, p. 410).]

thing—the sarcophagus which was his tutor. Upon it is carved the hunting of Meleager;[1] and it was made, or by tradition received as, the tomb of the mother of the Countess Matilda. I must not let you pass by it without noticing two curious coincidences in these particulars. First, in the Greek subject which is given Niccola to read.

The boar, remember, is Diana's enemy. It is sent upon the fields of Calydon in punishment of the refusal of the Calydonians to sacrifice to her. "You have refused *me*," she said; "you will not have Artemis Laphria,[2] Forager Diana, to range in your fields. You shall have the Forager Swine, instead."

Meleager and Atalanta are Diana's servants,—servants of all order, purity, due sequence of season, and time. The orbed architecture of Tuscany, with its sculptures of the succession of the labouring months, as compared with the rude vaults and monstrous imaginations of the past, was again the victory of Meleager.

20. Secondly, take what value there is in the tradition that this sarcophagus was made the tomb of the mother of the Countess Matilda. If you look to the fourteenth chapter of the third volume of *Modern Painters*,[3] you will find the mythic character of the Countess Matilda, as Dante employed it, explained at some length. She is the representative of Natural Science as opposed to Theological.

21. Chance coincidences merely, these; but full of teaching for us, looking back upon the past. To Niccola, the piece of marble was, primarily, and perhaps exclusively, an example of free chiselling, and humanity of treatment. What else it was to him,—what the spirits of Atalanta

[1] [So Vasari (see above, § 7), but others interpret the subjects as Hippolytus rejecting the suit of Phædra, and his departure for the chase: see the passage quoted by Ruskin from Lord Lindsay in Vol. XII. p. 204.]

[2] [For this title (perhaps derived from λάφυρα, spoils), and for alternative explanations of it, see Pausanias, iv. 31, 7; vii. 18, 8. For the myth, see "The Argument" prefixed to Swinburne's *Atalanta in Calydon* (a poem much admired by Ruskin).]

[3] [See, in this edition, Vol. V. pp. 277 *seq.* A monograph upon her has recently (1905) appeared: *Matilda, Countess of Tuscany*, by Mrs. Mary E. Huddy.]

A Greek Sarcophagus in the Campo Santo, Pisa

and Matilda could bestow on him, depended on what he was himself. Of which Vasari tells you nothing. Not whether he was gentleman or clown—rich or poor—soldier or sailor. Was he never, then, in those fleets that brought the marbles back from the ravaged Isles of Greece? was he at first only a labourer's boy among the scaffoldings of the Pisan apse,—his apron loaded with dust—and no man praising him for his speech? Rough he was, assuredly; probably poor; fierce and energetic, beyond even the strain of Pisa,—just and kind, beyond the custom of his age, knowing the Judgment and Love of God: and a workman, with all his soul and strength, all his days.

22. You hear the fame of him as of a sculptor only. It is right that you should; for every great architect must be a sculptor,[1] and be renowned, as such, more than by his building. But Niccola Pisano had even more influence on Italy as a builder than as a carver.

For Italy, at this moment, wanted builders more than carvers; and a change was passing through her life, of which external edifice was a necessary sign. I complained of you just now that you never looked at the Byzantine font in the temple of St. John. The sacristan generally will not let you. He takes you to a particular spot on the floor, and sings a musical chord. The chord returns in prolonged echo from the chapel roof, as if the building were all one sonorous marble bell.

Which indeed it is; and travellers are always greatly amused at being allowed to ring this bell; but it never occurs to them to ask how it came to be ringable:—how that tintinnabulate roof differs from the dome of the Pantheon, expands into the dome of Florence, or declines into the whispering gallery of St. Paul's.

23. When you have had full satisfaction of the tintinnabulate roof, you are led by the sacristan and Murray to Niccola Pisano's pulpit; which, if you have spare time to

[1] [Compare Vol. XXII. p. 335.]

examine it, you find to have six sides, to be decorated with tablets of sculpture, like the sides of the sarcophagus, and to be sustained on seven pillars, three of which are themselves carried on the backs of as many animals.

All this arrangement had been contrived before Niccola's time, and executed again and again. But behold! between the capitals of the pillars and the sculptured tablets there are interposed five cusped arches, the hollow beneath the pulpit showing dark through their foils.[1] You have seen such cusped arches before, you think?

Yes, gentlemen, *you* have; but the Pisans had *not*. And that intermediate layer of the pulpits means—the change, in a word, for all Europe, from the Parthenon to Amiens Cathedral. For Italy it means the rise of her Gothic dynasty; it means the duomo of Milan instead of the temple of Paestum.

24. I say the duomo of Milan, only to put the change well before your eyes, because you all know that building so well. The duomo of Milan is of entirely bad and barbarous Gothic,[2] but the passion of pinnacle and fret is in it, visibly to you, more than in other buildings. It will therefore serve to show best what fulness of change this pulpit of Niccola Pisano signifies.[3]

In *it* there is no passion of pinnacle nor of fret. You see the edges of it, instead of being bossed, or knopped, or crocketed, are mouldings of severest line. No vaulting, no clustered shafts, no traceries, no fantasies, no perpendicular flights of aspiration. Steady pillars, each of one polished block; useful capitals, one trefoiled arch between them; your panel above it; thereon your story of the founder of Christianity. The whole standing upon beasts, they being indeed the foundation of us (which Niccola knew far better than Mr. Darwin); Eagle to carry your

[1] [Compare § 159, below, p. 96.]
[2] [Compare Vol. VIII. p. 72; Vol. XII. p. 93; and Vol. XVI. p. 324.]
[3] [Plate VI. A very large photograph of it is No. 163 in the Reference Series (Vol. XXI. p. 42).]

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Niccola Pisano's Pulpit

tintinnabulate ~~chapel~~ roof differs from the Dome of the Pantheon — ~~or rises~~ expands into the dome of Florence — or declines into the Whispering gallery of St Pauls.

Tired of ~~From~~ the tintinnabulate roof, you are led by the Sacristan and Murray ~~requires you to~~ to Nicolo Pisano's Pulpit.

If you have sense to examine it, ~~you find it~~ You find it to have six sides; — ~~to be~~ decorated with five tablets of sculpture — like the sides of the sarcophagus; — and to be sustained on five pillars, themselves carried on the backs of five animals. All this had been done before Nicolas time,

capitals of the pillars, and the sculptured tablets
there are multiplied in cusped arches. the hollow beneath the pulpit
shows dark through their folds
You have seen such cusped arches before, — you think.
~~you take no notice of them~~.
Yes, gentlemen: but the Pisans had not seen
such cusped arches before. — And that intermediate
step of the pulpit means — the change in a
word. from all-Europe, from the Parthenon to
Amiens cathedral. For Italy, it means her Gothic

A Page of the MS. of "Val d'Arno" (§ 23)

Gospel message—Dove you think it ought to be?[1] Eagle, says Niccola, and not as symbol of St. John Evangelist only, but behold! with prey between its claws. For the Gospel, it is Niccola's opinion, is not altogether a message that you may do whatever you like, and go straight to heaven. Finally, a slab of marble, cut hollow a little to bear your book; space enough for you to speak from at ease,—and here is your first architecture of Gothic Christianity!

25. Indignant thunder of dissent from German doctors, —clamour from French savants. "What! and our Trèves, and our Strasburg, and our Poictiers, and our Chartres! And you call *this* thing the first architecture of Christianity!" Yes, my French and German friends, very fine the buildings you have mentioned are; and I am bold to say I love them far better than you do,[2] for you will run a railroad through any of them any day that you can turn a penny by it. I thank you also, Germans, in the name of our Lady of Strasburg, for your bullets and fire; and I thank you, Frenchmen, in the name of our Lady of Rouen, for your new haberdashers' shops in the Gothic town;—meanwhile have patience with me a little, and let me go on.

26. No passion of fretwork, or pinnacle whatever, I said, is in this Pisan pulpit. The trefoiled arch itself, pleasant as it is, seems forced a little; out of perfect harmony with the rest (see Plate VI.). Unnatural, perhaps, to Niccola?

Altogether unnatural to him, it is; such a thing never would have come into his head, unless some one had shown it him. Once got into his head, he puts it to good use; perhaps even he will let this somebody else put pinnacles and crockets into his head, or at least, into his son's, in a

[1] [On this subject compare "The Eagle of Elis," Vol. XX. p. 398.]

[2] [To the architecture of Trèves, Ruskin does not elsewhere refer. At Strasburg he had been at home since very early days (1833); for remarks on its architecture, see Vol. XIV. pp. 412 *seq.* (and for numerous other references, General Index). For the Franco-German war, in connexion with it, see Vol. XX. p. 199 *n.* For Poictiers, see Vol. XVI. p. 278; for the numerous references to Chartres, General Index. For the vulgarisation of old houses in Rouen, see Vol. XXI. p. 192.]

little while.[1] Pinnacles,—crockets,—it may be, even traceries. The ground tier of the baptistery is round-arched, and has no pinnacles; but look at its first story. The clerestory of the Duomo of Pisa has no traceries, but look at the cloister of its Campo Santo.[2]

27. I pause at the words;—for they introduce a new group of thoughts, which presently we must trace farther.

The Holy Field;—field of burial. The "cave of Machpelah which is before Mamre," of the Pisans. "There they buried Abraham, and Sarah his wife; there they buried Isaac, and Rebekah his wife; and there I buried Leah."[3]

How do you think such a field becomes holy,—how separated, as the resting-place of loving kindred, from that other field of blood, bought to bury *strangers* in?[4]

When you have finally succeeded, by your gospel of mammon, in making all the men of your own nation not only strangers to each other, but enemies; and when your every churchyard becomes therefore a field of the stranger, the kneeling hamlet will vainly drink the chalice of God[5] in the midst of them. The field will be unholy. No cloisters of noble history can ever be built round such an one.

28. But the very earth of this at Pisa was holy, as you know.[6] That "armata" of the Tuscan city brought home not only marble and ivory, for treasure; but earth,—a fleet's burden,—from the place where there was healing of soul's leprosy: and their field became a place of holy tombs, prepared for its office with earth from the land made holy by one tomb; which all the knighthood of Christendom had been pouring out its life to win.

29. I told you just now that this sculpture of Niccola's

[1] [See below, § 176, p. 107.]
[2] [See Fig. 1 on p. 29.]
[3] [Genesis xlix. 30, 31.]
[4] [Matthew xxvii. 7, 8.]
[5] [See *In Memoriam*, x.]
[6] ["The Campo Santo of Pisa (which has given its name to every place of interment in Italy) was founded by Archbishop Ubaldo (1188–1200). The prelate, on his return from Palestine, whence he was expelled by Saladin, found some compensation for his defeat by bringing back his fifty-three vessels laden with earth from Mount Calvary" (Murray's Guide). Compare "Giotto's Pet Puppy," § 5 (below, p. 472), and *St. Mark's Rest*, § 3.]

was the beginning of Christian architecture. How do you judge that Christian architecture in the deepest meaning of it to differ from all other?

All other noble architecture is for the glory of living gods and men: but this is for the glory of death, in God and man. Cathedral, cloister, or tomb,—shrine for the body of Christ, or for the bodies of the saints. All alike signifying death to this world; life, other than of this world.

Observe, I am not saying how far this feeling, be it faith, or be it imagination, is true or false;—I only desire you to note that the power of all Christian work begins in the niche of the catacomb and depth of the sarcophagus, and is to the end definable as architecture of the tomb.[1]

30. Not altogether, and under every condition, sanctioned in doing such honour to the dead by the Master of it. Not every grave is by His command to be worshipped. Graves there may be—too little guarded, yet dishonourable;—"*ye* are as graves that appear not, and the men that walk over them are not aware of them." And graves too much guarded, yet dishonourable, "which indeed appear beautiful outwardly, but are within full of all uncleanness." Or graves, themselves honourable, yet which it may be, in us, a crime to adorn. "For they indeed killed them, and ye build their sepulchres."[2]

Questions, these, collateral; or to be examined in due time; for the present it is enough for us to know that all Christian architecture, as such, has been hitherto essentially of tombs.

It has been thought, gentlemen, that there is a fine Gothic revival in your streets of Oxford, because you have a Gothic door to your County Bank:[3]

Remember, at all events, it was other kind of buried treasure, and bearing other interest, which Niccola Pisano's Gothic was set to guard.

[1] [Compare the passage from Ruskin's diary given below, p. 205 *n.*]
[2] [Luke xi. 44; Matthew xxiii. 27; Luke xi. 48.]
[3] [In the High Street; built in 1868 from the design of J. L. Pearson, R.A.]

LECTURE II

JOHN THE PISAN

31. I CLOSED my last lecture with the statement, on which I desired to give you time for reflection, that Christian architecture was, in its chief energy, the adornment of tombs,—having the passionate function of doing honour to the dead.

But there is an ethic, or simply didactic and instructive architecture, the decoration of which you will find to be normally representative of the virtues which are common alike to Christian and Greek. And there is a natural tendency to adopt such decoration, and the modes of design fitted for it, in civil buildings.*

32. *Civil*, or *civic*, I say, as opposed to military.[1] But again observe, there are two kinds of military building. One, the robber's castle, or stronghold, out of which he issues to pillage; the other, the honest man's castle, or stronghold, into which he retreats from pillage. They are much like each other in external forms;—but Injustice, or Unrighteousness, sits in the gate of the one, veiled with forest branches (see Giotto's painting of him);[2] and Justice

* "These several rooms were indicated by symbol and device: Victory for the soldier, Hope for the exile, the Muses for the poets, Mercury for the artists, Paradise for the preacher."—(Sagacius Gazata, of the Palace of Can Grande. I translate only Sismondi's quotation.[3])

[1] [Compare *Crown of Wild Olive*, § 165, where (in the Appendix of 1873) this chapter is referred to (Vol. XVIII. p. 517).]

[2] [In the Arena Chapel at Padua: see frontispiece to *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 10. The reference to "Justice or Righteousness" appears to be to the predella of Giotto's picture (frontispiece to *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 11), on which are depicted "various persons riding securely in the woods" (*Stones of Venice*, Vol. X. p. 398); Ruskin was thinking also, no doubt, of Christ's entry into Jerusalem (John xii. 12, 13).]

[3] [Chapter xxviii. vol. iv. p. 416 of the Paris edition of 1826. The passage from Sagacius de Gazata will be found in vol. xviii. (preface) of Muratori's *Rerum Italicarum Scriptores*.]

or Righteousness *enters* by the gate of the other, over strewn forest branches. Now, for example of this second kind of military architecture, look at Carlyle's account of Henry the Fowler,* and of his building military towns, or burgs, to protect his peasantry. In such function you have the first and proper idea of a walled town,—a place into which the pacific country people can retire for safety, as the Athenians in the Spartan war. Your fortress of this kind is a religious and civil fortress, or burg, defended by burgers, trained to defensive war. Keep always this idea of the proper nature of a fortified city:—Its walls mean protection,—its gates hospitality and triumph. In the language familiar to you, spoken of the chief of cities: "Its walls are to be Salvation, and its gates to be Praise."[1] And recollect always the inscription over the north gate of Siena: "Cor magis tibi Sena pandit."—"More than her gates, Siena opens her heart to you."[2]

33. When next you enter London by any of the great lines, I should like you to consider, as you approach the city, what the feelings of the heart of London are likely to be on your approach, and at what part of the railroad station an inscription, explaining such state of her heart, might be most fitly inscribed.[3] Or you would still better understand the difference between ancient and modern principles of architecture by taking a cab to the Elephant and Castle, and thence walking to London Bridge by what is in fact the great southern entrance of London. The only gate receiving you is, however, the arch thrown over the road to carry the South-Eastern Railway itself; and the only exhibition either of Salvation or Praise is in the cheap clothes' shops on each side; and especially in one colossal haberdasher's shop, over which you may see the British flag

* *Frederick*, vol. i. [book ii. ch. i.].[4]

[1] [Isaiah lx. 18.]
[2] [Ruskin cites this inscription again in *Præterita*, iii. § 86.]
[3] [Compare *Lectures on Art*, § 122 (Vol. XX. p. 111).]
[4] [Cited in the Appendix to *The Crown of Wild Olive*, Vol. XVIII. p 517.]

waving (in imitation of Windsor Castle) when the master of the shop is at home.

34. Next to protection from external hostility, the two necessities in a city are of food and water supply;—the latter essentially constant. You can store food and forage, but water must flow freely. Hence the Fountain and the Mercato become the centres of civil architecture.

Premising thus much, I will ask you to look once more at this cloister of the Campo Santo of Pisa.

35. On first entering the place, its quiet, its solemnity, the perspective of its aisles, and the conspicuous grace and precision of its traceries, combine to give you the sensation of having entered a true Gothic cloister. And if you walk round it hastily, and, glancing only at a fresco or two, and the confused tombs erected against them, return to the uncloistered sunlight of the piazza, you may quite easily carry away with you, and ever afterwards retain, the notion that the Campo Santo of Pisa is the same kind of thing as the cloister of Westminster Abbey.

36. I will beg you to look at the building, thus photographed,[1] more attentively. The "long-drawn aisle" is here, indeed,—but where is the "fretted vault?"[2]

A timber roof, simple as that of a country barn, and of which only the horizontal beams catch the eye, connects an entirely plain outside wall with an interior one, pierced by round-headed openings; in which are inserted pieces of complex tracery, as foreign in conception to the rest of the work as if the Pisan armata had gone up the Rhine instead of to Crete, pillaged South Germany, and cut these pieces of tracery out of the windows of some church in an advanced stage of fantastic design at Nuremberg or Frankfort.

37. If you begin to question, hereupon, who was the Italian robber, whether of marble or thought, and look to your Vasari, you find the building attributed to John the

[1] [See Fig. 1, opposite.]

[2] [Gray's *Elegy in a Country Churchyard*, stanza 10; quoted also in *Præterita*, i. § 116.]

Pisan;*—and you suppose the son to have been so pleased by his father's adoption of Gothic forms that he must needs borrow them, in this manner, ready made, from the Germans, and thrust them into his round arches, or wherever else they would go.

We will look at something more of his work, however, before drawing such conclusion.

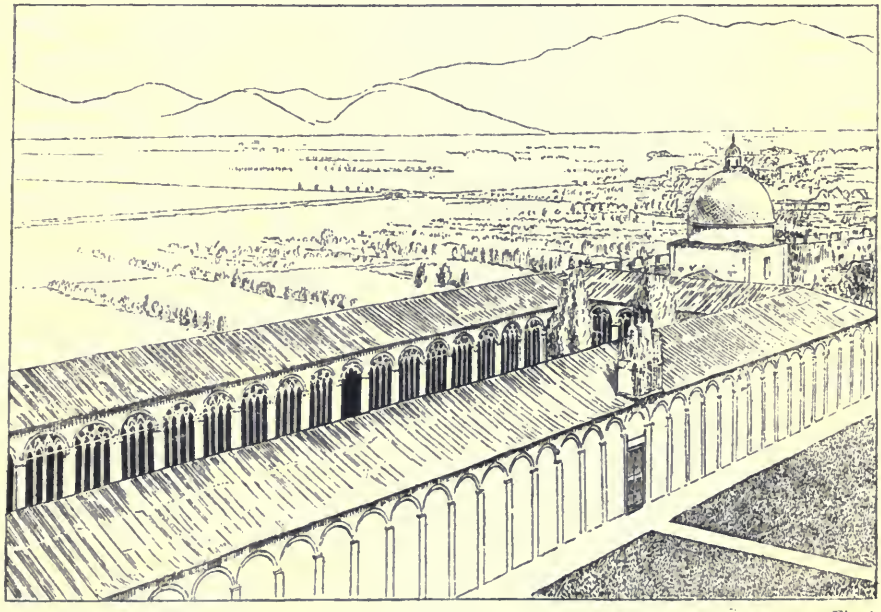

Fig. 1

38. In the centres of the great squares of Siena and Perugia rose, obedient to engineers' art, two perennial fountains. Without engineers' art, the glens which cleave the sand-rock of Siena flow with living water; and still, if there be a hell for the forger in Italy, he remembers therein the sweet grotto and green wave of Fonte Branda.[1] But

* The present traceries are of fifteenth-century work, founded on Giovanni's design.

[1] [See *Inferno*, xxx. 76–78; and for other references by Ruskin to Fonte Branda see Vol. XVII. p. 551.]

on the very summit of the two hills, crested by their great civic fortresses, and in the centres of their circuit of walls, rose the two guided wells; each in basin of goodly marble, sculptured—at Perugia, by John of Pisa, at Siena, by James of Quercia.

39. It is one of the bitterest regrets of my life (and I have many which some men would find difficult to bear), that I never saw, except when I was a youth, and then with sealed eyes, Jacopo della Quercia's fountain.* The Sienese, a little while since, tore it down, and put up a model of it by a modern carver.[1] In like manner, perhaps, you will some day knock the Elgin Marbles to pieces, and commission an Academician to put up new ones,—the Sienese doing worse than that (as if the Athenians were *themselves* to break their Phidias' work).

But the fountain of John of Pisa, though much injured, and glued together with asphalt, is still in its place.

40. I will now read to you what Vasari first says of him, and it (I. 67):[2]—

"Nicholas had, among other sons, one called John, who, because he always followed his father, and, under his discipline, intended (bent himself to, with a will) sculpture and architecture, in a few years became not only equal to his father, but in some things superior to him; wherefore Nicholas, being now old, retired himself into Pisa, and living quietly there,

* I observe that Charles Dickens had the fortune denied to me. "The market-place, or great Piazza, is a large square, with a great broken-nosed fountain in it." (*Pictures from Italy.*[3])

[1] [See for a further notice of this fountain—Fonte Gaja—the passage from Vasari cited below, p. 232. Compare also, again, Vol. XVII. p. 551. The white marble reliefs by Quercia are now in the Opera del Duomo. The original fountain was replaced in 1869 with one by Sarrocchi, a native sculptor. In 1885 the Rev. A. A. Isaacs sent to Ruskin a photograph of the original fountain taken in 1863, and the plate (VII.) here given is from an enlargement of it, which appeared as frontispiece to *The Fountain of Siena: an Episode in the Life of John Ruskin*, by Albert A. Isaacs (1900). Some letters from Ruskin to Mr. Isaacs are reprinted in a later volume of this edition from the same book.]

[2] [The reference is to Bohn's edition of Vasari, but Ruskin re-translates the passage.]

[3] [Compare *The Æsthetic and Mathematic Schools of Florence* (below, p. 234). Ruskin's earlier visit to Lucca was in 1845; when, however, his eyes were unsealed to Quercia's other work (see Vol. IV. pp. 346–347).]

The Fountain of Siena

Arthur Severn. Allen & Co. Sc

The Fountain of Perugia

left the government of everything to his son. Accordingly, when Pope Urban IV. died in Perugia, sending was made for John, who, going there, made the tomb of that Pope of marble, the which, together with that of Pope Martin IV., was afterwards thrown down, when the Perugians enlarged their vescovado; so that only a few relics are seen sprinkled about the church. And the Perugians, having at the same time brought from the mountain of Pacciano, two miles distant from the city, through canals of lead, a most abundant water, by means of the invention and industry of a friar of the order of St. Silvester, it was given to John the Pisan to make all the ornaments of this fountain, as well of bronze as of marble. On which he set hand to it, and made there three orders of vases, two of marble and one of bronze. The first is put upon twelve degrees of twelve-faced steps; the second is upon some columns which put it upon a level with the first one;"—(that is, in the middle of it,) "and the third, which is of bronze, rests upon three figures which have in the middle of them some griffins, of bronze too, which pour water out on every side."

41. Many things we have to note in this passage, but first I will show you the best picture I can of the thing itself.

The best I can; the thing itself being half destroyed, and what remains so beautiful that no one can now quite rightly draw it; but Mr. Arthur Severn (the son of Keats's Mr. Severn[1]) was with me, looking reverently at those remains, last summer,[2] and has made, with help from the sun, this sketch for you (Plate VIII.); entirely true and effective as far as his time allowed.

Half destroyed, or more, I said it was,—Time doing grievous work on it, and men worse. You heard Vasari saying of it, that it stood on twelve degrees of twelve-faced steps. These—worn, doubtless, into little more than a rugged slope—have been replaced by the moderns with four circular steps, and an iron railing;* the bas-reliefs have been carried off from the panels of the second vase, and its fair marble lips choked with asphalt:—of what remains, you have here a rough but true image.

* In Mr. Severn's sketch, the form of the original foundation is approximately restored.

[1] [See *Præterita*, ii. §§ 35 *seq.*]
[2] [See Vol. XXII. p. xxvi.]

In which you see there is not a trace of Gothic feeling or design of any sort. No crockets, no pinnacles, no foils, no vaultings, no grotesques in sculpture. Panels between pillars, panels carried on pillars, sculptures in those panels like the Metopes of the Parthenon; a Greek vase in the middle, and griffins in the middle of that. Here is your font, not at all of Saint John, but of profane and civil-engineering John. This is *his* manner of baptism of the town of Perugia.

42. Thus early, it seems, the antagonism of profane Greek to ecclesiastical Gothic declares itself. It seems as if in Perugia, as in London, you had the fountains in Trafalgar Square against Queen Elinor's Cross; or the viaduct and railway station contending with the Gothic chapel,[1] which the master of the large manufactory close by has erected, because he thinks pinnacles and crockets have a pious influence; and will prevent his workmen from asking for shorter hours, or more wages.

43. It *seems* only; the antagonism is quite of another kind,—or, rather, of many other kinds. But note at once how complete it is—how utterly this Greek fountain of Perugia, and the round arches of Pisa, are opposed to the school of design which gave the trefoils to Niccola's pulpit, and the traceries to Giovanni's Campo Santo.

The antagonism, I say, is of another kind than ours; but deep and wide; and to explain it, I must pass for a time to apparently irrelevant topics.[2]

You were surprised, I hope (if you were attentive enough to catch the points in what I just now read from Vasari), at my venturing to bring before you, just after I had been using violent language against the Sienese for breaking up the work of Quercia, that incidental sentence giving account of the much more disrespectful destruction,

[1] [Ruskin noticed one such juxtaposition in his diary:—"*Knaresborough* (May 1, 1876) . . . At Dripping Well. Opposite the well, as chief prospect, a manufactory, a Roman Doric temple attached; or chimney and a new Gothic church."]

[2] [The main subject is resumed partly in § 129 and then again in § 180 (below, pp. 78, 109).]

by the Perugians, of the tombs of Pope Urban IV., and Martin IV.

Sending was made for John, you see, first, when Pope Urban IV. died in Perugia—whose tomb was to be carved by John; the Greek fountain being a secondary business. But the tomb was so well destroyed, afterwards, that only a few relics remained scattered here and there.

The tomb, I have not the least doubt, was Gothic;—and the breaking of it to pieces was not in order to restore it afterwards, that a living architect might get the job of restoration. Here is a stone out of one of Giovanni Pisano's loveliest Gothic buildings, which I myself saw with my own eyes dashed out, that a modern builder might be paid for putting in another.[1] But Pope Urban's tomb was not destroyed to such end. There was no qualm of the belly, driving the hammer,—qualm of the conscience probably; at all events, a deeper or loftier antagonism than one on points of taste, or economy.[2]

44. You observed that I described[3] his Greek profane manner of design as properly belonging to *civil* buildings, as opposed not only to ecclesiastical buildings, but to military ones. Justice, or Righteousness, and Veracity, are the characters of Greek art. These *may* be opposed to religion, when religion becomes fantastic; but they *must* be opposed to war, when war becomes unjust. And if, perchance, fantastic religion and unjust war happen to go hand in hand, your Greek artist is likely to use his hammer against them spitefully enough.

45. His hammer, or his Greek fire. Hear now this example of the engineering ingenuities of our Pisan papa, in his younger days:—

"The Florentines having begun, in Niccola's time, to throw down many towers, which had been built in a barbarous manner through the whole city; either that the people might be less hurt, by their means, in the

[1] [One of the stones of S. Maria della Spina at Pisa, which Ruskin saw dashed to pieces on May 3, 1872: see *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 18 (§ 14), and Letter 20 (§ 20).]

[2] [For the occasion of the destruction of the tomb, see § 189, below, pp. 112–113.]

[3] [See § 31, above, p. 26.]

fights that often took place between the Guelphs and Ghibellines, or else that there might be greater security for the State, it appeared to them that it would be very difficult to ruin the Tower of the Death-watch,[1] which was in the place of St. John, because it had its walls built with such a grip in them that the stones could not be stirred with the pickaxe, and also because it was of the loftiest; whereupon Nicholas, causing the tower to be cut, at the foot of it, all the length of one of its sides; and closing up the cut, as he made it, with short (wooden) under-props, about a yard long, and setting fire to them, when the props were burned, the tower fell, and broke itself nearly all to pieces: which was held a thing so ingenious and so useful for such affairs, that it has since passed into a custom, so that when it is needful, in this easiest manner, any edifice may be thrown down."[2]

46. "When it is needful." Yes, but when is that? If instead of the towers of the Death-watch in the city, one could ruin the towers of the Death-watch of evil pride and evil treasure in men's hearts, there would be need enough for such work both in Florence and London. But the walls of those spiritual towers have still stronger "grip" in them, and are fireproof with a vengeance.

> "Le mura me parean che ferro fosse,
> . . . Ed ei mi disse: il fuoco eterno
> Ch'entro l'affoca, le dimostra rosse."
>
> *Inf.*, cant. viii.[3]

But the towers in Florence, shattered to fragments by this ingenious engineer, and the tombs in Perugia, which his son will carve, only that they also may be so well destroyed that only a few relics remain, scattered up and down the church,—are these, also, only the iron towers, and the red-hot tombs, of the city of Dis?

Let us see.

47. In order to understand the relation of the tradesmen and working men, including eminently the artists, to the general life of the thirteenth century, I must lay before you the clearest elementary charts I can of the course which the fates of Italy were now appointing for her.

[1] [See below, §§ 84, 98, pp. 52, 60.]
[2] [See, in Bohn's edition of Vasari, vol. i. p. 65.]
[3] [Lines 78, 73, 74, describing the city of Dis.]

My first chart must be geographical. I want you to have a clearly dissected and closely fitted notion of the natural boundaries of her states, and their relations to surrounding ones.

Lay hold first, firmly, of your conception of the valleys of the Po and the Arno, running counter to each other—opening east and opening west,—Venice at the end of the one, Pisa at the end of the other.

48. These two valleys—the hearts of Lombardy and Etruria—virtually contain the life of Italy. They are entirely different in character: Lombardy, essentially luxurious and worldly, at this time rude in art, but active; Etruria, religious, intensely imaginative, and inheriting refined forms of art from before the days of Porsenna.

49. South of these, in mid-Italy, you have Romagna,—the valley of the Tiber. In that valley, decayed Rome, with her lust of empire inextinguishable;—no inheritance of imaginative art, nor power of it; dragging her own ruins hourly into more fantastic ruin, and defiling her faith hourly with more fantastic guilt.

South of Romagna, you have the kingdoms of Calabria and Sicily,—Magna Graecia, and Syracuse, in decay;—strange spiritual fire from the Saracenic east still lighting the volcanic land, itself laid all in ashes.

50. Conceive Italy then always in these four masses: Lombardy, Etruria, Romagna, Calabria.

Now she has three great external powers to deal with: the western, France—the northern, Germany—the eastern, Arabia. On her right the Frank; and on her left the Saracen; above her, the Teuton. And roughly, the French are a religious chivalry; the Germans a profane chivalry; the Saracens an infidel chivalry. What is best of each is benefiting Italy; what is worst, afflicting her. And in the time we are occupied with, all are afflicting her.

What Charlemagne, Barbarossa, or Saladin did to teach her, you can trace only by carefullest thought. But in this thirteenth century all these three powers are adverse to her,

as to each other. Map the methods of their adversity thus:—

51. Germany (profane chivalry) is vitally adverse to the Popes; endeavouring to establish imperial and knightly power against theirs. It is fiercely, but frankly, covetous of Italian territory, seizes all it can of Lombardy and Calabria, and with any help procurable either from robber Christians or robber Saracens, strives, in an awkward manner, and by open force, to make itself master of Rome, and all Italy.

52. France, all surge and foam of pious chivalry, lifts herself in fitful rage of devotion, of avarice, and of pride. She is the natural ally of the Church; makes her own monks the proudest of the Popes; raises Avignon into another Rome; prays and pillages insatiably; pipes pastoral songs of innocence, and invents grotesque variations of crime; gives grace to the rudeness of England, and venom to the cunning of Italy. She is a chimera among nations, and one knows not whether to admire most the valour of Guiscard, the virtue of St. Louis, or the villainy of his brother.[1]

53. The Eastern powers—Greek, Israelite, Saracen—are at once the enemies of the Western, their prey, and their tutors.

They bring them methods of ornament and of merchandise, and stimulate in them the worst conditions of pugnacity, bigotry, and rapine. That is the broad geographical and political relation of races. Next, you must consider the conditions of their time.

54. I told you, in my second lecture on Engraving,* that before the twelfth century the nations were too savage to be Christian, and after the fifteenth too carnal to be Christian.

The delicacy of sensation and refinements of imagination necessary to understand Christianity belong to the mid

* *Ariadne Florentina,* § 66 [Vol. XXII. p. 341].

[1] [For other references to Charles of Anjou, see below, pp. 140 *seq.*]

period when men risen from a life of brutal hardship are not yet fallen to one of brutal luxury. You can neither comprehend the character of Christ while you are chopping flints for tools, and gnawing raw bones for food; nor when you have ceased to do anything with either tools or hands, and dine on gilded capons. In Dante's lines, beginning

> "I saw Bellincion Berti walk abroad
> In leathern girdle, with a clasp of bone," [1]

you have the expression of his sense of the increasing luxury of the age, already sapping its faith. But when Bellincion Berti walked abroad in skins not yet made into leather, and with the bones of his dinner in a heap at his door, instead of being cut into girdle clasps, he was just as far from capacity of being a Christian.

55. The following passage, from Carlyle's *Chartism*,[2] expresses better than any one else has done, or is likely to do it, the nature of this Christian era (extending from the twelfth to the sixteenth century) in England,—the like being entirely true of it elsewhere:—

"In those past silent centuries, among those silent classes, much had been going on. Not only had red deer in the New and other forests been got preserved and shot; and treacheries* of Simon de Montfort, wars of Red and White Roses, battles of Crecy, battles of Bosworth, and many other battles, been got transacted and adjusted; but England wholly, not without sore toil and aching bones to the millions of sires and the millions of sons of eighteen generations, had been got drained and tilled, covered with yellow harvests, beautiful and rich in possessions. The mud-wooden Caesters and Chesters had become steepled, tile-roofed, compact towns. Sheffield had taken to the manufacture of Sheffield whittles. Worstead could from wool spin yarn, and knit or weave the same into stockings or breeches for men. England had property valuable to the auctioneer; but the accumulate manufacturing, commercial, economic skill which lay

* Perhaps not altogether so, any more than Oliver's! dear papa Carlyle. We may have to read *him* also, otherwise than the British populace have yet read, some day.

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[1] [*Paradiso*, xv. 112, 113; quoted also in Vol. X. p. 307.]

[2] [Chapter viii. (p. 77 of the edition of 1840), here printed in smaller type for the sake of distinction; printed hitherto in the same type as Ruskin's text.]

impalpably warehoused in English hands and heads, what auctioneer could estimate?

"Hardly an Englishman to be met with but could do something; some cunninger thing than break his fellow-creature's head with battle-axes. The seven incorporated trades, with their million guild-brethren, with their hammers, their shuttles, and tools, what an army,—fit to conquer that land of England, as we say, and hold it conquered! Nay, strangest of all, the English people had acquired the faculty and habit of thinking,—even of believing; individual conscience had unfolded itself among them;—Conscience, and Intelligence its handmaid.* Ideas of innumerable kinds were circulating among these men; witness one Shakespeare, a wool-comber, poacher or whatever else, at Stratford, in Warwickshire, who happened to write books!—the finest human figure, as I apprehend, that Nature has hitherto seen fit to make of our widely Teutonic clay. Saxon, Norman, Celt, or Sarmat, I find no human soul so beautiful, these fifteen hundred known years;—our supreme modern European man. Him England had contrived to realize: were there not ideas?

"Ideas poetic and also Puritanic, that had to seek utterance in the notablest way! England had got her Shakespeare, but was now about to get her Milton and Oliver Cromwell. This, too, we will call a new expansion, hard as it might be to articulate and adjust; this, that a man could actually have a conscience for his own behoof, and not for his priest's only; that his priest, be he who he might, would henceforth have to take that fact along with him."

56. You observe, in this passage, account is given of two things—(A) of the development of a powerful class of tradesmen and artists; and (B) of the development of an individual conscience.

In the savage times you had simply the hunter, digger, and robber; now you have also the manufacturer and salesman. The ideas of ingenuity with the hand, of fairness in exchange, have occurred to us. We can do something now with our fingers, as well as with our fists; and if we want our neighbour's goods, we will not simply carry them off, as of old, but offer him some of ours in exchange.

57. Again; whereas before we were content to let our priests do for us all they could, by gesticulating, dressing, sacrificing, or beating of drums and blowing of trumpets; and also direct our steps in the way of life, without any

* Observe Carlyle's order of sequence. Perceptive Reason is the Handmaid of Conscience, not Conscience hers. If you resolve to do right, you will soon do wisely; but resolve only to do wisely, and you will never do right.

doubt on our part of their own perfect acquaintance with it, —we have now got to do something for ourselves—to think something for ourselves; and thus have arrived in straits of conscience which, so long as we endeavour to steer through them honestly, will be to us indeed a quite secure way of life, and of all living wisdom.

58. Now the centre of this new freedom of thought is in Germany; and the power of it is shown first, as I told you in my opening lecture (§ 2), in the great struggle of Frederick II. with Rome. And German freedom of thought had certainly made some progress, when it had managed to reduce the Pope to disguise himself as a soldier, ride out of Rome by moonlight, and gallop his thirty-four miles to the seaside before summer dawn.[1] Here, clearly, is quite a new state of things for the Holy Father of Christendom to consider, during such wholesome horse-exercise.

59. Again; the refinements of new art are represented by France—centrally by St. Louis with his Sainte Chapelle. Happily, I am able to lay on your table to-day—having placed it three years ago in your Educational Series[2]—a leaf of a Psalter, executed for St. Louis himself. He and his artists are scarcely out of their savage life yet, and have no notion of adorning the Psalms better than by pictures of long-necked cranes, long-eared rabbits, long-tailed lions, and red and white goblins putting their tongues out.* But

* I cannot go to the expense of engraving this most subtle example; but Plate IX. shows the average conditions of temper and imagination in religious ornamental work of the time.[3]

[1] [In 1244 when Innocent IV., feeling his position in Rome insecure, secretly withdrew (habillé en soldat) to Civita Vecchia and thence to Genoa and Lyons, where he summoned a General Council which deposed Frederick. The Pope did not return to Rome till after Frederick's death. See Sismondi: *Histoire des Republiques Italiennes du Moyen Age*, ch. xvi. (vol. iii. p. 54 of the Paris edition of 1826).]

[2] [The leaf is now restored to the Psalter, which is in the collection of Mr. Henry Yates Thompson: see *Catalogue of the Standard Series*, No. 6 (Vol. XXI. p. 15).]

[3] [The letter is from a Norman Bible in the British Museum: see § 284 (below, p. 166). The drawing is now No. 21 in the Working Series, Cabinet I. (Vol. XXI. p. 301).]

in refinement of touch, in beauty of colour, in the human faculties of order and grace, they are long since, evidently, past the flint and bone stage,—refined enough, now,—subtle enough, now, to learn anything that is pretty and fine, whether in theology or any other matter.

60. Lastly, the new principle of Exchange is represented by Lombardy and Venice, to such purpose that your Merchant and Jew of Venice, and your Lombard of Lombard Street, retain some considerable influence on your minds, even to this day.

And in the exact midst of all such transition, behold, Etruria with her Pisans—her Florentines,—receiving, resisting, and reigning over all: pillaging the Saracens of their marbles—binding the French bishops in silver chains;[1] —shattering the towers of German tyranny into small pieces,—building with strange jewellery the belfry tower for newly-conceived Christianity;—and, in sacred picture, and sacred song, reaching the height, among nations, most passionate, and most pure.

I must close my lecture without indulging myself yet, by addition of detail; requesting you, before we next meet, to fix these general outlines in your minds, so that, without disturbing their distinctness, I may trace in the sequel the relations of Italian Art to these political and religious powers; and determine with what force of passionate sympathy, or fidelity of resigned obedience, the Pisan artists, father and son, executed the indignation of Florence and fulfilled the piety of Orvieto.[2]

[1] [In 1241. The Pope (Gregory IX.) having summoned a Council, Frederick II. exerted himself to prevent it by stopping some of the bishops. The Pisans, in alliance with him, caught the Genoese at Meloria; the bishops and two cardinals were taken to Pisa and kept in silver chains ("où on les enferma dans le châpitre de la cathédrale, en les chargeant de chaînes d'argent, pour leur témoigner une espèce de respect, même dans leur captivité"): Sismondi, ch. xvi. (vol. iii. p. 43 of the French edition of 1826).]

[2] [For the work of Niccola Pisano in "executing the indignation of Florence," see above, § 45, p. 33; and for Giovanni's in "fulfilling the piety of Orvieto," below, §§ 184, 185, p. 110.]

"Norman Imagery."

LECTURE III

SHIELD AND APRON[1]

61. I LAID before you, in my last lecture, first lines of the chart of Italian history in the thirteenth century, which I hope gradually to fill with colour, and enrich, to such degree as may be sufficient for all comfortable use. But I indicated, as the more special subject of our immediate study, the nascent power of liberal thought, and liberal art, over dead tradition and rude workmanship.

To-day I must ask you to examine in greater detail the exact relation of this liberal art to the illiberal elements which surrounded it.

62. You do not often hear me use that word "Liberal" in any favourable sense. I do so now, because I use it also in a very narrow and exact sense.[2] I mean that the thirteenth century is, in Italy's year of life, her 17th of March. In the light of it, she assumes her toga virilis; and it is sacred to her god Liber.[3]

63. To her god *Liber*,—observe: not Dionusos, still less Bacchus, but her own ancient and simple deity. And if you have read with some care the statement I gave you, with Carlyle's help, of the moment and manner of her change from savageness to dexterity, and from rudeness to refinement of life, you will hear, familiar as the lines are

[1] [In the MS. the title is "The Bottega"; compare *Ariadne Florentina*, § 58 (Vol. XXII. p. 337).]

[2] [See below, § 179, p. 109.]

[3] [On the 17th of March, the festival of the Liberalia, the Roman boy who had completed his sixteenth year, assumed the *toga virilis:* see Ovid, *Fasti*, iii. 771:—

"Restat ut inveniam quare toga libera detur
Lucifero pueris, candide Bacche, tuo."]

to you, the invocation in the first Georgic[1] with a new sense of its meaning:—

> "Vos, O clarissima mundi
> Lumina, labentem cœlo quæ ducitis annum,
> Liber, et alma Ceres; vestro si munere tellus
> Chaoniam pingui glandem mutavit arista,
> Poculaque inventis Acheloia miscuit uvis . . .
> Munera vestra cano."

These gifts, innocent, rich, full of life, exquisitely beautiful in order and grace of growth, I have thought best to symbolize to you, in the series of types of the power of the Greek gods, placed in your Educational Series, by the blossom of the wild strawberry;[2] which in rising from its trine cluster of trine leaves,—itself as beautiful as a white rose, and always single on its stalk, like an ear of corn, yet with a succeeding blossom at its side, and bearing a fruit which is as distinctly a group of seeds as an ear of corn itself, and yet is the pleasantest to taste of all the pleasant things prepared by nature for the food of men,*—may accurately symbolize, and help you to remember, the conditions of this liberal and delightful, yet entirely modest and orderly, art, and thought.

64. You will find in the fourth of my inaugural lectures, at the 98th paragraph, this statement,—much denied by modern artists and authors, but nevertheless quite unexceptionally true,—that the entire vitality of art depends upon its having for object either to *state a true thing*, or *adorn a serviceable one*.[3] The two functions of art in Italy, in this entirely liberal and virescent phase of it,—virgin art, we may call it, retaining the most literal sense of the words virga and virgo,[4]—are to manifest the doctrines of a religion which now, for the first time, men had

* I am sorry to pack my sentences together in this confused way. But I have much to say; and cannot always stop to polish or adjust it as I used to do.

[1] [Lines 5–9 and 12.]
[2] [Educational Series, No. 11 (Vol. XXI. p. 76).]
[3] [Vol. XX. p. 96.]
[4] [On this etymology, see Vol. XVIII. p. 301.]

soul enough to understand; and to adorn edifices or dress, with which the completed politeness of daily life might be invested, its convenience completed, and its decorous and honourable pride satisfied.

65. That pride was, among the men who gave its character to the century, in honourableness of private conduct, and useful magnificence of public art. Not of private or domestic art: observe this very particularly.[1]

"Such was the simplicity of private manners,"—(I am now quoting Sismondi, but with the fullest ratification that my knowledge enables me to give),—"and the economy of the richest citizens, that if a city enjoyed repose only for a few years, it doubled its revenues, and found itself, in a sort, encumbered with its riches. The Pisans knew neither the luxury of the table, nor that of furniture, nor that of a number of servants; yet they were sovereigns of the whole of Sardinia, Corsica, and Elba, had colonies at St. Jean d'Acre and Constantinople, and their merchants in those cities carried on the most extended commerce with the Saracens and Greeks."*

66. "And in that time,"—(I now give you my own translation of Giovanni Villani[2]),—"the citizens of Florence lived sober, and on coarse meats, and at little cost; and had many customs and playfulnesses which were blunt and rude; and they dressed themselves and their wives with coarse cloth; many wore merely skins, with no lining, and *all* had only leather buskins;† and the Florentine ladies, plain shoes and stockings with no ornaments; and the best of them were content with a close gown of coarse scarlet

* Sismondi; French translation, Brussels, 1838; vol. ii. p. 275.[3]

† I find this note for expansion on the margin of my lecture, but had no time to work it out:—"This lower class should be either barefoot, or have strong shoes—wooden clogs good. Pretty Boulogne sabot with purple stockings. Waterloo Road—little girl with her hair in curl-papers,—a coral necklace round her neck—the neck bare—and her boots of thin stuff, worn out, with her toes coming through, and rags hanging from her heels,—a

[1] [On this subject compare *Cestus of Aglaia*, ch. viii., "Public and Private Art" (Vol. XIX. pp. 140 *seq.*).]

[2] [Book vi. ch. lxx.; vol. ii. pp. 155–156 (Milan 1802).]

[3] [Chapter xxiii. (vol. iv. p. 12, Paris edition of 1826).]

of Cyprus, or camlet girded with an old-fashioned clasp-girdle; and a mantle over all, lined with vaire, with a hood above; and that, they threw over their heads. The women of lower rank were dressed in the same manner, with coarse green Cambray cloth; fifty pounds was the ordinary bride's dowry, and a hundred or a hundred and fifty would in those times have been held brilliant ("isfolgorata," dazzling, with sense of dissipation or extravagance); and most maidens were twenty or more before they married. Of such gross customs were then the Florentines; but of good faith, and loyal among themselves and in their state; and in their coarse life, and poverty, did more and braver things than are done in our days with more refinement and riches."

67. I detain you a moment at the words "scarlet of Cyprus, or camlet."

Observe that camelot (camelet) from καμηλωτή, camel's skin, is a stuff made of silk and camel's hair originally, afterwards of silk and wool. At Florence, the camel's hair would always have reference to the Baptist, who, as you know, in Lippi's picture,[1] wears the camel's skin itself, made into a Florentine dress, such as Villani has just described, "col tassello sopra," with the hood above. Do you see how important the word "Capulet" is becoming to us, in its main idea?

68. Not in private nor domestic art, therefore, I repeat to you, but in useful magnificence of public art, these citizens expressed their pride:—and that public art divided itself into two branches—civil, occupied upon ethic subjects of sculpture and painting; and religious, occupied upon scriptural or traditional histories, in treatment of which, nevertheless, the nascent power and liberality of thought were apparent, not only in continual amplification and illustration

profoundly accurate type of English national and political life. Your hair in curl-papers—borrowing tongs from every foreign nation, to pinch you into manners. The rich ostentatiously wearing coral about the bare neck; and the poor—cold as the stones, and indecent."

[1] [The "Coronation of the Virgin" in the Accademia at Florence: see the previous references to it in Vol. XXII. pp. 277, 428.]

of scriptural story by the artist's own invention, but in the acceptance of profane mythology, as part of the Scripture, or tradition, given by Divine inspiration.

69. Nevertheless, for the provision of things necessary in domestic life, there developed itself, together with the group of inventive artists exercising these nobler functions, a vast body of craftsmen, and, literally, *manu*facturers, workers by hand, who associated themselves, as chance, tradition, or the accessibility of material directed, in towns which thenceforward occupied a leading position in commerce, as producers of a staple of excellent, or perhaps inimitable, quality; and the linen or cambric of Cambray, the lace of Mechlin, the wool of Worstead, and the steel of Milan,[1] implied the tranquil and hereditary skill of multitudes, living in wealthy industry, and humble honour.

70. Among these artisans, the weaver, the ironsmith, the goldsmith, the carpenter, and the mason necessarily took the principal rank, and on their occupations the more refined arts were wholesomely based, so that the five businesses may be more completely expressed thus:—

The weaver and embroiderer,
The ironsmith and armourer,
The goldsmith and jeweller,
The carpenter and engineer,
The stonecutter and painter.

You have only once to turn over the leaves of Leonardo's sketch-book, in the Ambrosian Library, to see how carpentry is connected with engineering,—the architect was always a stonecutter, and the stonecutter not often practically separate, as yet, from the painter, and never so in general conception of function. You recollect, at a much later period, Kent's description of Cornwall's steward:

"KENT. You cowardly rascal!—nature disclaims in thee, a tailor made thee!

CORNWALL. Thou art a strange fellow—a tailor make a man?

KENT. Ay, sir; a stonecutter, or a painter, could not have made him so ill; though they had been but two hours at the trade."[2]

[1] [For the steel of Milan, compare *Lectures on Art*, § 121 (Vol. XX. p. 111).]

[2] [*King Lear*, Act ii. sc. 2.]

71. You may consider then this group of artisans with the merchants, as now forming in each town an important Tiers Etat, or Third State of the people, occupied in service, first, of the ecclesiastics, who in monastic bodies inhabited the cloisters round each church; and, secondly, of the knights, who, with their retainers, occupied, each family their own fort, in allied defence of their appertaining streets.

72. A Third Estate, indeed; but adverse alike to both the others, to Montague as to Capulet, when they become disturbers of the public peace; and having a pride of its own,—hereditary still, but consisting in the inheritance of skill and knowledge rather than of blood,—which expressed the sense of such inheritance by taking its name habitually from the master rather than the sire; and which, in its natural antagonism to dignities won only by violence, or recorded only by heraldry, you may think of generally as the race whose bearing is the Apron, instead of the Shield.

73. When, however, these two, or in perfect subdivision three, bodies of men, lived in harmony,—the knights remaining true to the State, the clergy to their faith, and the workmen to their craft,—conditions of national force were arrived at, under which all the great art of the Middle Ages was accomplished. The pride of the knights, the avarice of the priests, and the gradual abasement of character in the craftsman, changing him from a citizen able to wield either tools in peace or weapons in war, to a dull tradesman, forced to pay mercenary troops to defend his shop door, are the direct causes of common ruin towards the close of the sixteenth century.[1]

74. But the deep underlying cause of the decline in national character itself, was the exhaustion of the Christian faith. None of its practical claims were avouched either by reason or experience; and the imagination grew weary of sustaining them in despite of both. Men could not, as

[1] [Compare *Eagle's Nest*, § 236 (Vol. XXII. p. 284).]

their powers of reflection became developed, steadily conceive that the sins of a life might be done away with, by finishing it with Mary's name on the lips; nor could tradition of miracle for ever resist the personal discovery, made by each rude disciple by himself, that he might pray to all the saints for a twelvemonth together, and yet not get what he asked for.

75. The Reformation succeeded in proclaiming that existing Christianity was a lie; but substituted no theory of it which could be more rationally or credibly sustained; and ever since, the religion of educated persons throughout Europe has been dishonest or ineffectual; it is only among the labouring peasantry that the grace of a pure Catholicism, and the patient simplicities of the Puritan, maintain their imaginative dignity, or assert their practical use.

76. The existence of the nobler arts, however, involves the harmonious life and vital faith of the three classes whom we have just distinguished; and that condition exists, more or less disturbed, indeed, by the vices inherent in each class, yet, on the whole, energetically and productively, during the twelfth, thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries. But our present subject being Architecture only, I will limit your attention altogether to the state of society in the great age of architecture, the thirteenth century. A great age in all ways; but most notably so in the correspondence it presented, up to a just and honourable point, with the utilitarian energy of our own days.

77. The increase of wealth, the safety of industry, and the conception of more convenient furniture of life, to which we must attribute the rise of the entire artist class, were accompanied, in that century, by much enlargement in the conception of useful public works: and—not by *private* enterprise,—that idle persons might get dividends out of the public pocket,—but by *public* enterprise,—each citizen paying down at once his share of what was necessary to accomplish the benefit to the State,—great architectural and engineering efforts were made for the common service.

Common, observe; but not, in our present sense, republican. One of the most ludicrous sentences ever written in the blindness of party spirit is that of Sismondi, in which he declares, thinking of these public works only, that "the architecture of the thirteenth century is entirely republican."[1] The architecture of the thirteenth century is, in the mass of it, simply baronial or ecclesiastical; it is of castles, palaces, or churches; but it is true that splendid civic works were also accomplished by the vigour of the newly risen popular power.

"The canal named Naviglio Grande, which brings the waters of the Ticino to Milan, traversing a distance of thirty miles, was undertaken in 1179, recommenced in 1257, and, soon after, happily terminated; in it still consists the wealth of a vast extent of Lombardy. At the same time the town of Milan rebuilt its walls, which were three miles round, and had sixteen marble gates, of magnificence which might have graced the capital of all Italy. The Genoese, in 1276 and 1283, built their two splendid docks, and the great wall of their quay; and in 1295 finished the noble aqueduct which brings pure and abundant waters to their city from a great distance among their mountains. There is not a single town in Italy which at the same time did not undertake works of this kind; and while these larger undertakings were in progress, stone bridges were built across the rivers, the streets and piazzas were paved with large slabs of stone, and every free government recognized the duty of providing for the convenience of the citizens."*

78. The necessary consequence of this enthusiasm in useful building, was the formation of a vast body of craftsmen and architects; corresponding in importance to that which the railway, with its associated industry, has developed in modern times, but entirely different in personal character, and relation to the body politic.

Their personal character was founded on the accurate knowledge of their business in all respects; the ease and pleasure of unaffected invention; and the true sense of power to do everything better than it had ever been yet done, coupled with general contentment in life, and in its vigour and skill.

It is impossible to overrate the difference between such

* Sismondi, vol. ii. chap. 10 [ch. xxv.; vol. ii. pp. 172–173 (ed. 1826).]

[1] [Chapter xxv. (vol. iv. p. 171, Paris ed. 1826).]

a condition of mind, and that of the modern artist, who either does not know his business at all, or knows it only to recognize his own inferiority to every former workman of distinction.

79. Again: the political relation of these artificers to the State was that of a caste entirely separate from the noblesse;* paid for their daily work what was just, and competing with each other to supply the best article they could for the money. And it is, again, impossible to overrate the difference between such a social condition, and that of the artists of to-day, struggling to occupy a position of equality in wealth with the noblesse,—paid irregular and monstrous prices by an entirely ignorant and selfish public; and competing with each other to supply the worst article they can for the money.

I never saw anything so impudent on the walls of any exhibition, in any country, as last year in London. It was a daub professing to be a "harmony in pink and white" (or some such nonsense); absolute rubbish, and which had taken about a quarter of an hour to scrawl or daub—it had no pretence to be called painting. The price asked for it was two hundred and fifty guineas.[1]

80. In order to complete your broad view of the elements of social power in the thirteenth century, you have now farther to understand the position of the country people, who maintained by their labour these three classes, whose action you can discern, and whose history you can

* The giving of knighthood to Jacopo della Quercia for his lifelong service to Siena, was not the elevation of a dextrous workman, but grace to a faithful citizen.[2]

[1] [This was Ruskin's first attack upon Whistler; for a later one, see *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 79. The picture here noticed must have been one of three which Whistler contributed to the Winter Exhibition of Cabinet Pictures in Oil at the Dudley Gallery, 1872—No. 37, "Symphony in grey and green: the Ocean"; No. 187, "Nocturne in grey and gold"; and No. 237, "Nocturne in blue and silver."]

[2] [In the MS.: " . . . was not, as the bestowed title has become with us, the act of obsequious and interested policy, but the grave, sincere acknowledgment of the right of a noble person to belong to the upper classes." For Jacopo's knighthood, see the passage cited from Vasari in *The Æsthetic and Mathematic Schools of Florence* (below, p. 234).]

read; while, of those who maintained them, there is no history, except of the annual ravage of their fields by contending cities or nobles;—and, finally, that of the higher body of merchants, whose influence was already beginning to counterpoise the prestige of noblesse in Florence, and who themselves constituted no small portion of the noblesse of Venice.

The food-producing country was for the most part still possessed by the nobles; some by the ecclesiastics; but a portion, I do not know how large, was in the hands of peasant proprietors, of whom Sismondi gives this, to my mind, completely pleasant and satisfactory, though, to his, very painful, account:—

"They took no interest in public affairs; they had assemblies of their commune at the village in which the church of their parish was situated, and to which they retreated to defend themselves in case of war; they had also magistrates of their own choice; but all their interests appeared to them enclosed in the circle of their own commonalty; they did not meddle with general politics, and held it for their point of honour to remain faithful, through all revolutions, to the State of which they formed a part, obeying, without hesitation, its chiefs, whoever they were, and by whatever title they occupied their places."[1]

81. Of the inferior agricultural labourers, employed on the farms of the nobles and richer ecclesiastics, I find nowhere due notice, nor does any historian seriously examine their manner of life. Liable to every form of robbery and oppression, I yet regard their state as not only morally but physically happier than that of riotous soldiery, or the lower class of artisans, and as the safeguard of every civilized nation, through all its worst vicissitudes of folly and crime. Nature has mercifully appointed that seed must be sown, and sheep folded, whatever lances break, or religions fail; and at this hour, while the streets of Florence and Verona are full of idle politicians, loud of tongue, useless of hand and treacherous of heart, there still may be seen in their market-places, standing, each by his heap of pulse or maize, the grey-haired labourers, silent, serviceable, honourable,

[1] [Chapter xxv. (vol. iv. p. 163, Paris ed. 1826).]

keeping faith, untouched by change, to their country and to Heaven.*

82. It is extremely difficult to determine in what degree the feelings or intelligence of this class influenced the architectural design of the thirteenth century;—how far afield the cathedral tower was intended to give delight, and to what simplicity of rustic conception Quercia or Ghiberti appealed by the fascination of their Scripture history. You may at least conceive, at this date, a healthy animation in all men's minds, and the children of the vineyard and sheep-cote crowding the city on its festa days, and receiving impulse to busier, if not nobler, education, in its splendour.†

83. The great class of the merchants is more difficult to define; but you may regard them generally as the examples of whatever modes of life might be consistent with peace and justice, in the economy of transfer, as opposed to the military license of pillage.

They represent the gradual ascendency of foresight, prudence, and order in society, and the first ideas of advantageous national intercourse. Their body is therefore composed of the most intelligent and temperate natures of the time,—uniting themselves, not directly for the purpose of making money, but to obtain stability for legal[1] institutions, security of property, and pacific relations with neighbouring states. Their guilds form the only representatives of true national council, unaffected, as the landed proprietors were, by merely local circumstances and accidents.

84. The strength of this order, when its own conduct was upright, and its opposition to the military body was not in avaricious cowardice, but in the resolve to compel justice and to secure peace, can only be understood by you

* Compare *Sesame and Lilies,* sec. 38 [Vol. XVIII. p. 96].

† Of detached abbeys, see note on Education of Joan of Arc, *Sesame and Lilies,* sec. 82 [Vol. XVIII. p. 133].

[1] ["Equal" has hitherto been printed, but the MS. has "legal," which is clearly the right word.]

after an examination of the great changes in the government of Florence during the thirteenth century, which, among other minor achievements interesting to us, led to that destruction of the Tower of the Death-watch, so ingeniously accomplished by Niccola Pisano.[1] This change, and its results, will be the subject of my next lecture. I must to-day sum, and in some farther degree make clear, the facts already laid before you.

85. We have seen that the inhabitants of every great Italian state may be divided, and that very stringently, into the five classes of knights, priests, merchants, artists, and peasants. No distinction exists between artist and artisan, except that of higher genius or better conduct; the best artist is assuredly also the best artisan; and the simplest workman uses his invention and emotion as well as his fingers. The entire body of artists is under the orders (as shopmen are under the orders of their customers), of the knights, priests, and merchants,—the knights for the most part demanding only fine goldsmiths' work, stout armour, and rude architecture; the priests commanding both the finest architecture and painting, and the richest kinds of decorative dress and jewellery,—while the merchants directed works of public use, and were the best judges of artistic skill. The competition for the Baptistery gates of Florence is before the guild of merchants; nor is their award disputed, even in thought, by any of the candidates.[2]

86. This is surely a fact to be taken much to heart by our present communities of Liverpool and Manchester. They probably suppose, in their modesty, that lords and clergymen are the proper judges of art, and merchants can only, in the modern phrase, "know what they like," or follow humbly the guidance of their golden-crested or flat-capped superiors. But in the great ages of art, neither knight nor pope shows signs of true power of criticism. The artists crouch before them, or quarrel with them,

[1] [See above, § 45, pp. 33–34.]
[2] [See Vasari's Life of Lorenzo Ghiberti, vol. i. pp. 364 *seq.* (Bohn).]

according to their own tempers. To the merchants they submit silently, as to just and capable judges. And look what men these are, who submit. Donatello, Ghiberti, Quercia, Luca! If men like these submit to the merchant, who shall rebel?

87. But the still franker, and surer, judgment of innocent pleasure was awarded them by all classes alike: and the interest of the public was the *final* rule of right,—that public being always eager to see, and earnest to learn.[1] For the stories told by their artists formed, they fully believed, a Book of Life; and every man of real genius took up his function of illustrating the scheme of human morality and salvation, as naturally, and faithfully, as an English mother of to-day giving her children their first lessons in the Bible. In this endeavour to teach they almost unawares taught themselves; the question "How shall I represent this most clearly?" became to themselves, presently, "How was this most likely to have happened?" and habits of fresh and accurate thought thus quickly enlivened the formalities of the Greek pictorial theology; formalities themselves beneficent, because restraining by their severity and mystery the wantonness of the newer life. Foolish modern critics have seen nothing in the Byzantine school but a barbarism to be conquered and forgotten. But that school brought to the art-scholars of the thirteenth century, laws which had been serviceable to Phidias, and symbols which had been beautiful to Homer: and methods and habits of pictorial scholarship which gave a refinement of manner to the work of the simplest craftsman, and became an education to the higher artists which no discipline of literature can now bestow, developed themselves in the effort to decipher, and the impulse to re-interpret, the Eleusinian divinity of Byzantine tradition.

88. The words I have just used, "pictorial scholarship," and "pictorial theology," remind me how strange it must

[1] [Compare what is said of Phidias and the Greek public in *Aratra Pentelici*, § 141 (Vol. XX. p. 299).]

appear to you that in this sketch of the intellectual state of Italy in the thirteenth century I have taken no note of literature itself, nor of the fine art of Music with which it was associated in minstrelsy. The corruption of the meaning of the word "clerk," from "a chosen person," to "a learned one,"[1] partly indicates the position of literature in the war between the golden crest and scarlet cap; but in the higher ranks, literature and music became the grace of the noble's life, or the occupation of the monk's, without forming any separate class, or exercising any materially visible political power. Masons or butchers might establish a government,—but never troubadours: and though a good knight held his education to be imperfect unless he could write a sonnet and sing it, he did not esteem his castle to be at the mercy of the "editor" of a manuscript. He might indeed owe his life to the fidelity of a minstrel, or be guided in his policy by the wit of a clown; but he was not the slave of sensual music, or vulgar literature, and never allowed his Saturday reviewer to appear at table without the cock's comb.

89. On the other hand, what was noblest in thought or saying was in those times as little attended to as it is now. I do not feel sure that, even in after-times, the poem of Dante has had any political effect on Italy; but at all events, in his life, even at Verona, where he was treated most kindly, he had not half so much influence with Can Grande as the rough Count of Castelbarco,[2] not one of whose words was ever written, or now remains; and whose portrait, by no means that of a man of literary genius, almost disfigures, by its plainness, the otherwise grave and perfect beauty of his tomb.

[1] [See on this subject *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 15.]

[2] [Compare Vol. XIX. p. 441. For the perfect beauty of the Castelbarco Tomb, see Vol. IX. pp. 175–177.]

LECTURE IV

PARTED PER PALE[1]

90. The chart of Italian intellect and policy which I have endeavoured to put into form in the last three lectures, may, I hope, have given you a clear idea of the subordinate, yet partly antagonistic, position which the artist, or merchant,—whom in my present lecture I shall class together,—occupied, with respect to the noble and priest. As an honest labourer, he was opposed to the violence of pillage, and to the folly of pride: as an honest thinker, he was likely to discover any latent absurdity in the stories he had to represent in their nearest likelihood; and to be himself moved strongly by the true meaning of events which he was striving to make ocularly manifest. The painter terrified himself with his own fiends, and reproved or comforted himself by the lips of his own saints, far more profoundly than any verbal preacher; and thus, whether as craftsman or inventor, was likely to be foremost in defending the laws of his city, or directing its reformation.

91. The contest of the craftsman with the pillaging soldier is typically represented by the war of the Lombard League with Frederick II.; and that of the craftsman with the hypocritical priest, by the war of the Pisans with Gregory IX. (1241). But in the present lecture I wish only to fix your attention on the revolutions in Florence, which indicated, thus early, the already established ascendency of the moral forces which were to put an end to open robber-soldiership; and at least to compel the assertion

[1] [The MS. has for alternative titles "Peace and War" and "Palazzo Vecchio." For the meaning of the "Parted per Pale," see § 109, p. 67.]

of some higher principle in war, if not, as in some distant day may be possible, the cessation of war itself.

The most important of these revolutions was virtually that of which I before spoke to you,[1] taking place in mid-thirteenth century, in the year 1250,—a very memorable one for Christendom, and the very crisis of vital change in its methods of economy, and conceptions of art.

92. Observe, first, the exact relations at that time of Christian and Profane Chivalry. St. Louis, in the winter of 1248–1249, lay in the isle of Cyprus, with his crusading army. He had trusted to Providence for provisions; and his army was starving. The profane German emperor, Frederick II., was at war with Venice, but gave a safe-conduct to the Venetian ships, which enabled them to carry food to Cyprus, and to save St. Louis and his crusaders. Frederick had been for half his life excommunicate,—and the Pope (Innocent IV.) at deadly spiritual and temporal war with him;—spiritually, because he had brought Saracens into Apulia; temporally, because the Pope wanted Apulia for himself. St. Louis and his mother both wrote to Innocent, praying him to be reconciled to the kind heretic who had saved the whole crusading army. But the Pope remained implacably thundrous; and Frederick, weary of quarrel, stayed quiet in one of his Apulian castles for a year. The repose of infidelity is seldom cheerful, unless it be criminal. Frederick had much to repent of, much to regret, nothing to hope, and nothing to do. At the end of his year's quiet he was attacked by dysentery, and so made his final peace with the Pope, and heaven—aged fifty-six.[2]

93. Meantime St. Louis had gone on into Egypt, had got his army defeated, his brother killed, and himself carried captive. You may be interested in seeing, in the leaf of his Psalter which I have laid on the table, the death of that

[1] [See above, § 1, p. 11.]

[2] [He died at Ferentino (see above, § 2) on December 13, 1250 (see below, § 109).]

brother set down in golden letters, between the common letters of ultramarine, on the eighth of February.[1]

94. Providence, defied by Frederick, and trusted in by St. Louis, made such arrangements for them both; Providence not in anywise regarding the opinions of either king, but very much regarding the facts, that the one had no business in Egypt, nor the other in Apulia.

No two kings, in the history of the world, could have been happier, or more useful, than these two might have been, if they only had had the sense to stay in their own capitals, and attend to their own affairs. But they seem only to have been born to show what grievous results, under the power of discontented imagination, a Christian could achieve by faith, and a philosopher by reason.*

95. The death of Frederick II. virtually ended the soldier power in Florence; and the mercantile power assumed the authority it thenceforward held, until, in the hands of the Medici, it destroyed the city.

We will now trace the course and effects of the three revolutions which closed the reign of War, and crowned the power of Peace.

96. In the year 1248, while St. Louis was in Cyprus, I told you Frederick was at war with Venice. He was

* It must not be thought that this is said in disregard of the nobleness of either of these two glorious kings. Among the many designs of past years, one of my favourites was to write a life of Frederick II. But I hope that both his, and that of Henry II. of England, will soon be written now, by a man who loves them as well as I do, and knows them far better.[2]

[1] [The MS. adds: "on which feast of the Purification the Count of Artois chose to ride at the head of half-a-dozen knights through the Saracen town of Mansoura, and that day—rode no further." For the "obit" of Robert of Artois, the king's brother, who died in 1249, see p. 13 of the account of the Psalter (of which particulars are given in Vol. XXI. p. 15 *n.*).]

[2] [Among Ruskin's MSS. are several pages of notes which he put together in 1868 when he designed to write a Life of the Emperor Frederick II. The reference above is to Mr. Robert Laing (who changed his name in 1886 to Cuthbert Shields), senior resident Fellow of Corpus: compare *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 61. Ruskin had been discussing some mediæval subjects with Mr. Laing, who was then a leading lecturer for the History School. Mr. Laing showed him some of his lectures, and Ruskin expressed a strong wish that the lectures, or something founded on them, should be published. The wish, however, has not been realised.]

so because she stood, if not as the leader, at least as the most important ally, of the great Lombard mercantile league against the German military power.

That league consisted essentially of Venice, Milan, Bologna, and Genoa, in alliance with the Pope; the Imperial or Ghibelline towns were, Padua and Verona under Ezzelin; Mantua, Pisa, and Siena. I do not name the minor towns of north Italy which associated themselves with each party: get only the main localities of the contest well into your minds. It was all concentrated in the furious hostility of Genoa and Pisa; Genoa fighting really very piously for the Pope, as well as for herself; Pisa for her own hand, and for the Emperor as much as suited her. The mad little sea falcon never caught sight of another water-bird on the wing, but she must hawk at it; and as an ally of the Emperor, balanced Venice and Genoa with her single strength. And so it came to pass that the victory of either the Guelph or Ghibelline party depended on the final action of Florence.

97. Florence meanwhile was fighting with herself, for her own amusement. She was nominally at the head of the Guelphic League in Tuscany; but this only meant that she hated Siena and Pisa, her southern and western neighbours. She had never declared openly against the Emperor. On the contrary, she always recognized his authority, in an imaginative manner, as representing that of the Cæsars. She spent her own energy chiefly in street-fighting,—the death of Buondelmonte in 1215 having been the root of a series of quarrels among her nobles which gradually took the form of contests of honour;[1] and were a kind of accidental tournaments, fought to the death, because they could not be exciting or dignified enough on any other condition. And thus the manner of life came to be customary, which you have accurately, with its consequences, pictured by Shakespeare. Sampson bites his thumb at

[1] [Compare *The Æsthetic and Mathematic Schools of Florence*, § 114 (below, p. 268).]

Abraham, and presently the streets are impassable in battle.[1] The quarrel in the Canongate between the Leslies and Seytons, in Scott's *Abbot*, represents the same temper; and marks also, what Shakespeare did not so distinctly, because it would have interfered with the domestic character of his play, the connection of these private quarrels with political divisions which paralyzed the entire body of the State.—Yet these political schisms, in the earlier days of Italy, never reached the bitterness of Scottish feud,* because they were never so sincere. Protestant and Catholic Scotsmen faithfully believed each other to be servants of the devil; but the Guelph and Ghibelline of Florence each respected, in the other, the fidelity to the Emperor, or piety towards the Pope, which he found it convenient, for the time, to dispense with in his own person. The street fighting was therefore more general, more chivalric, more good-humoured; a word of offence set all the noblesse of the town on fire; every one rallied to his post; fighting began at once in half-a-dozen places of recognized convenience, but ended in the evening; and, on the following day, the leaders determined in contented truce who had fought best, buried their dead triumphantly, and better fortified any weak points, which the events of the previous day had exposed at their palace corners. Florentine dispute was apt to centre itself about the gate of St. Peter,† the tower of the cathedral, or the fortress-palace of the Uberti (the family of Dante's Bellincion Berti and of Farinata[2]), which occupied the site of the present Palazzo Vecchio. But the streets of Siena seem to have afforded

* Distinguish always the personal from the religious feud; personal feud is more treacherous and violent in Italy than in Scotland; but not the political or religious feud, unless involved with vast material interests.

† Sismondi, vol. ii. chap. ii.; G. Villani, vi. 33.[3]

[1] [*Romeo and Juliet*, Act i. sc. 1; the reference in the *Abbot* is in ch. xvii.]

[2] [For Bellincion Berti, see above, p. 37; and for Farinata degli Uberti, leader of the Ghibellines (*Inferno*, x. 32), compare Vol. XIII. p. 494.]

[3] [The gate of "San Piero Scheraggio," for which see the note on the next page. The reference in Sismondi is to ch. xvii. (vol. iii. p. 95 of the edition of 1826). The references to Villani are to the books and chapters of his history of Florence.]

better barricade practice. They are as steep as they are narrow—extremely both; and the projecting stones on their palace fronts, which were left, in building, to sustain, on occasion, the barricade beams across the streets, are to this day important features in their architecture.

98. Such being the general state of matters in Florence, in this year 1248, Frederick writes to the Uberti, who headed the Ghibellines, to engage them in serious effort to bring the city distinctly to the Imperial side. He was besieging Parma; and sent his natural son, Frederick, king of Antioch, with sixteen hundred German knights, to give the Ghibellines assured preponderance in the next quarrel.

The Uberti took arms before their arrival; rallied all their Ghibelline friends into a united body, and so attacked and carried the Guelph barricades, one by one, till their antagonists, driven together by local defeat, stood in consistency as complete as their own, by the gate of St. Peter "Scheraggio."[1] Young Frederick, with his German riders, arrived at this crisis, the Ghibellines opening the gates to him; the Guelphs, nevertheless, fought at their outmost barricade for four days more; but at last, tired, withdrew from the city, in a body, on the night of Candlemas, 2nd February, 1248; leaving the Ghibellines and their German friends to work their pleasure,—who immediately set themselves to throw down the Guelph palaces, and destroyed six-and-thirty of them, towers and all, with the good help of Niccola Pisano,—for this is the occasion of that beautiful piece of new engineering of his.[2]

99. It is the first interference of the Germans in Florentine affairs which belongs to the real cycle of modern history. Six hundred years later, a troop of German riders entered Florence again, to restore its Grand Duke;[3] and

[1] [For the district of Florence so called, see below, § 105. The word is thus explained by Villani: "S. Piero Scheraggio, che così si chiamò per un fossato ovvero fogna, che ricoglieva quasi tutta l'acqua piovana della città, e andava in Arno, e chiamavasi lo scheraggio" (book iii. ch. ii.; vol. i. p. 146 in the 1802 edition of Villani contained in the series entitled *Classici Italiani*).]

[2] [See above, § 45, p. 34.]

[3] [In 1850 the Austrian troops entered Florence at the invitation of the Grand Duke Leopold II.]

our warm-hearted and loving English poetess, looking on from Casa Guidi windows, gives the said Germans many hard words, and thinks her darling Florentines entirely innocent in the matter.[1] But if she had had clear eyes (yeux de lin* the *Romance of the Rose* calls them[2]), she would have seen that white-coated cavalry with its heavy guns to be nothing more than the rear-guard of young Frederick of Antioch;[3] and that Florence's own Ghibellines had opened her gates to them. Destiny little regards cost of time; she does her justice at that telescopic distance just as easily and accurately as close at hand.

100. "Frederick of *Antioch*." Note the titular coincidence. The disciples were called Christians first in Antioch;[4] here we have our lieutenant of Antichrist also named from that town. The anti-Christian Germans got into Florence upon Sunday morning; the Guelphs fought on till Wednesday, which was Candlemas;—the Tower of the Death-watch was thrown down next day. It was so called because it stood on the Piazza of St. John; and all dying people in Florence called on St. John for help; and looked, if it might be, to the top of this highest and best-built of towers. The wicked anti-Christian Ghibellines, Nicholas of Pisa helping, cut the side of it "so that the tower might fall on the Baptistery. But as it pleased God, for better reverencing of the blessed St. John, the tower, which was a hundred and eighty feet high, as it was coming down, plainly appeared to eschew the holy church, and turned aside, and fell right across the square; at which all the Florentines marvelled (pious or impious), and the *people* (anti-Ghibelline) were greatly delighted."[5]

101. I have no doubt that this story is apocryphal, not

* Lynx.

[1] [For other references to Mrs. Browning's *Casa Guidi Windows*, see Vol. X. p. 243, and Vol. XVI. pp. 39, 68.]
[2] ["Mès s'il eüssent yex de lins," 8969 (see Littré's Dictionary).]
[3] [See ch. xvii. of Sismondi.]
[4] [Acts xi. 26.]
[5] [Villani, book vi. ch. xxxiii. (vol. ii. p. 104).]

only in its attribution of these religious scruples to the falling tower; but in its accusation of the Ghibellines as having definitely intended the destruction of the Baptistery. It is only modern reformers who feel the absolute need of enforcing their religious opinions in so practical a manner. Such a piece of sacrilege would have been revolting to Farinata; how much more to the group of Florentines whose temper is centrally represented by Dante's, to all of whom their "bel San Giovanni"[1] was dear, at least for its beauty, if not for its sanctity. And Niccola himself was too good a workman to become the instrument of the destruction of so noble a work,—not to insist on the extreme probability that he was also too good an engineer to have had his purpose, if once fixed, thwarted by any tenderness in the conscience of the collapsing tower. The tradition itself probably arose after the rage of the exiled Ghibellines had half consented to the destruction, on political grounds, of Florence itself; but the form it took is of extreme historical value, indicating thus early at least the suspected existence of passions like those of the Cromwellian or Garibaldian soldiery in the Florentine noble; and the distinct character of the Ghibelline party as not only anti-Papal, but profane.

102. Upon the castles, and the persons of their antagonists, however, the pride, or fear, of the Ghibellines had little mercy; and in their day of triumph they provoked against themselves nearly every rational as well as religious person in the commonwealth. They despised too much the force of the newly-risen popular power, founded on economy, sobriety, and common-sense; and, alike by impertinence and pillage, increased the irritation of the civil body; until, as aforesaid, on the 20th October, 1250, all the rich burgesses of Florence took arms; met in the square before the church of Santa Croce ("where," says Sismondi,[2] "the republic of the dead is still assembled

[1] [*Inferno*, xix. 17; quoted also in *Ariadne Florentina*, § 67 (Vol. XXII. p. 343).]
[2] [Chapter xvii. (vol. iii. p. 171).]

to-day"), thence traversed the city to the palace of the Ghibelline podesta; forced him to resign; named Uberto of Lucca in his place, under the title of Captain of the People; divided themselves into twenty companies, each, in its own district of the city, having its captain* and standard; and elected a council of twelve ancients, constituting a seniory or signoria, to deliberate on and direct public affairs.

103. What a perfectly beautiful republican movement! thinks Sismondi,[1] seeing, in all this, nothing but the energy of a multitude; and entirely ignoring the peculiar capacity of this Florentine mob,—capacity of two virtues, much forgotten by modern republicanism,—order, namely; and obedience; together with the peculiar instinct of this Florentine multitude, which not only felt itself to need captains, but knew where to find them.

104. Hubert of Lucca—How came they, think you, to choose *him* out of a stranger city, and that a poorer one than their own? Was there no Florentine then, of all this rich and eager crowd, who was fit to govern Florence?

I cannot find any account of this Hubert, Bright mind, of Lucca; Villani says simply of him, "Fu il primo capitano di Firenze."[2]

They hung a bell for him in the Campanile of the Lion, and gave him the flag of Florence to bear; and before the day was over, that 20th of October, he had given every one of the twenty companies their flags also. And the bearings of the said gonfalons were these. I will give you this heraldry as far as I can make it out from Villani;[3] it will be very useful to us afterwards; I leave the Italian when I cannot translate it:—

105. A. Sesto (sixth part of the city) of the other side of Arno.

* "Corporal," literally.

[1] [Chapter xviii.]
[2] [Book vi. ch. xxxix. (vol. ii. p. 113).]
[3] [Book vi. ch. xxxix. (vol. ii. pp. 114, 115).]

Gonfalon 1. Gules; a ladder, argent.
2. Argent; a scourge, sable.
3. Azure (una piazza bianca con nicchi vermigli).
4. Gules; a dragon, vert.

B. Sesto of St. Peter Scheraggio.[1]
1. Azure; a chariot, or.
2. Or; a bull, sable.
3. Argent; a lion rampant, sable.
4. (A lively piece, "pezza gagliarda.") Barry of (how many?) pieces, argent and sable.

You may as well note at once of this kind of bearing, called "gagliarda" by Villani, that these groups of piles, pales, bends, and bars, were called in English heraldry "Restrial bearings," "in respect of their strength and solid substance, which is able to abide the stresse and force of any triall they shall be put unto."* And also that, the number of bars being uncertain, I assume the bearing to be "barry," that is, having an even number of bars; had it been odd, as of seven bars, it should have been blazoned, argent; three bars, sable; or, if so divided, sable, three bars argent.

This lively bearing was St. Pulinari's.

C. Sesto of Borgo.
1. Or; a viper, vert.
2. Argent; a needle (?) (aguglia), sable.
3. Vert; a horse unbridled; draped, argent, a cross, gules.

D. Sesto of St. Brancazio.
1. Vert; a lion rampant, proper.
2. Argent; a lion rampant, gules.
3. Azure; a lion rampant, argent.

* Guillim, sect. ii. chap. 8.[2]

[1] [The church of S. Piero Scheraggio, from which this part of the city was named, was afterwards demolished to make room for the Uffizi Palace.]

[2] [See p. 73 of the edition of 1610.]

E. Sesto of the Cathedral gates.
   1. Azure; a lion (passant?), or.
   2. Or; a dragon, vert.
   3. Argent; a lion rampant, azure, crowned, or.

F. Sesto of St. Peter's gates.
   1. Or; two keys, gules.
   2. An Italian (or more definitely a Greek and Etruscan bearing; I do not know how to blazon it); concentric bands, argent and sable. This is one of the remains of the Greek expressions of storm; hail, or the Trinacrian limbs, being put on the giant's shields also. It is connected besides with the Cretan labyrinth, and the circles of the Inferno.
   3. Parted per fesse, gules and vai (I don't know if vai means grey—not a proper heraldic colour—or vaire).

106. Of course Hubert of Lucca did not determine these bearings, but took them as he found them, and appointed them for standards;* he did the same for all the country parishes, and ordered them to come into the city at need. "And in this manner the old people of Florence ordered itself; and for more strength of the people, they ordered and began to build the palace which is behind the Badia,—that is to say, the one which is of dressed stone,[1] with the tower; for before there was no palace of the commune in Florence, but the signory abode sometimes in one part of the town, sometimes in another.

107. "And as the people had now taken state and signory on themselves, they ordered, for greater strength of the people, that all the towers of Florence—and there were

* We will examine afterwards the heraldry of the trades, chap. xl., Villani.[2]

[1] [*Di pietre concie:* see below, p. 98. The palace is the Palazzo Vecchio, though the present structure was not raised till 1298.]

[2] [This, however, was not done.]

many 180 feet high *—should be cut down to 75 feet, and no more; and so it was done, and with the stones of them they walled the city on the other side Arno."[1]

108. That last sentence is a significant one. Here is the central expression of the true burgess or townsman temper, —resolute maintenance of fortified peace.[2] These are the walls which modern republicanism throws down, to make boulevards over their ruins.

109. Such new order being taken, Florence remained quiet for—full two months. On the 13th of December, in the same year, died the Emperor Frederick II.; news of his death did not reach Florence till the 7th January, 1251. It had chanced, according to Villani, that on the actual day of his death, his Florentine vicegerent, Rinieri of Montemerlo, was killed by a piece of the vaulting † of his room falling on him as he slept. And when the people heard of the Emperor's death, "which was most useful and needful for Holy Church, and for our commune," they took the fall of the roof on his lieutenant as an omen of the extinction of Imperial authority, and resolved to bring home all their Guelphic exiles, and that the Ghibellines should be forced to make peace with them. Which was done, and the peace really lasted for full six months; when, a quarrel chancing with Ghibelline Pistoja, the Florentines, under a Milanese podesta, fought their first properly communal and commercial battle, with great slaughter of Pistojese. Naturally enough, but very unwisely, the Florentine Ghibellines declined to take part in this battle; whereupon the people, returning flushed with victory, drove them all out, and established pure Guelph government in Florence, changing

* 120 braccia.

† "Uno volto ch' era sopra la camera."[3]

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[1] [Villani, book vi. ch. xxxix.]

[2] [The MS. adds: "See the work of Henry the Fowler given account of in Carlyle's *Frederick*, and my notes at the end of *The Crown of Wild Olive*" (Vol. XVIII. pp. 517 *seq.*).]

[3] ["Rinieri da Monte Merlo, che dormendo nel letto suo li cadde addosso uno volto, ch' era . . .": book vi. ch. xlii. (vol. ii. p. 120).]

at the same time the flag of the city from gules, a lily argent, to argent, a lily gules;[1] but the most ancient bearing of all, simply parted per pale, argent and gules, remained always on their carroccio of battle,—"Non si muto mai."[2]

110. "Non si muto mai." Villani did not know how true his words were. That old shield of Florence, parted per pale, argent and gules (or our own Saxon Oswald's, parted per pale, or and purpure), are heraldry changeless in sign; declaring the necessary balance, in ruling men, of the Rational and Imaginative powers; pure Alp, and glowing cloud.[3]

Church and State—Pope and Emperor—Clergy and Laity,—all these are partial, accidental—too often, criminal—oppositions; but the bodily and spiritual elements, seemingly adverse, remain in everlasting harmony.

Not less the new bearing of the shield, the red fleur-de-lys, has another meaning. It is red, not as ecclesiastical, but as free. Not of Guelph against Ghibelline, but of Labourer against Knight. No more his serf, but his minister. His duty no more "servitium," but "ministerium," "mestier." We learn the power of word after word, as of sign after sign, as we follow the traces of this nascent art. I have sketched for you this lily from the base of the tower of Giotto.[4] You may judge by the subjects of the sculpture beside it that it was built just in this fit of commercial triumph; for all the outer bas-reliefs are of trades.

111. Draw that red lily then, and fix it in your minds as the sign of the great change in the temper of Florence, and in her laws, in mid-thirteenth century; and remember also, when you go to Florence and see that mighty tower of the Palazzo Vecchio (noble still, in spite of the calamitous

[1] [See Villani, book vi. ch. xliii.; and compare *Paradiso*, xvi. 154.]
[2] [Villani, book vi. ch. xliv. (vol. ii. p. 122).]
[3] [Compare §§ 3, 4, above, pp. 12, 13.]
[4] [The example was No. 211 in the Educational Series (Vol. XXI. p. 93), but it is no longer in the collection. For the account of the other bas-reliefs, see *Mornings in Florence* (below, pp. 419, 420).]

and accursed restorations which have smoothed its rugged outline, and effaced with modern vulgarisms its lovely sculpture)—terminating the shadowy perspectives of the Uffizii, or dominant over the city seen from Fésole or Bellosguardo,—that, as the tower of Giotto is the notablest monument in the world of the Religion of Europe, so, on this tower of the Palazzo Vecchio, first shook itself to the winds the Lily standard of her liberal,—because honest,—commerce.

LECTURE V

PAX VOBISCUM[1]

112. My last lecture ended with a sentence which I thought, myself, rather pretty, and quite fit for a popular newspaper, about the "lily standard of liberal commerce." But it might occur, and I hope did occur, to some of you, that it would have been more appropriate if the lily had changed colour the other way, from red to white (instead of white to red), as a sign of a pacific constitution and kindly national purpose.

113. I believe otherwise, however; and although the change itself was for the sake of change merely, you may see in it, I think, one of the historical coincidences which contain true instruction for us.

Quite one of the chiefest art-mistakes and stupidities of men has been their tendency to dress soldiers in red clothes, and monks, or pacific persons, in black, white, or grey ones.[2] At least half of that mental bias of young people, which sustains the wickedness of war among us at this day, is owing to the prettiness of uniforms. Make all Hussars black, all Guards black, all troops of the line black; dress officers and men, alike, as you would public executioners; and the number of candidates for commissions will be greatly diminished. Habitually, on the contrary, you dress these destructive rustics and *their* officers in scarlet and gold, but give your productive rustics no costume of honour or beauty; you give your peaceful student a costume which he tucks up to his waist, because he is ashamed of it; and dress your pious rectors, and

[1] [In the MS. the title is "Pacific Florence."]
[2] [Compare *Two Paths*, § 7 (Vol. XVI. p. 264 *n.*).]

your sisters of charity, in black, as if it were *their* trade instead of the soldier's to send people to hell, and their own destiny to arrive there.

114. But the investiture of the lily of Florence with scarlet is a symbol,—unintentional, observe, but not the less notable,—of the recovery of human sense and intelligence in this matter. The reign of war was past; this was the sign of it;—the red glow, not now of the Towers of Dis, but of the Carita, "ch' a pena fora dentro al fuoco nota."[1] And a day is coming, be assured, when the kings of Europe will dress their peaceful troops beautifully; will clothe their peasant girls "in scarlet, with other delights," and "put on ornaments of gold upon *their* apparel";[2] when the crocus and the lily will not be the only living things dressed daintily in our land, and the glory of the wisest monarchs be indeed, in that their people, like themselves, shall be, at least in some dim likeness, "arrayed like one of these."[3]

115. But as for the immediate behaviour of Florence herself, with her new standard, its colour was quite sufficiently significant in that old symbolism, when the first restrial bearing was drawn by dying fingers dipped in blood.[4] The Guelphic revolution had put her into definite political opposition with her nearest, and therefore,—according to the custom and Christianity of the time,—her hatefullest, neighbours,—Pistoja, Pisa, Siena, and Volterra. What glory might not be acquired, what kind purposes answered, by making pacific mercantile states also of those benighted towns! Besides, the death of the Emperor had thrown his party everywhere into discouragement; and what was the use of a flag which flew no farther than over the new palazzo?

[1] [Dante, in the description of Charity in *Purgatorio*, xxix., 123: "so red that scarcely would she be noted in the fire."]

[2] [2 Samuel i. 24.]

[3] [Matthew vi. 29.]

[4] [That is, the sign of the cross, sometimes traced by early Christian martyrs, in their own blood, as they died; and worn, blood-red, by the first crusaders (see Gibbon, ch. lviii.). For "restrial" bearings, see above, p. 64.]

116. Accordingly, in the next year, the pacific Florentines began by ravaging the territory of Pistoja; then attacked the Pisans at Pontadera, and took 3000 prisoners; and finished by traversing, and eating up all that could be ate in, the country of Siena; besides beating the Sienese under the castle of Montalcino. Returning in triumph after these benevolent operations, they resolved to strike a new piece of money in memory of them,—the golden Florin![1]

117. This coin I have placed in your room of study, to be the first of the series of coins which I hope to arrange for you, not chronologically, but for the various interest, whether as regards art or history, which they should possess in your general studies.[2] "The Florin of Florence" (says Sismondi), "through all the monetary revolutions of all neighbouring countries, and while the bad faith of governments adulterated their coin from one end of Europe to the other, has always remained the same; it is, to-day" (I don't know when, exactly, he wrote this,—but it doesn't matter) "of the same weight, and bears the same name and the same stamp, which it did when it was struck in 1252." It was gold of the purest title (24 carats), weighed the eighth of an ounce, and carried, as you see, on one side the image of St. John Baptist, on the other the Fleur-de-lys. It is the coin which Chaucer takes for the best representation of beautiful money in the Pardoner's Tale:[3] this, in his judgment, is the fairest mask of Death. Villani's relation of its moral and commercial effect at Tunis is worth translating, being in the substance of it, I doubt not, true.[4]

[1] [See Sismondi, ch. xviii. (vol. iii. pp. 175 *seq.*).]

[2] [A few coins, and electrotypes of coins, remain in the Ruskin Drawing School, but Ruskin did not arrange the intended collection. The fleur-de-lys side of the Florentine florin is engraved in *Fors Clavigera,* Letter 25.]

[3] [Lines 770 *seq.* :—

"And ther they founde
Of florins fyne of golde ycoyned rounde,
Wel ny an eighte busshels, as hem thoughte.
No lenger thanne after deeth they soughte,
For that the florins been so fayre and bryghte."

Compare *Fors Clavigera,* Letter 18, § 11.]

[4] [Book vi. ch. liv. (vol. ii. pp. 135–136).]

118. "And these new florins beginning to scatter through the world, some of them got to Tunis, in Barbary; and the King of Tunis, who was a worthy and wise lord, was greatly pleased with them, and had them tested; and finding them of fine gold, he praised them much, and had the legend on them interpreted to him,—to wit, on one side 'St. John Baptist,' on the other 'Florentia.' So seeing they were pieces of Christian money, he sent for the Pisan merchants, who were free of his port, and much before the King (and also the Florentines traded in Tunis through Pisan agents),—[see these hot little Pisans, how they are first everywhere],—and asked of them what city it was among the Christians which made the said florins. And the Pisans answered in spite and envy, 'They are our land Arabs.' The King answered wisely, 'It does not appear to me Arabs' money; you Pisans, what golden money have *you* got?' Then they were confused, and knew not what to answer. So he asked if there was any Florentine among them. And there was found a merchant from the other-side-Arno, by name Peter Balducci, discreet and wise. The King asked him of the state and being of Florence, of which the Pisans made their Arabs,—who answered him wisely, showing the power and magnificence of Florence; and how Pisa, in comparison, was not, either in land or people, the half of Florence; and that they had no golden money; and that the gold of which those florins had been made was gained by the Florentines above and beyond them, by many victories. Wherefore the said Pisans were put to shame, and the King, both by reason of the florin, and for the words of our wise citizen, made the Florentines free, and appointed for them their own Fondaco, and church, in Tunis, and gave them privileges like the Pisans. And this we know for a truth from the same Peter, having been in company with him at the office of the Priors."

119. I cannot tell you what the value of the piece was at this time: the sentence with which Sismondi concludes his account of it being only useful as an example of the

total ignorance of the laws of currency in which many even of the best educated persons at the present day remain.

"Its value," he says always the same, "answers to eleven francs forty centimes of France."

But all that can be scientifically said of any piece of money is that it contains a given weight of a given metal. Its value in other coins, other metals, or other general produce, varies not only from day to day, but from instant to instant.[1]

120. With this coin of Florence ought in justice to be ranked the Venetian zecchin;* but of it I can only thus give you account in another place,[2]—for I must at once go on now to tell you the first use I find recorded, as being made by the Florentines of their new money.

They pursued in the years 1253 and 1254 their energetic promulgation of peace. They ravaged the lands of Pistoja so often, that the Pistojese submitted themselves, on condition of receiving back their Guelph exiles, and admitting a Florentine garrison into Pistoja. Next they attacked Monte Reggione, the March-fortress of the Sienese; and pressed it so vigorously that Siena was fain to make peace too, on condition of ceasing her alliance with the Ghibellines. Next they ravaged the territory of Volterra: the townspeople, confident in the strength of their rock fortress, came out to give battle; the Florentines beat them up the hill, and entered the town gates with the fugitives.

121. And, for note to this sentence, in my long-since-read volume of Sismondi, I find a cross-fleury at the bottom of the page,[3] with the date 1254 underneath it;

* In connection with the Pisans' insulting intention by their term of Arabs, remember that the Venetian "zecca" (mint), came from the Arabic "sehk," the steel die used in coinage.

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[1] [Compare *Munera Pulveris*, Vol. XVII. pp. 189, 199, and *Queen of the Air*, § 122 (Vol. XIX. p. 403).]

[2] [This was not done, though there is a reference to the subject in Ruskin's MSS. for the intended continuation of *St. Mark's Rest* (see Vol. XXIV., Appendix vi.). See also *Munera Pulveris*, § 77 *n.* (Vol. XVII. pp. 200-201).]

[3] [Chapter xviii. p. 177.]

meaning that I was to remember that year as the beginning of Christian warfare. For little as you may think it, and grotesquely opposed as this ravaging of their neighbours' territories may seem to their pacific mission, this Florentine army is fighting in absolute good faith. Partly self-deceived, indeed, by their own ambition, and by their fiery natures, rejoicing in the excitement of battle, they have nevertheless, in this their "year of victories,"[1]—so they ever afterwards called it,—no occult or malignant purpose. At least, whatever is occult or malignant is also unconscious; not now in cruel, but in kindly jealousy of their neighbours, and in a true desire to communicate and extend to them the privileges of their own new artisan government, the Trades of Florence have taken arms. They are justly proud of themselves; rightly assured of the wisdom of the change they have made; true to each other for the time, and confident in the future. No army ever fought in better cause, or with more united heart. And accordingly they meet with no check, and commit no error; from tower to tower of the field fortresses,—from gate to gate of the great cities,—they march in one continuous and daily more splendid triumph, yet in gentle and perfect discipline; and now, when they have entered Volterra with her fugitives, after stress of battle, not a drop of blood is shed, nor a single house pillaged, nor is any other condition of peace required than the exile of the Ghibelline nobles. You may remember, as a symbol of the influence of Christianity in this result, that the Bishop of Volterra, with his clergy, came out in procession to meet them as they began to run* the streets, and obtained this mercy; else the old habits of pillage would have prevailed.

122. And from Volterra, the Florentine army entered on the territory of Pisa; and now with so high prestige, that

* "Corsono la citta senza contesto niuno."—Villani.[2]

[1] [The phrase is Villani's: book vi. ch. lix. (vol. ii. p. 142).]
[2] [Book vi. ch. lviii. (p. 140).]

the Pisans at once sent ambassadors to them with keys in their hands, in token of submission. And the Florentines made peace with them, on condition that the Pisans should let the Florentine merchandise pass in and out without tax;—should use the same weights as Florence,—the same cloth measure,—and the same alloy of money.

123. You see that Mr. Adam Smith was not altogether the originator of the idea of free trade; and six hundred years have passed without bringing Europe generally to the degree of mercantile intelligence, as to weights and currency, which Florence had in her year of victories.

The Pisans broke this peace two years afterwards, to help the Emperor Manfred; whereupon the Florentines attacked them instantly again; defeated them on the Serchio, near Lucca; entered the Pisan territory by the Val di Serchio; and there, cutting down a great pine tree, struck their florins on the stump of it, putting, for memory, under the feet of the St. John, a trefoil "in guise of a little tree."[1] And note here the difference between artistic and mechanical coinage. The Florentines, using pure gold, and thin, can strike their coin anywhere, with only a wooden anvil, and their engraver is ready on the instant to make such change in the stamp as may record any new triumph. Consider the vigour, popularity, pleasantness of an art of coinage thus ductile to events, and easy in manipulation.

124. It is to be observed also that a thin gold coinage like that of the English angel, and these Italian zecchins, is both more convenient and prettier than the massive gold of the Greeks, often so small that it drops through the fingers, and, if of any size, inconveniently large in value.

125. It was in the following year, 1255, that the Florentines made the noblest use of their newly struck florins, so far as I know, ever recorded in any history; and a Florentine citizen made as noble refusal of them. You will find the two stories in Giovanni Villani, Book 6th, chapters 62, 63.

[1] [Book vi. ch. lxiii. (p. 146).]

One or two important facts are added by Sismondi,[1] but without references. I take his statement as on the whole trustworthy, using Villani's authority wherever it reaches; one or two points I have further to explain to you myself, as I go on.

126. The first tale shows very curiously the mercenary and independent character of warfare, as it was now carried on by the great chiefs, whether Guelph or Ghibelline. The Florentines wanted to send a troop of five hundred horse to assist Orvieto, a Guelph town, isolated on its rock, and at present harassed upon it. They gave command of this troop to the Knight Guido Guerra de' Conti Guido, and he and his riders set out for Orvieto by the Umbrian road, through Arezzo, which was at peace with Florence, though a Ghibelline town. The Guelph party within the town asked help from the passing Florentine battalion; and Guido Guerra, without any authority for such action, used the troop of which he was in command in their favour, and drove out the Ghibellines. Sismondi does not notice what is quite one of the main points in the matter, that this troop of horse must have been mainly composed of Count Guido's own retainers, and not of Florentine citizens, who would not have cared to leave their business on such a far-off quest as this help to Orvieto. However, Arezzo is thus brought over to the Florentine interest; and any other Italian state would have been sure, while it disclaimed the Count's independent action, to keep the advantage of it. Not so Florence. She is entirely resolved, in these years of victory, to do justice to all men, so far as she understands it; and in this case it will give her some trouble to do it, and worse,—cost her some of her fine new florins. For her counter-mandate is quite powerless with Guido Guerra. He has taken Arezzo mainly with his own men, and means to stay there, thinking that the Florentines, if even they do not abet him,

[1] [The references for the first story (§ 126) are Villani, ch. lxii. (p. 145), and Sismondi, ch. xviii. (pp. 180–181).]

will take no practical steps against him. But he does not know this newly risen clan of military merchants, who quite clearly understand what honesty means, and will put themselves out of their way to keep their faith. Florence calls out her trades instantly, and with gules, a dragon vert, and or, a bull sable, they march, themselves, angrily up the Val d'Arno, replace the adverse Ghibellines in Arezzo, and send Master Guido de' Conti Guido about his business. But the prettiest and most curious part of the whole story is their equity even to him, after he had given them all this trouble. They entirely recognize the need he is under of getting meat, somehow, for the mouths of these five hundred riders of his; also they hold him still their friend, though an unmanageable one; and admit with praise what of more or less patriotic and Guelphic principle may be at the root of his disobedience. So when he claims twelve thousand lire,—roughly, some two thousand pounds of money at present value,—from the Guelphs of Arezzo for his service, and the Guelphs, having got no good of it, owing to this Florentine interference, object to paying him, the Florentines themselves lend them the money,—and are never paid a farthing of it back.

127. There is a beautiful "investment of capital" for your modern merchant to study! No interest thought of, and little hope of ever getting back the principal. And yet you will find that there were no mercantile "panics" in Florence in those days, nor failing bankers,* nor "clearings out of this establishment—any reasonable offer accepted."

128. But the second story, of a private Florentine citizen, is better still.[1]

* Some account of the state of modern British business in this kind will be given, I hope, in some number of *Fors Clavigera*, for this year, 1874.[2]

[1] [The references here are to Villani, book vi. ch. lxiii. (pp. 146–148), and Sismondi, ch. xviii. (pp. 182–184).]

[2] [This intention was not fulfilled; but in 1873 there had already been some references of the kind (see Letters 26 and 30).]

In that campaign against Pisa in which the florins were struck on the root of pine, the conditions of peace had been ratified by the surrender to Florence of the Pisan fortress of Mutrona, which commanded a tract of seaboard below Pisa, of great importance for the Tuscan trade. The Florentines had stipulated for the right not only of holding, but of destroying it, if they chose; and in their Council of Ancients, after long debate, it was determined to raze it, the cost of its garrison being troublesome, and the freedom of seaboard all that the city wanted. But the Pisans, feeling the power that the fortress had against them in case of future war, and doubtful of the issue of council at Florence, sent a private negotiator to the member of the Council of Ancients who was known to have most influence, though one of the poorest of them, Aldobrandino Ottobuoni; and offered him four thousand golden florins if he would get the vote passed to raze Mutrona. The vote *had* passed the evening before. Aldobrandino dismissed the Pisan ambassador in silence, returned instantly into the council, and without saying anything of the offer that had been made to him, got them to reconsider their vote, and showed them such reason for keeping Mutrona in its strength, that the vote for its destruction was rescinded. "And note thou, O reader," says Villani, "the virtue of such a citizen, who, not being rich in substance, had yet such continence and loyalty for his state."

129. You might, perhaps, once, have thought me detaining you needlessly with these historical details, little bearing, it is commonly supposed, on the subject of Art. But you are, I trust, now in some degree persuaded that no art, Florentine or any other, can be understood without knowing these sculptures and mouldings of the national soul. You remember I first began this large digression when it became a question with us why some of Giovanni Pisano's sepulchral work had been destroyed at Perugia.[1] And now we shall get our first gleam of light on the matter, finding

[1] [See above, § 43, p. 32.]

similar operations carried on in Florence. For a little while after this speech in the Council of Ancients, Aldobrandino died, and the people, at public cost, built him a tomb of marble, "higher than any other" in the church of Santa Reparata, engraving on it these verses, which I leave you to construe, for I cannot:—

"Fons est supremus Aldobrandino amoenus
Ottoboni natus, a bono civita datus."[1]

Only I suppose the pretty word "amoenus" may be taken as marking the delightfulness and sweetness of character which had won all men's love, more, even, than their gratitude.

130. It failed of its effect, however, on the Tuscan aristocratic mind. For when, after the battle of the Arbia,[2] the Ghibellines had again their own way in Florence, though Ottobuoni had been then dead three years, they beat down his tomb, pulled the dead body out of it, dragged it—by such tenure as it might still possess—through the city, and threw the fragments of it into ditches. It is a memorable parallel to the treatment of the body of Cromwell by our own Cavaliers;[3] and indeed it seems to me one of the highest forms of laudatory epitaph upon a man, that his body should be thus torn from its rest. For he can hardly have spent his life better than in drawing on himself the kind of enmity which can so be gratified; and for the most loving of lawgivers, as of princes, the most enviable and honourable epitaph has always been

"ὁι δὲ πολῖται αὐτοῦ ἐμίσουν αὐτόν."[4]

131. Not but that pacific Florence, in her pride of

[1] [This is the reading given in some editions of Villani (book vi. ch. lxiii.), but others (see vol. ii. pp. 148, 206 of the edition already cited) give "ad bona cuncta datus"—a reading which removes the worst difficulty of translation. The church of Santa Reparata, at that time the cathedral, was demolished to make room for Sta. Maria del Fiore.]

[2] [The site of the battle of Mont' Aperti, on the Arbia—in which (September 4, 1260) the Florentine Guelphs were defeated by the Ghibellines and Sienese—is marked by a pyramid surrounded by cypresses.]

[3] [For other allusions to this, see Vol. XVIII. p. 157 *n.*]

[4] ["But his citizens hated him:" Luke xix. 14 (the parable of the nobleman who went to receive a kingdom). Compare Vol. XX. p. 357 *n.*]

victory, was beginning to show unamiableness of temper also, on her so equitable side. It is perhaps worth noticing, for the sake of the name of Correggio, that in 1257, when Matthew Correggio, of Parma, was the Podesta of Florence, the Florentines determined to destroy the castle and walls of Poggibonzi, suspected of Ghibelline tendency, though the Poggibonzi people came with "coreggie in collo,"[1] leathern straps round their necks, to ask that their cattle might be spared. And the heartburnings between the two parties went on, smouldering hotter and hotter, till July 1258, when the people having discovered secret dealings between the Uberti and the Emperor Manfred, and the Uberti refusing to obey citation to the popular tribunals, the trades ran to arms, attacked the Uberti palace, killed a number of their people, took prisoner Uberto of the Uberti, Hubert of the Huberts, or Bright-mind of the Bright-minds, with "Mangia degl' Infangati" ("Gobbler* of the dirty ones" this knight's name sounds like),—and after they had confessed their guilt, beheaded them in St. Michael's corn-market; and all the rest of the Uberti and Ghibelline families were driven out of Florence, and their palaces pulled down, and the walls towards Siena built with the stones of them; and two months afterwards, the people suspecting the Abbot of Vallombrosa of treating with the Ghibellines, took him, and tortured him; and he confessing under torture, "at the cry of the people, they beheaded him in the square of St. Apollinare." For which unexpected piece of clangorous impiety the Florentines were excommunicated, besides drawing upon themselves the steady enmity of Pavia, the Abbot's native town; "and indeed people say the Abbot was innocent, though he belonged to a great Ghibelline house. And for this sin, and for many others done by the wicked people, many wise persons say

* At least, the compound "Mangia-pane," "munch-bread," stands still for a good-for-nothing fellow.

[1] [Villani, book vi. ch. lxiv. (p. 149).]

that God, for Divine judgment, permitted upon the said people the revenge and slaughter of Monteaperti."[1]

132. The sentence which I have last read introduces, as you must at once have felt, a new condition of things. Generally, I have spoken of the Ghibellines as infidel, or impious; and for the most part they represent, indeed, the resistance of kingly to priestly power.[2] But, in this action of Florence, we have the rise of another force against the Church, in the end to be much more fatal to it, that of popular intelligence and popular passion. I must for the present, however, return to our immediate business; and ask you to take note of the effect, on actually existing Florentine architecture, of the political movements of the ten years we have been studying.

133. In the revolution of Candlemas, 1248, the successful Ghibellines throw down thirty-six of the Guelph palaces.

And in the revolution of July, 1258, the successful Guelphs throw down *all* the Ghibelline palaces.

Meanwhile the trades, as against the Knights Castellans, have thrown down the tops of all the towers above seventy-five feet high.[3]

And we shall presently have a proposal,[4] after the battle of the Arbia, to throw down Florence altogether.

134. You think at first that this is remarkably like the course of republican reformations in the present day? But there is a wide difference. In the first place, the palaces and towers are not thrown down in mere spite or desire of ruin, but after quite definite experience of their danger to the State, and positive dejection of boiling lead and wooden logs from their machicolations upon the heads below. In

[1] [Villani, book vi. ch. lxv. (pp. 150, 151). For the battle of Monteaperti, two years later, see p. 79 *n.*]

[2] [The MS. adds: "the great symbols of the struggle being that of Henry II. with Becket and of Frederick II. with Innocent."]

[3] [In 1250. See above, § 107, pp. 65–66.]

[4] ["Presently"; that is, in reading the history of Florence. The incident is referred to by Dante: *Inferno*, x. 91–94:—

"But singly there I stood, when, by consent
Of all, Florence had to the ground been razed,
The one who openly forbade the deed."]

the second place, nothing is thrown down without complete certainty on the part of the overthrowers that they are able, and willing, to build as good or better things instead; which, if any like conviction exist in the minds of modern republicans, is a wofully ill-founded one: and lastly, these abolitions of private wealth were coincident with a widely spreading disposition to undertake, as I have above noticed,[1] works of public utility, *from which no dividends were to be received by any of the shareholders;* and for the execution of *which the builders received no commission on the cost,*[2] but payment at the rate of so much a day, carefully adjusted to the exertion of real power and intelligence.

135. We must not, therefore, without qualification blame, though we may profoundly regret, the destructive passions of the thirteenth century. The architecture of the palaces thus destroyed in Florence contained examples of the most beautiful round-arched work that had been developed by the Norman schools; and was in some cases adorned with a barbaric splendour, and fitted into a majesty of strength which, so far as I can conjecture the effect of it from the few now existing traces, must have presented some of the most impressive aspects of street edifice ever existent among civil societies.

136. It may be a temporary relief for you from the confusion of following the giddy successions of Florentine temper, if I interrupt, in this place, my history of the city by some inquiry into technical points relating to the architecture of these destroyed palaces. Their style is familiar to us, indeed, in a building of which it is difficult to believe the early date,—the leaning tower of Pisa.[3] The lower stories of it are of the twelfth century, and the open arcades of the cathedrals of Pisa and Lucca, as

[1] [See above, § 77, p. 47.]

[2] [On this subject compare *Time and Tide*, § 83 (Vol. XVII. p. 390), and above, p. xli.]

[3] [See *The Æsthetic and Mathematic Schools of Florence* (below, p. 194 *n.*); and for other references to the tower, Vol. VIII. pp. 168, 203; Vol. XVIII. p. 321; and *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 18.]

well as the lighter construction of the spire of St. Niccolà,[1] at Pisa (though this was built in continuation of the older style by Niccolà himself), all represent to you, though in enriched condition, the general manner of building in palaces of the Norman period in Val d'Arno. That of the Tosinghi, above the old market in Florence, is especially mentioned by Villani,[2] as more than a hundred feet in height, entirely built with little pillars (colonnelli) of marble. On their splendid masonry was founded the exquisiteness of that which immediately succeeded them, of which the date is fixed by definite examples both in Verona and Florence, and which still exists in noble masses in the retired streets and courts of either city; too soon superseded, in the great thoroughfares, by the effeminate and monotonous luxury of Venetian renaissance, or by the heaps of quarried stone which rise into the ruggedness of their native cliffs, in the Pitti and Strozzi palaces.

[1] [There are some architectural details of this church, by Commendatore Boni, in the Ruskin Art Collection at Oxford (Vol. XXI. p. 308).]

[2] [Book vi. ch. xxxiii. (vol. ii. p. 104).]

LECTURE VI

MARBLE COUCHANT

137. I TOLD you in my last lecture that the exquisiteness of Florentine thirteenth-century masonry was founded on the strength and splendour of that which preceded it.

I use the word "founded" in a literal as well as figurative sense. While the merchants, in their year of victories, threw down the walls of the war-towers, they as eagerly and diligently set their best craftsmen to lift higher the walls of their churches. For the most part, the Early Norman or Basilican forms were too low to please them in their present enthusiasm. Their pride, as well as their piety, desired that these stones of their temples might be goodly; and all kinds of junctions, insertions, refittings, and elevations were undertaken; which, the genius of the people being always for mosaic, are so perfectly executed, and mix up twelfth and thirteenth century work in such intricate harlequinade, that it is enough to drive a poor antiquary wild.

138. I have here in my hand, however, a photograph[1] of a small church, which shows you the change at a glance, and attests it in a notable manner.

You know Hubert of Lucca was the first captain of the Florentine people, and the march in which they struck their florin on the pine trunk was through Lucca, on Pisa.[2]

Now here is a little church in Lucca, of which the lower half of the façade is of the twelfth century, and the top, built by the Florentines, in the thirteenth, and sealed for their own by two fleur-de-lys, let into its masonry.

[1] [The photograph was not placed in the Oxford Collection.]
[2] [See above, § 123; p. 75.]

The most important difference, marking the date, is in the sculpture of the heads which carry the archivolts. But the most palpable difference is in the Cyclopean simplicity of irregular bedding in the lower storey; and the delicate bands of alternate serpentine and marble, which follow the horizontal or couchant placing of the stones above.

139. Those of you who, interested in English Gothic, have visited Tuscany, are, I think, always offended at first, if not in permanence, by these horizontal stripes of her marble walls. Twenty-two years ago I quoted, in page 287, vol. i., of the *Stones of Venice*, Professor Willis's statement that "a practice more destructive of architectural grandeur could hardly be conceived;" and I defended my favourite buildings against that judgment, first by actual comparison, in the plate opposite the page, of a piece of them with an example of our modern grandeur; secondly (vol. i. chap. v.), by a comparison of their aspect with that of the building of the grandest piece of wall in the Alps,—that Matterhorn in which you all have now learned to take some gymnastic interest; and thirdly (vol. i. chap. xxvi.), by reference to the use of barred colours, with delight, by Giotto and all subsequent colourists.[1]

140. But it did not then occur to me to ask, much as I always disliked the English Perpendicular,[2] what would have been the effect on the spectator's mind, had the buildings been striped vertically instead of horizontally; nor did I then know, or in the least imagine, how much *practical* need there was for reference from the structure of the edifice to that of the cliff; and how much the permanence, as well as propriety, of structure depended on the stones being *couchant* in the wall, as they had been in the quarry: to which subject I wish to-day to direct your attention.

141. You will find stated with as much clearness as I

[1] [See in this edition Vol. IX. p. 348, and Plate XIII., pp. 85 *seq.*, and again, pp. 347–348, where, however, there is no specific mention of Giotto; but see *Giotto and his Works in Padua*, § 19 (Vol. XXIV. p. 36).]

[2] [See the passages collected in Vol. IX. pp. 227–228 *n.*]

am able, in the first and fifth lectures in *Aratra Pentelici*, the principles of architectural design to which, in all my future teaching, I shall have constantly to appeal; namely, that architecture consists distinctively in the adaptation of form to resist force;[1]—that, practically, it may be always thought of as doing this by the ingenious adjustment of various pieces of solid material; that the perception of this ingenious adjustment, or structure, is to be always joined with our admiration of the superadded ornament; and that all delightful ornament is the honouring of such useful structures; but that the beauty of the ornament itself is independent of the structure, and arrived at by powers of mind of a very different class from those which are necessary to give skill in architecture proper.

142. During the course of this last summer I have been myself very directly interested in some of the quite elementary processes of true architecture. I have been building a little pier into Coniston Lake, and various walls and terraces in a steeply sloping garden, all which had to be constructed of such rough stones as lay nearest. Under the dextrous hands of a neighbour farmer's son, the pier projected, and the walls rose, as if enchanted; every stone taking its proper place, and the loose dyke holding itself as firmly upright as if the gripping cement of the Florentine towers had fastened it. My own better acquaintance with the laws of gravity and of statics did not enable me, myself, to build six inches of dyke that would stand; and all the decoration possible under the circumstances consisted in turning the lichened sides of the stones outwards. And yet the noblest conditions of building in the world are nothing more than the gradual adornment, by play of the imagination, of materials first arranged by this natural instinct of adjustment. You must not lose sight of the instinct of building, but you must not think the play of the imagination depends upon it. Intelligent laying of

[1] [See *Aratra*, § 99 (Vol. XX. p. 265); and for the other points, see more particularly pp. 216, 217.]

stones is always delightful; but the fancy must not be limited to its contemplation.

143. In the more elaborate architecture of my neighbourhood, I have taken pleasure these many years; one of the first papers I ever wrote on Architecture was a study of the Westmoreland cottage;[1]—properly, observe, the cottage of West-mere-land, of the land of western lakes.[2] Its principal feature is the projecting porch at its door, formed by two rough slabs of Coniston slate, set in a blunt gable; supported, if far projecting, by two larger masses for uprights. A disciple of Mr. Pugin would delightedly observe that the porch of St. Zeno at Verona[3] was nothing more than the decoration of this construction;[4] but you do not suppose that the first idea of putting two stones together to keep off rain was all on which the sculptor of St. Zeno wished to depend for your entertainment.

144. Perhaps you may most clearly understand the real connection between structure and decoration by considering all architecture as a kind of book,[5] which must be properly bound indeed, and in which the illumination of the pages has distinct reference in all its forms to the breadth of the margins and length of the sentences; but is itself free to follow its own quite separate and higher objects of design.

145. Thus, for instance, in the architecture which Niccola was occupied upon, when a boy under his Byzantine master. Here is the door of the Baptistery at Pisa, again by Mr. Severn delightfully enlarged for us from a photograph.*

* Plate X. is from the photograph itself; the enlarged drawing showed the arrangement of parts more clearly, but necessarily omitted detail which it is better here to retain.[6]

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[1] [See *The Poetry of Architecture* (1837) in Vol. I.]

[2] [Compare the Preface (§ 1) to *Rock Honeycomb* in *Bibliotheca Pastorum*).]

[3] [See Plate I. in *Aratra Pentelici*, and No. 96 in the Reference Series (Vol. XX. pp. 214, 400).]

[4] ["All ornament should consist of enrichment of the essential construction of a building" (*The True Principles of Pointed or Christian Architecture*, by A. Welby Pugin, 1853, p. 1).]

[5] [Compare *Stones of Venice*, vol. ii. (Vol. X. p. 112).]

[6] [Mr. Severn's drawing is at Brantwood. In the St. George's Museum at Sheffield there is a water-colour study by C. F. Murray of part of the carving over the door.]

The general idea of it is a square-headed opening in a solid wall, faced by an arch carried on shafts. And the ornament does indeed follow this construction so that the eye catches it with ease,—but under what arbitrary conditions! In the square door, certainly the side-posts of it are as important members as the lintel they carry; but the lintel is carved elaborately, and the side-posts left blank. Of the facing arch and shaft, it would be similarly difficult to say whether the sustaining vertical, or sustained curve, were the more important member of the construction; but the decorator now reverses the distribution of his care, adorns the vertical member with passionate elaboration, and runs a narrow band, of comparatively uninteresting work, round the arch. Between this outer shaft and inner door is a square pilaster, of which the architect carves one side, and lets the other alone. It is followed by a smaller shaft and arch, in which he reverses his treatment of the outer order by cutting the shaft delicately and the arch deeply. Again, whereas in what is called the decorated construction of English Gothic, the pillars would have been left plain and the spandrels deep cut,—here, are we to call it decoration of the construction, when the pillars are carved and the spandrels left plain? Or when, finally, either these spandrel spaces on each side of the arch, or the corresponding slopes of the gable, are loaded with recumbent figures by the sculptors of the renaissance, are we to call, for instance, Michael Angelo's Dawn and Twilight,[1] only the decorations of the sloping plinths of a tomb, or trace to a geometrical propriety the subsequent rule in Italy that no window could be properly complete for living people to look out of, without having two stone people sitting on the corners of it above? I have heard of charming young ladies occasionally, at very crowded balls, sitting on the stairs,—would

[1] [It is held, however, that "the present sarcophagi cannot have been intended to hold the allegorical figures in the way they do, for the under surfaces of the statues do not fit the top of the mouldings, and certainly the rough stones that project over them, forming a base for the feet, must have been intended to be supported by solid marble, and not to rest uneasily on air" (Sir Charles Holroyd's *Michael Angelo Buonarroti*, p. 210).]

The Door of the Baptistery, Pisa

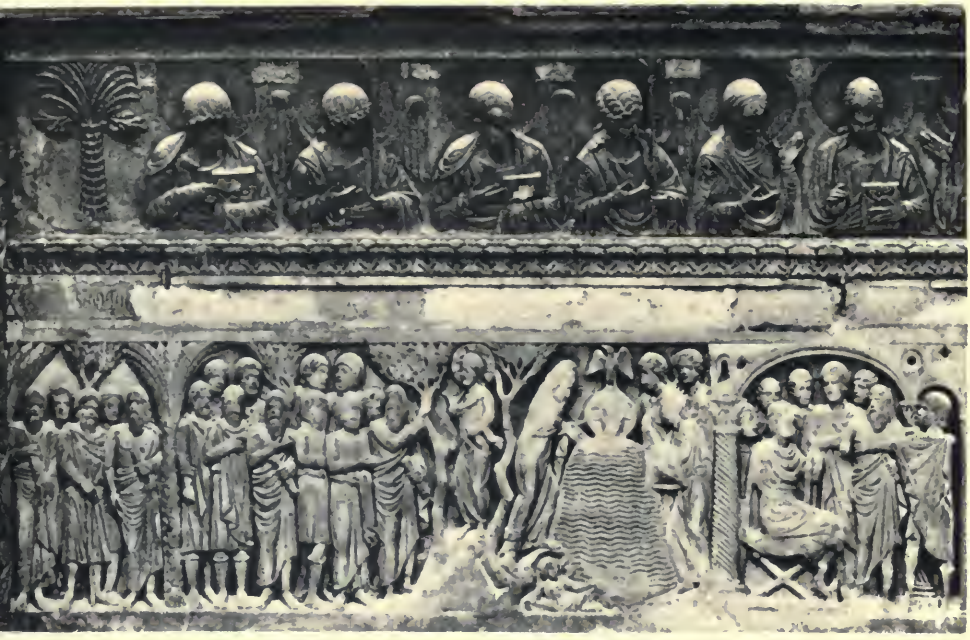
you call them, in that case, only decorations of the construction of the staircase?

146. You will find, on consideration, the ultimate fact to be that to which I have just referred you;—my statement in *Aratra* that the idea of a construction originally useful is retained in good architecture, through all the amusement of its ornamentation; as the idea of the proper function of any piece of dress ought to be retained through its changes in form or embroidery. A good spire or porch retains the first idea of a roof usefully covering a space, as a Norman high cap or elongated Quaker's bonnet retains the original idea of a simple covering for the head; and any extravagance of subsequent fancy may be permitted, so long as the notion of use is not altogether lost. A girl begins by wearing a plain round hat to shade her from the sun; she ties it down over her ears on a windy day; presently she decorates the edge of it, so bent, with flowers in front, or the riband that ties it with a bouquet at the side, and it becomes a bonnet. This decorated construction may be discreetly changed, by endless fashion, so long as it does not become a clearly useless riband round the middle of the head, or a clearly useless saucer on the top of it.

147. Again, a Norman peasant may throw up the top of her cap into a peak, or a Bernese one put gauze wings at the side of it, and still be dressed with propriety, so long as her hair is modestly confined, and her ears healthily protected, by the matronly safeguard of the real construction. She ceases to be decorously dressed only when the material becomes too flimsy to answer such essential purpose, and the flaunting pendants or ribands can only answer the ends of coquetry or ostentation. Similarly, an architect may deepen or enlarge, in fantastic exaggeration, his original Westmoreland gable into Rouen porch, and his original square roof into Coventry spire; but he must not put within his splendid porch a little door where two persons cannot together get in, nor cut his spire away into hollow filigree, and mere ornamental perviousness to wind and rain.

148. Returning to our door at Pisa, we shall find these general questions as to the distribution of ornament much confused with others as to its time and style. We are at once, for instance, brought to a pause as to the degree in which the ornamentation was once carried out in the doors themselves. Their surfaces were, however, I doubt not, once recipients of the most elaborate ornament, as in the Baptistery of Florence; and in later bronze, by John of Bologna, in the door of the Pisan cathedral opposite this one. And when we examine the sculpture and placing of the lintel, which at first appeared the most completely Greek piece of construction of the whole, we find it so far advanced in many Gothic characters, that I once thought it a later interpolation cutting the inner pilasters underneath their capitals, while the three statues set on it are certainly, by several tens of years, later still.

149. How much ten years did at this time, one is apt to forget; and how irregularly the slower minds of the older men would surrender themselves, sadly, or awkwardly, to the vivacities of their pupils. The only wonder is that it should be usually so easy to assign conjectural dates within twenty or thirty years; but, at Pisa, the currents of tradition and invention run with such cross eddies, that I often find myself utterly at fault. In this lintel, for instance, there are two pieces separated by a narrower one, on which there has been an inscription, of which in my enlarged plate [XI.] you may trace, though, I fear, not decipher, the few letters that remain. The uppermost of these stones is nearly pure in its Byzantine style; the lower already semi-Gothic. Both are exquisite of their kind, and we will examine them closely; but first note these points about the stones of them. We are discussing work at latest of the thirteenth century. Our loss of the inscription is evidently owing to the action of the iron rivets which have been causelessly used at the two horizontal joints. There was nothing whatever in the construction to make these essential, and, but for this error, the entire piece of work, as delicate as an



The Story of St. John – Advent and Departure

ivory tablet, would be as intelligible to-day as when it was laid in its place.*

150. *Laid.* I pause upon this word, for it is an important one. And I must devote the rest of this lecture to consideration merely of what follows from the difference between laying a stone and setting it up, whether we regard sculpture or construction. The subject is so wide, I scarcely know how to approach it. Perhaps it will be the pleasantest way to begin if I read you a letter from one of yourselves to me. A very favourite pupil, who travels third-class always, for sake of better company, wrote to me the other day: "One of my fellow-travellers, who was a builder, or else a master mason, told me that the way in which red sandstone buildings last depends entirely on the way in which the stone is laid. It must lie as it does in the quarry; but he said that very few workmen could always tell the difference between the joints of planes of cleavage and the—something else which I couldn't catch,—by which he meant, I suppose, planes of stratification. He said too that some people, though they were very particular about having the stone laid well, allowed blocks to stand in the rain the wrong way up, and that they never recovered one wetting. The stone of the same quarry varies much, and he said that moss will grow immediately on good stone, but not on bad. How curious,—nature helping the best workman!" Thus far my favourite pupil!

151. "Moss will grow on the best stone." The first thing your modern restorer would do is to scrape it off; and with it, whatever knitted surface, half moss root, protects the interior stone. Have you ever considered the infinite functions of protection to mountain form exercised by the mosses and lichens? It will perhaps be refreshing to you, after our work among the Pisan marbles and legends, if we have a lecture or two on moss.[1] Meantime I need not tell

* Plate XI. gives, in greater clearness, the sculpture of this lintel, for notes on which see Appendix [pp. 167–170].

[1] [Such lectures were, however, not given; but see *Proserpina*, i. ch. i.]

you that it would not be a satisfactory natural arrangement if moss grew on marble, and that all fine workmanship in marble implies equal exquisiteness of surface and edge.

152. You will observe also that the importance of laying the stone in the building as it lay in its bed was from the first recognized by all good northern architects, to such extent that to lay stones "en delit,"[1] or in a position out of their bedding, is a recognized architectural term in France, where all structural building takes its rise; and in that form of "delit" the word gets most curiously involved with the Latin delictum and deliquium. It would occupy the time of a whole lecture if I entered into the confused relations of the words derived from lectus, liquidus, delinquo, diliquo, and deliquesco; and of the still more confused, but beautifully confused (and enriched by confusion) forms of idea, whether respecting morality or marble, arising out of the meanings of these words: the notions of a bed gathered or strewn for the rest, whether of rocks or men; of the various states of solidity and liquidity connected with strength, or with repose; and of the duty of staying quiet in a place, or under a law, and the mischief of leaving it, being all fastened in the minds of early builders, and of the generations of men for whom they built, by the unescapable bearing of geological laws on their life; by the ease or difficulty of splitting rocks, by the variable consistency of the fragments split, by the innumerable questions occurring practically as to bedding and cleavage in every kind of stone, from tufa to granite, and by the unseemly or beautiful, destructive or protective, effects of decomposition.* The

* This passage cannot but seem to the reader loose and fantastic. I have elaborate notes, and many an unwritten thought, on these matters, but no time or strength to develop them. The passage is not fantastic, but the rapid index of what I know to be true in all the named particulars. But compare, for mere rough illustration of what I mean, the moral ideas relating to the stone of Jacob's pillow, or the tradition of it, with those to which French Flamboyant Gothic owes its character.[2]

[1] [Compare below, § 169, p. 103.]

[2] [See Genesis xxviii. 11–22; and for the moral faults of French Flamboyant, see Vol. XIX. pp. 259, 262 *seq.*]

same processes of time which cause your Oxford oolite to flake away like the leaves of a mouldering book only warm with a glow of perpetually deepening gold the marbles of Athens and Verona; and the same laws of chemical change which reduce the granites of Dartmoor to porcelain clay bind the sands of Coventry into stones which can be built up half-way to the sky.

153. But now, as to the matter immediately before us, observe what a double question arises about laying stones as they lie in the quarry. First, how *do* they lie in the quarry? Secondly, how can we lay them so in every part of our building?

A. How do they lie in the quarry? Level, perhaps, at Stonesfield[1] and Coventry; but at an angle of 45° at Carrara; and for aught I know, of 90° in Paros or Pentelicus. Also, the *bedding* is of prime importance at Coventry, but the *cleavage* at Coniston.*

B. And then, even if we know what the quarry bedding is, how are we to keep it always in our building? You may lay the stones of a wall carefully level, but how will you lay those of an arch? You think these, perhaps, trivial, or merely curious questions. So far from it, the fact that while the bedding in Normandy is level, that at Carrara is steep, and that the forces which raised the beds of Carrara crystallized them also, so that the cleavage which is all-important in the stones of my garden wall is of none in the duomo of Pisa, simply determined the possibility of the existence of Pisan sculpture at all, and regulated the whole life and genius of Nicholas the Pisan and of Christian art.

* There are at least four definite cleavages at Coniston, besides joints. One of these cleavages furnishes the Coniston slate of commerce; another forms the ranges of Wetherlam and Yewdale crag; a third cuts these ranges to pieces, striking from north-west to south-east; and a fourth into other pieces, from north-east to south-west.

[1] [A village, a few miles on the road from Oxford to Chipping Norton, well known to geologists, where the sandstone is intersected by a thin stratum of limestone.]

And, again, the fact that you can put stones in true bedding in a wall, but cannot in an arch, determines the structural transition from classical to Gothic architecture.

154. The *structural* transition, observe; only a part, and that not altogether a coincident part, of the *moral* transition. Read carefully, if you have time, the articles "Pierre" and "Meneau"[1] in M. Viollet le Duc's *Dictionary of Architecture*, and you will know everything that is of importance in the changes dependent on the mere qualities of *matter*. I must, however, try to set in your view also the relative acting qualities of *mind*.

You will find that M. Viollet le Duc traces all the forms of Gothic tracery to the geometrical and practically serviceable development of the stone "chassis," chasing, or frame, for the glass. For instance, he attributes the use of the cusp or "redent," in its more complex forms, to the necessity, or convenience, of diminishing the space of glass which the tracery grasps; and he attributes the reductions of the mouldings in the tracery bar, under portions of one section, to the greater facility thus obtained by the architect in directing his workmen. The plan of a window once given, and the moulding-section,—all is said, thinks M. Viollet le Duc. Very convenient indeed, for modern architects who have commission on the cost.[2] But certainly not necessary, and perhaps even *in*convenient, to Niccola Pisano, who is himself his workman, and cuts his own traceries, with his apron loaded with dust.

155. Again, the *re*dent—the "tooth within tooth" of a French tracery—may be necessary, to bite its glass. But the cusp, cuspis, spiny or spearlike point of a thirteenth-century illumination is not in the least necessary to transfix the parchment. Yet do you suppose that the structural convenience of the redent entirely effaces from the mind of the designer the æsthetic characters which he seeks in

[1] [Compare *Seven Lamps*, ch. ii. § 23 (note of 1880), where this chapter is referred to (Vol. VIII. p. 90).]

[2] [Compare above, § 134, p. 82.]

The Charge to Adam

Giovanni Pisano and Modern Italian

the cusp? If you could for an instant imagine this, you would be undeceived by a glance either at the early redents of Amiens, fringing hollow vaults, or the late redents of Rouen, acting as crockets on the *outer* edges of pediments.

156. Again: if you think of the tracery in its *bars*, you call the cusp a redent; but if you think of it in the *openings*, you call the apertures of it foils. Do you suppose that the thirteenth century builder thought only of the strength of the bars of his enclosure, and never of the beauty of the form he enclosed? You will find in my chapter on the Aperture, in the *Stones of Venice*,[1] full development of the æsthetic laws relating to both these forms, while you may see, in Professor Willis's *Architecture of the Middle Ages*, a beautiful analysis of the development of tracery from the juxtaposition of aperture;[2] and in the article "Meneau," just quoted of M. Viollet le Duc, an equally beautiful analysis of its development from the masonry of the chassis. You may at first think that Professor Willis's analysis is inconsistent with M. Viollet le Duc's. But they are no more inconsistent than the accounts of the growth of a human being would be, if given by two anatomists, of whom one had examined only the skeleton, and the other only the respiratory system; and who, therefore, supposed—the first, that the animal had been made only to leap, and the other only to sing. I don't mean that either of the writers I name is absolutely thus narrow in his own views, but that, so far as inconsistency appears to exist between them, it is of that partial kind only.

157. And for the understanding of our Pisan traceries we must introduce a third element of similarly distinctive nature. We must, to press our simile a little farther, examine the growth of the animal as if it had been made neither to leap, nor to sing, but only to think. We must observe the transitional states of its nerve power; that is to

[1] [Chapters xvi. and xvii. of vol. i. (Vol. IX.).]

[2] [Chapters v. and vi.; for another reference to Willis's analysis, see *Seven Lamps*, Vol. VIII. p. 87.]

say, in our window tracery we must consider not merely how its ribs are built (or how it *stands*), nor merely how its openings are shaped (or how it *breathes*); but also what its openings are made to light, or its shafts to receive, of picture or image. As the limbs of the building, it may be much; as the lungs of the building, more. As the *eyes** of the building, what?

158. Thus you probably have a distinct idea—those of you, at least, who are interested in architecture—of the shape of the windows in Westminster Abbey, in the Cathedral of Chartres, or in the Duomo of Milan. Can any of you, I should like to know, make a guess at the shape of the windows in the Sistine Chapel, the Stanze of the Vatican, the Scuola di San Rocco, or the lower church of Assisi? The soul or anima of the first three buildings is in their windows; but of the last three, in their walls.

All these points I may for the present leave you to think over for yourselves, except one, to which I must ask yet for a few moments your further attention.

159. The trefoils to which I have called your attention in Niccola's pulpit[1] are as absolutely without structural office in the circles as in the panels of the font beside it. But the circles are drawn with evident delight in the lovely circular line, while the trefoil is struck out by Niccola so roughly that there is not a true compass curve or section in any part of it.

Roughly, I say. Do you suppose I ought to have said carelessly? So far from it, that if one sharper line or more geometric curve had been given, it would have caught the eye too strongly, and drawn away the attention from the sculpture. But imagine the feeling with which a French master workman would first see these clumsy intersections

* I am ashamed to italicize so many words; but these passages, written for oral delivery, can only be understood if read with oral emphasis. This is the first series of lectures which I have printed as they were to be spoken; and it is a great mistake.

[1] [See above, § 23, p. 22.]

of curves. It would be exactly the sensation with which a practical botanical draughtsman would look at a foliage background of Sir Joshua Reynolds.

But Sir Joshua's sketched leaves would indeed imply some unworkmanlike haste. We must not yet assume the Pisan master to have allowed himself in any such. His mouldings may be hastily cut, for they are, as I have just said, unnecessary to his structure, and disadvantageous to his decoration; but he is not likely to be careless about arrangements necessary for strength. His mouldings may be cut hastily, but do you think his *joints* will be?

160. What subject of extended inquiry have we in this word, ranging from the cementless clefts between the couchant stones of the walls of the kings of Rome, whose iron rivets you had but the other day placed in your hands by their discoverer,[1] through the grip of the stones of the Tower of the Death-watch, to the subtle joints in the marble armour of the Florentine Baptistery!

Our own work must certainly be left with a rough surface at this place, and we will fit the edges of it to our next piece of study as closely as we may.

[1] [A reference to a lecture by J. H. Parker: see below, p. 99 *n.*]

LECTURE VII

MARBLE RAMPANT[1]

161. I CLOSED my last lecture at the question respecting Nicholas's masonry. His mouldings may be careless, but do you think his joints will be?

I must remind you now of the expression as to the building of the communal palace—"of *dressed* stones"*—as opposed to the Tower of the Death-watch, in which the grip of cement had been so good.[2] Virtually, you will find that the schools of structural architecture are those which use cement to bind their materials together, and in which, therefore, balance of *weight* becomes a continual and inevitable question. But the schools of sculptural architecture are those in which stones are fitted without cement,—in which, therefore, the question of *fitting* or adjustment is continual and inevitable; but the sustainable weight practically unlimited.

162. You may consider the Tower of the Death-watch

* "Pietre conce."[3] The portion of the bas-reliefs of Orvieto, given in the opposite plate [XII.], will show the importance of the jointing. Observe the way in which the piece of stone with the three principal figures is dovetailed above the extended band, and again in the rise above the joint of the next stone on the right, the sculpture of the wings being carried across the junction. I have chosen this piece on purpose, because the loss of the broken fragment, probably broken by violence, and the only serious injury which the sculptures have received, serves to show the perfection of the uninjured surface, as compared with northern sculpture of the same date. I have thought it well to show at the same time the modern German engraving of the subject, respecting which see Appendix [p. 175].

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[1] [For the explanation of this title, see § 296 (below, p. 176).]
[2] [See above, § 45, p. 34.]
[3] [See above, § 106, p. 65.]

as having been knit together like the mass of a Roman brick wall.

But the dressed stone work of the thirteenth century is the hereditary completion of such block-laying as the Parthenon in marble; or, in tufa, as that which was shown you so lately in the walls of Romulus;[1] and the decoration of that system of couchant stone is by the finished grace of mosaic or sculpture.

163. It was also pointed out to you by Mr. Parker that there were two forms of Cyclopean architecture; one of level blocks, the other of polygonal,—contemporary, but in localities affording different material of stone.

I have placed in this frame[2] examples of the Cyclopean horizontal, and the Cyclopean polygonal, architecture of the thirteenth century. And as Hubert of Lucca was the master of the new buildings at Florence, I have chosen the Cyclopean horizontal from his native city of Lucca; and as our Nicholas and John brought their new Gothic style into practice at Orvieto, I have chosen the Cyclopean polygonal from their adopted city of Orvieto.

Both these examples of architecture are early thirteenth-century work, the beginnings of its new and Christian style, but beginnings with which Nicholas and John had nothing to do; they were part of the national work going on round them.

[1] [The reference is to a lecture delivered at Oxford by J. H. Parker, Keeper of the Ashmolean Museum. His views may be read in his book, *The Archæology of Rome*, 1874; see vol. i. pt. iii. (Construction of Walls), pp. 4, 6, 11, where he discusses (1) *opus quadratum*, squared work, "of which the earliest and best example is the wall on the Palatine, called the Walls of Romulus. . . . It belongs generally to an early period, but not by any means always; it depends more on the material, and the quarries that the stone comes from, than anything else. . . . In Rome the only material for these early walls is tufa." (2) *Polygonal masonry*, "a construction of stones of polygonal irregular forms, closely fitted together without cement, is sometimes perhaps contemporaneous with the walls of the kings." Mr. Parker issued also a series of illustrative photographs, some of which Ruskin probably showed at the lecture. For *opus quadratum*, see the plates in pt. iii. of Mr. Parker's volume of illustrations to the book just mentioned.]

[2] [The references here are to Ruskin's sketches in No. 134 of the Reference Series (Vol. XXI. p. 39). The two sketches more particularly referred to are here shown in woodcuts. Fig. 2 is from the east gate of Lucca; Fig. 3 from the Teatro Vecchio at Orvieto.]

164. And this example from Lucca is of a very important class indeed. It is from above the east entrance gate of Lucca, which bears the cross above it, as the doors of a Christian city should. Such a city is, or ought to be, a place of peace, as much as any monastery.

This custom of placing the cross above the gate is Byzantine-Christian; and here are parallel instances of its treatment from Assisi.[1] The lamb with the cross is given in the more elaborate arch of Verona.[2]

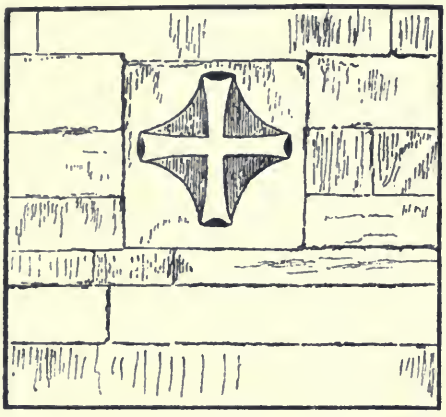

Fig. 2

165. But further. The mosaic of this cross is so exquisitely fitted that no injury has been received by it to this day from wind or weather. And the horizontal dressed stones are laid so daintily that not an edge of them has stirred; and, both to draw your attention to their beautiful fitting, and as a substitute for cement, the architect cuts his uppermost block so as to dovetail into the course below.

Dovetail, I say deliberately. This is stone carpentry, in which the carpenter despises glue. I don't say he won't use glue, and glue of the best, but he feels it to be a nasty thing, and that it spoils his wood or marble. None, at least, he determines shall be seen outside, and his laying of stones shall be so solid and so adjusted that, take all the cement away, his wall shall yet stand.

Stonehenge, the Parthenon, the walls of the Kings, this gate of Lucca, this window of Orvieto, and this tomb at

[1] [The example thus shown at the lecture is not in the Oxford Collection, but is at Brantwood. Ruskin designed a similar cross for his father's tomb. The "lamb with the cross" is shown on Plate XI. in *Aratra Pentelici* (Vol. XX. p. 314).]

[2] [See Plate XI. in Vol. XX. (p. 314).]

Verona,[1] are all built on the Cyclopean principle. They will stand without cement, and no cement shall be seen outside. Mr. Burgess and I actually tried the experiment on this tomb. Mr. Burgess modelled every stone of it in clay, put them together, and it stood.

166. Now there are two most notable characteristics about this Cyclopean architecture to which I beg your close attention.

The first: that as the laying of stones is so beautiful, their joints become a subject of admiration, and great part

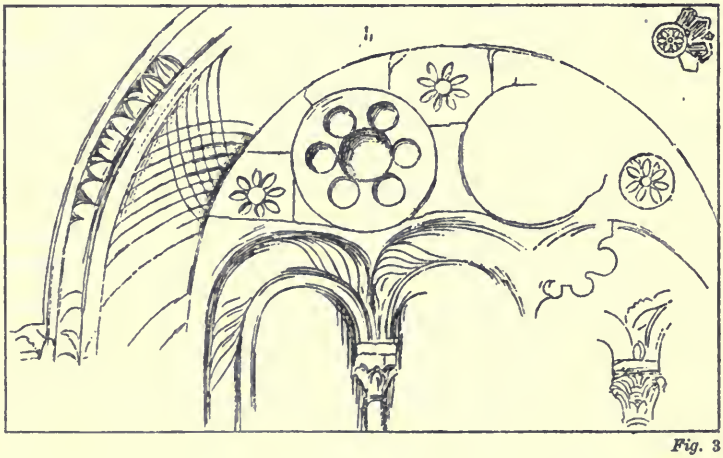

Fig. 3

of the architectural ornamentation is in the beauty of lines of separation, drawn as finely as possible. Thus the separating lines of the bricks at Siena, of this gate at Lucca, of the vault at Verona, of this window at Orvieto, and of the contemporary refectory at Furness Abbey, are a main source of the pleasure you have in the building. Nay, they are not merely engravers' lines, but, in finest practice, they are mathematical lines—length without breadth. Here in my hand is a little shaft of Florentine mosaic executed at the present day. The separations between the stones are, in dimension, mathematical lines. And the two sides

[1] [The Castelbarco Tomb at Verona; see what Ruskin says of the dovetailing of the masonry of its canopy (Vol. XIX. pp. 452–453).]

of the thirteenth-century porch of St. Anastasia at Verona are built in this manner,—so exquisitely, that for some time, my mind not having been set at it, I passed them by as painted!

167. That is the first character of the Florentine Cyclopean. But secondly; as the joints are so firm, and as the building must never stir or settle after it is built, the sculptor may trust his work to two stones set side by side, or one above another, and carve continuously over the whole surface, disregarding the joints, if he so chooses.

Of the degree of precision with which Nicholas of Pisa and his son adjusted their stones, you may judge by this rough sketch of a piece of St. Mary's of the Thorn, in which the design is of panels enclosing very delicately sculptured heads;[1] and one would naturally suppose that the enclosing panels would be made of jointed pieces, and the heads carved separately and inserted. But the Pisans would have considered that unsafe masonry,—liable to the accident of the heads being dropped out, or taken away. John of Pisa did indeed use such masonry, of necessity, in his fountain; and the bas-reliefs *have* been taken away. But here one great block of marble forms part of two panels, and the mouldings and head are both carved in the solid, the joint running just behind the neck.

168. Such masonry is indeed, supposing there were no fear of thieves, gratuitously precise in a case of this kind, in which the ornamentation is in separate masses, and might be separately carved. But when the ornamentation is current, and flows or climbs along the stone in the manner of waves or plants, the concealment of the joints of the pieces of marble becomes altogether essential. And here we enter upon a most curious group of associated characters in Gothic, as opposed to Greek architecture.

169. If you have been able to read the article to which I referred you,[2] "Meneau," in M. Viollet le Duc's dictionary,

[1] [The sketch is not in the Oxford Collection.]
[2] [See above, § 154, p. 94.]

you know that one great condition of the perfect Gothic structure is that the stones shall be "en delit,"[1] set up on end. The ornament then, which on the reposing or couchant stone was current only, on the erected stone begins to climb also, and becomes, in the most heraldic sense of the term, rampant.

In the heraldic sense, I say, as distinguished from the still wider original sense of advancing with a stealthy, creeping, or clinging motion, as a serpent on the ground, and a cat, or a vine, up a tree-stem. And there is one of these reptile, creeping, or rampant things, which is the first whose action was translated into marble, and otherwise is of boundless importance in the arts and labours of man.

170. You recollect Kingsley's expression, — now hackneyed, because admired for its precision, — the "crawling foam," of waves advancing on sand.[2] Tennyson has somewhere also used, with equal truth, the epithet "climbing" of the spray of breakers against vertical rock.* In either instance, the sea action is literally "rampant"; and the course of a great breaker, whether in its first proud likeness to a rearing horse, or in the humble and subdued gaining of the outmost verge of its foam on the sand, or the intermediate spiral whorl which gathers into a lustrous precision, like that of a polished shell, the grasping force of a giant, you have the most vivid sight and embodiment of literally rampant energy;[3] which the Greeks expressed in their symbolic Poseidon, Scylla, and sea-horse, by the head and crest of the man, dog, or horse, with the body of the

* Perhaps I am thinking of Lowell, not Tennyson; I have not time to look.[4]

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[1] [See above, § 152 (p. 92).]

[2] [Compare the chapter on "The Pathetic Fallacy" in *Modern Painters*, vol. iii. (Vol. V. p. 205).]

[3] [Compare the description of a wave in Vol. XIII. p. 44.]

[4] [Tennyson's phrase "the climbing wave," in *The Lotos-Eaters*, line 95, hardly applies in the connexion here given. Ruskin was perhaps thinking of Shelley's *Prometheus Unbound*, line 110:

"the Ocean's purple waves
Climbing the land."]

serpent; and of which you will find the slower image, in vegetation, rendered both by the spiral tendrils of grasping or climbing plants, and the perennial gaining of the foam or the lichen upon barren shores of stone.

171. If you will look to the thirtieth chapter of vol. i. in the new (1873) edition of the *Stones of Venice*,[1] which, by the gift of its publishers, I am enabled to lay on your table to be placed in your library, you will find one of my first and most eager statements of the necessity of inequality or change in form, made against the common misunderstanding of Greek symmetry, and illustrated by a woodcut of the spiral ornament on the treasury of Atreus at Mycenae. All that is said in that chapter respecting nature and the ideal, I now beg most earnestly to recommend and ratify to you; but although, even at that time, I knew more of Greek art than my antagonists, my broken reading has given me no conception of the range of its symbolic power, nor of the function of that more or less formal spiral line, as expressive, not only of the waves of the sea, but of the zones of the whirlpool, the return of the tempest, and the involution of the labyrinth. And although my readers say that I wrote then better than I write now, I cannot refer you to the passage without asking you to pardon in it what I now hold to be the petulance and vulgarity of expression, disgracing the importance of the truth it contains. A little while ago, without displeasure, you permitted me to delay you by the account of a dispute on a matter of taste between my father and me, in which he was quietly and unavailingly right.[2] It seems to me scarcely a day since, with boyish conceit, I resisted his wise entreaties that I would re-word this clause, and especially take out of it the description of a sea-wave as "laying a great white table-cloth of foam" all the way to the shore. Now, after an interval of twenty years, I refer you to the passage, repentant and humble as far as

[1] [See in this edition Vol. IX. p. 408.]
[2] [See *Aratra Pentelici*, § 124 (Vol. XX. p. 283).]

regards its style, which people sometimes praised, but with absolute reassertion of the truth and value of its contents, which people always denied. As natural form is varied, so must beautiful ornament be varied. You are not an artist by reproving nature into deathful sameness, but by animating your copy of her into vital variation. But I thought at that time that only Goths were rightly changeful. I never thought Greeks were. Their reserved variation escaped me, or I thought it accidental. Here, however, is a coin of the finest Greek workmanship, which shows you their mind in this matter unmistakably. Here are the waves of the Adriatic round a knight of Tarentum,[1] and there is no doubt of their variableness.

172. This pattern of sea-wave, or river whirlpool, entirely sacred in the Greek mind, and the *βόστρυχος* or similarly curling wave in flowing hair, are the two main sources of the spiral form in lambent or rampant decoration. Of such lambent ornament, the most important piece is the crocket, of which I rapidly set before you the origin.

173. Here is a drawing of the gable of the bishop's throne in the upper church at Assisi,[2] of the exact period when the mosaic workers of the thirteenth century at Rome adopted rudely the masonry of the north. Briefly, this is a Greek temple pediment, in which, doubtful of their power to carve figures beautiful enough, they cut a trefoiled hold for ornament, and bordered the edges with harlequinade of mosaic. They then call to their help the Greek sea-waves, and let the surf of the Ægean climb along the slopes, and toss itself at the top into a fleur-de-lys. Every wave is varied in outline and proportionate distance, though cut with a precision of curve like that of the sea itself. From this root we are able—but it must be in a lecture on crockets only[3]—to trace the succeeding changes

[1] [Here, no doubt, Ruskin showed an enlargement (not, however, in the Oxford Collection) of the coin which is reproduced at the top of Plate XVIII. in Vol. XIX. (p. 410).]

[2] [No. 135 in the Reference Series (Vol. XXI. p. 40); the woodcut here given (Fig. 4) is from Ruskin's drawing.]

[3] [A lecture, however, which was not given.]

through the curl of Richard II.'s hair,[1] and the crisp leaves of the forests of Picardy, to the knobbed extravagances of expiring Gothic.[2] But I must to-day let you compare one piece of perfect Gothic work with the perfect Greek.

174. There is no question in my own mind, and, I believe, none in that of any other long-practised student of mediæval art, that in pure structural Gothic the church of

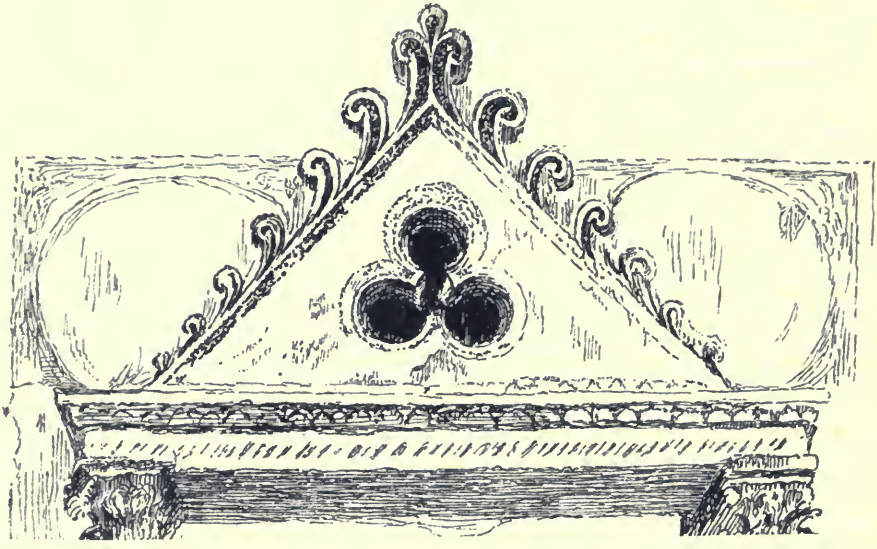

Fig. 4

St. Urbain at Troyes is without rival in Europe.[3] Here is a rude sketch of its use of the crocket in the spandrels of its external tracery, and here are the waves of the Greek sea round the son of Poseidon. Seventeen hundred years are between them, but the same mind is in both. I wonder how many times seventeen hundred years Mr. Darwin will ask, to retrace the Greek designer of this into his primitive ape; or how many times six hundred years of such

[1] [The reference is to the portrait of Richard II. in the Jerusalem Chamber, Westminster Abbey, which shows the king with "curling masses of auburn hair": see Stanley's *Memorials of Westminster Abbey*, p. 124.]

[2] [For crisp leaves passing into Flamboyant crockets, see Vol. XIX. p. 253.]

[3] [The sketch of these crockets is not in the Oxford Collection. With what Ruskin says here of St. Urbain, compare Vol. VIII. p. 259 and *n.*]

improvements as *we* have made on the church of St. Urbain will be needed in order to enable our descendants to regard the designers of that as only primitive apes.

175. I return for a moment to my gable at Assisi. You see that the crest of the waves at the top forms a rude likeness of a fleur-de-lys. There is, however, in this form no real intention of imitating a flower, any more than in the meeting of the tails of these two Etruscan griffins.[1] The notable circumstance in this piece of Gothic is its advanced form of crocket, and its prominent foliation, with nothing in the least approaching to floral ornament.

176. And now, observe this very curious fact in the personal character of two contemporary artists. See the use of my manually graspable flag.* Here is John of Pisa, —here Giotto. They are contemporary for twenty years; but these are the prime of Giotto's life, and the last of John's life: virtually, Giotto is the later workman by full twenty years.

But Giotto always uses severe geometrical mouldings, and disdains all luxuriance of leafage to set off interior sculpture.

John of Pisa not only adopts Gothic tracery, but first allows himself enthusiastic use of rampant vegetation;—and here, in the façade of Orvieto,[2] you have not only perfect Gothic in the sentiment of Scripture history, but such luxurious ivy ornamentation as you cannot afterwards match for two hundred years. Nay, you can scarcely match it then—for grace of line, only in the richest flamboyant of France.

177. Now this fact would set you, if you looked at art from its æsthetic side only, at once to find out what German artists had taught Giovanni Pisano. There *were* Germans teaching him,—some teaching him many things;

* *Ariadne Florentina*, § 52 [Vol. XXII. p. 333].

[1] [This example also is not in the Oxford Collection.]
[2] [See Plate XII.; and compare below, § 296, p. 176.]

and the intense conceit of the modern German artist[1] imagines them to have taught him all things.

But he learnt his luxuriance, and Giotto his severity, in another school. The quality in both is Greek, and altogether moral. The grace and the redundance of Giovanni are the first strong manifestation of those characters in the Italian mind which culminate in the Madonnas of Luini and the arabesques of Raphael. The severity of Giotto belongs to him, on the contrary, not only as one of the strongest practical men who ever lived on this solid earth, but as the purest and firmest reformer of the discipline of the Christian Church of whose writings any remains exist.

178. Of whose writings, I say; and you look up, as doubtful that he has left any. Hieroglyphics, then, let me say instead;[2] or, more accurately still, hierographics. St. Francis, in what he wrote and said, taught much that was false; but Giotto, his true disciple, nothing but what was true. And where *he* uses an arabesque of foliage, depend upon it, it will be to purpose—not redundant. I return for the time to our soft and luxuriant John of Pisa.

179. Soft, but with no unmanly softness; luxuriant, but with no unmannered luxury. To him you owe, as to their first sire in art, the grace of Ghiberti, the tenderness of Raphael, the awe of Michael Angelo. Second-rate qualities in all the three, but precious in their kind, and learned, as you shall see, essentially from this man. Second-rate he also, but with most notable gifts of this inferior kind. He is the Canova of the thirteenth century;[3] but the Canova of the thirteenth, remember, was necessarily a very different person from the Canova of the eighteenth.

The Canova of the eighteenth century mimicked the Greek grace for the delight of modern revolutionary sensualists. The Canova of the thirteenth century brought living Gothic truth into the living faith of his own time.

[1] [Compare Vol. XI. p. 180 *n.*]
[2] [Compare above, § 6, p. 14.]
[3] [Compare below, § 296, p. 176; and for other references to Canova, see Vol. III. p. 154; Vol. IV. pp. 121, 279; Vol. IX. p. 260; and Vol. XI. p. 289.]

Greek truth, and Gothic "liberty," in that noble sense of the word, derived from the Latin "liber," of which I have already spoken,[1] and which in my next lecture I will endeavour completely to develop. Meanwhile let me show you, as far as I can, the architecture itself about which these subtle questions arise.

180. Here are five frames,[2] containing the best representations I can get for you of the façade of the cathedral of Orvieto. I must remind you, before I let you look at them, of the reason why that cathedral was built; for I have at last got to the end of the parenthesis which began in my second lecture (§ 40), on the occasion of our hearing that John of Pisa was sent for to Perugia, to carve the tomb of Pope Urban IV.; and we must now know who this Pope was.

181. He was a Frenchman, born at that Troyes, in Champagne, which I gave you (§ 174) as the centre of French architectural skill and Royalist character. He was born in the lowest class of the people, rose like Wolsey; became Bishop of Verdun; then, Patriarch of Jerusalem; returned in the year 1261, from his Patriarchate, to solicit the aid of the then Pope, Alexander IV., against the Saracen. I do not know on what day he arrived in Rome; but on the 25th of May Alexander died, and the Cardinals, after three months' disputing, elected the suppliant Patriarch to be Pope himself.

182. A man with all the fire of France in him, all the faith, and all the insolence; incapable of doubting a single article of his creed, or relaxing one tittle of his authority; destitute alike of reason and of pity; and absolutely merciless either to an infidel or an enemy. The young Prince Manfred, bastard son of Frederick II., now representing the main power of the German empire, was both; and against him the Pope brought into Italy a religious French

[1] [See above, § 63, p. 41.]

[2] [Two of the frames remain in the Reference Series at Oxford, Nos. 137, 138 (Vol. XXI. p. 40). And here see Plates XII., XIII., and XIV.]

knight, of character absolutely like his own, Charles of Anjou.[1]

183. The young Manfred, now about twenty years old, was as good a soldier as he was a bad Christian; and there was no safety for Urban at Rome. The Pope seated himself on a worthy throne for a thirteenth-century St. Peter. Fancy the rock of Edinburgh Castle, as steep on all sides as it is to the west, and as long as the Old Town; and you have the rock of Orvieto.

184. Here, enthroned against the gates of hell, in unassailable fortitude and unfaltering faith, sat Urban; the righteousness of his cause presently to be avouched by miracle, notablest among those of the Roman Church. Twelve miles east of his rock, beyond the range of low Apennine, shone the quiet lake,[2] the Loch Leven of Italy, from whose island the daughter of Theodoric needed not to escape—Fate seeking her there; and in a little chapel on its shore a Bohemian priest, infected with Northern infidelity, was brought back to his allegiance by seeing the blood drop from the wafer in his hand. And the Catholic Church recorded this heavenly testimony to her chief mystery, in the Festa of the Corpus Domini, and the Fabric of Orvieto.

185. And sending was made for John, and for all good labourers in marble; but Urban never saw a stone of the great cathedral laid. His citation of Manfred to appear in his presence to answer for his heresy was fixed against the posts of the doors of the old Duomo. But Urban had dug the foundation of the pile to purpose, and when he died at Perugia, still breathed, from his grave, calamity to Manfred, and made from it glory to the Church. He had secured the election of a French successor;[3] from the rock

[1] [Compare below, § 218, p. 128; and *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 25.]

[2] [The reference is to the Lake of Bolsena; on the smaller of its two islands, Amalasuntha, Queen of the Goths, the only daughter of Theodoric, was strangled in her bath by order of her cousin Theodatus, whom she had raised to a share in the kingdom (A.D. 534). In the church of Sta. Cristina on its shore occurred the "Miracle of Bolsena" (A.D. 1263), which is the subject of one of Raphael's paintings in the Vatican.]

[3] [Clement IV. (Gui Foulques, Archbishop of Narbonne): elected 1265, died at Viterbo, 1268.]

of Orvieto the spirit of Urban led the French chivalry, when Charles of Anjou saw the day of battle come, so long desired. Manfred's Saracens, with their arrows, broke his first line; the Pope's legate blessed the second, and gave them absolution of all their sins, for their service to the Church. They charged for Orvieto with their old cry of "Mont-Joie, Chevaliers!"[1] and before night, while Urban lay sleeping in his carved tomb at Perugia, the body of Manfred lay only recognizable by those who loved him, naked among the slain.[2]

186. Time wore on and on. The Suabian power ceased in Italy; between white and red there was now no more contest;—the matron of the Church, scarlet-robed, reigned, ruthless, on her seven hills. Time wore on; and, a hundred years later, now no more the power of the kings, but the power of the people, rose against her. St. Michael, from the corn-market,—Or San Michele,[3]—the commercial strength of Florence, on a question of free trade in corn. And note, for a little by-piece of botany, that in Val d'Arno lilies grow among the corn instead of poppies. The purple gladiolus glows through all its green fields in early spring.[4]

187. A question of free trade in corn, then, arose between Florence and Rome. The Pope's legate in Bologna stopped the supply of polenta, the Florentines depending on that to eat with their own oil. Very wicked, you think, of the Pope's legate, acting thus against quasi-Protestant Florence? Yes; just as wicked as the—not quasi-Protestants—but intensely positive Protestants, of Zurich, who tried to convert the Catholic forest-cantons by refusing them salt.[5] Christendom has been greatly troubled about bread and salt: the then Protestant Pope, Zuinglius, was killed at the battle of Keppel, and the Catholic cantons therefore remain Catholic to this day; while the consequences of

[1] [Compare *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 17, § 6.]

[2] [See below, § 189; p. 113 *n.*]

[3] [The church was originally a market, and the upper part a granary; hence the name derived from *Horreum Sancti Michaelis.*]

[4] [Compare *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 18, § 3.]

[5] [For this incident, see Vol. VII. p. 112; and for Zwingli, see *ibid.*, p. xxxii., Vol. XVI. p. 190, and Vol. XVIII. p. 538.]

this piece of protectionist economy at Bologna are equally interesting and direct.[1]

188. The legate of Bologna, not content with stopping the supplies of maize to Florence, sent our own John Hawkwood,[2] on the 24th June, 1375, to burn all the maize the Florentines had got growing; and the Abbot of Montemaggiore sent a troop of Perugian religious gentlemen-riders to ravage similarly the territory of Siena. Whereupon, at Florence, the Gonfalonier of Justice, Aloesio Aldobrandini, rose in the Council of Ancients and proposed, as an enterprise worthy of Florentine generosity, the freedom of all the peoples who groaned under the tyranny of the Church. And Florence, Siena, Pisa, Lucca, and Arezzo,—all the great cities of Etruria, the root of religion in Italy,—joined against the tyranny of religion. Strangely, this Etrurian league is not now to restore Tarquin to Rome, but to drive the Roman Tarquin into exile. The story of Lucretia had been repeated in Perugia; but the Umbrian Lucretia had died, not by suicide, but by falling on the pavement from the window through which she tried to escape. And the Umbrian Sextus was the Abbot of Montemaggiore's nephew.[3]

189. Florence raised her fleur-de-lys standard; and, in ten days, eighty cities of Romagna were free, out of the number of whose names I will read you only these—Urbino, Foligno, Spoleto, Narni, Camerino, Toscanella, Perugia, Orvieto.

And while the wind and the rain still beat the body of Manfred, by the shores of the Rio Verde,[4] the body of

[1] [For the events related in §§ 187–189, see Sismondi, ch. xlix. (vol. vii. pp. 69 *seq.*).]

[2] [For other references to Sir John Hawkwood and his "White Company," see *Fors Clavigera*, Letters 1, 14, and 15.]

[3] ["Cet abbé, qui fut fait cardinal à cette époque, avoit conduit avec lui son neveu. Celui-ci, amoureux de la femme d'un gentilhomme péroussin, s'introduisit furtivement dans sa maison et la surprit dans sa chambre. La dame, épouvantée, voulut se soustraire à la brutalité de son ravisseur, et passer par une fenêtre, dans une maison voisine: mais son pied glissa, elle tomba dans la rue, et se tua par sa chute." Sismondi, ch. xlix. (vol. vii. pp. 72–73).]

[4] [An account of the battle of Benevento (February 26, 1266) may be read in Malispini (*Storia*, ch. clxxxvii.). The body of Manfred was buried after the battle in a pit at the foot of the bridge of Benevento; it was afterwards, by order of the

Pope Urban was torn from its tomb, and not one stone of the carved work thereof left upon another.[1]

190. I will only ask you to-day to notice further that the Captain of Florence, in this war, was a "Conrad of Suabia,"[2] and that she gave him, beside her own flag, one with only the word "Libertas" inscribed on it.

I told you[3] that the first stroke of the bell on the Tower of the Lion began the carillon for European civil and religious liberty. But perhaps, even in the fourteenth century, Florence did not understand, by that word, altogether the same policy which is now preached in France, Italy, and England.

What she did understand by it we will try to ascertain in the course of next lecture.

Pope (Clement IV.), thrown over the frontier of the kingdom on the banks of the river Verde—an event commemorated also by Dante: *Purgatorio,* iii. 124–132, thus translated by Cary :—

> "Had this text divine
> Been of Cosenza's shepherd better scann'd,
> Who then by Clement on my hunt was set,
> Yet at the bridge's head my bones had lain,
> Near Benevento, by the heavy mole
> Protected; but the rain now drenches them,
> And the wind drives, out of the kingdom's bounds,
> Far as the stream of Verde, where, with lights
> Extinguish'd, he removed them from their bed."]

[1] [In 1375. See above, §§ 40, 43, pp. 30, 32.]
[2] [See Sismondi, ch. xlix. (vol. vii. pp. 74–75).]
[3] [See above, § 1, p. 11.]

LECTURE VIII

FRANCHISE

191. In my first lecture of this course, you remember that I showed you (§ 17) the Lion of St. Mark's with Niccola Pisano's, calling the one an evangelical-preacher lion, and the other a real, and naturally affectionate, lioness.

And the one I showed you as Byzantine, the other as Gothic.

So that I thus called the Greek art pious, and the Gothic profane.

Whereas in nearly all our ordinary modes of thought, and in all my own general references to either art,[1] we assume Greek or classic work to be profane, and Gothic pious, or religious.

192. Very short reflection, if steady and clear, will both show you how confused our ideas are usually on this subject, and how definite they may within certain limits become.

First of all, don't confuse piety with Christianity. There are pious Greeks and impious Greeks; pious Turks and impious Turks; pious Christians and impious Christians; pious modern infidels and impious modern infidels. In case you do not quite know what piety really means, we will try to know better in next lecture;[2] for the present, understand that I mean distinctly to call Greek art, in the true sense of the word, pious, and Gothic, as opposed to it, profane.

193. But when I oppose these two words, Gothic and Greek, don't run away with the notion that I necessarily

[1] [See, for instance, §§ 42, 44 (above, pp. 32, 33).]
[2] [See §§ 218 *seq.*, pp. 128 *seq.*]

mean to oppose *Christian* and Greek. You must not confuse Gothic blood in a man's veins, with Christian feeling in a man's breast. There are unconverted and converted Goths; unconverted and converted Greeks. The Greek and Gothic temper is equally opposed, where the name of Christ has never been uttered by either, or when every other name is equally detested by both.

I want you to-day to examine with me that essential difference between Greek and Gothic temper, irrespective of creed, to which I have referred in my preface to the last edition of the *Stones of Venice* (1873),[1] saying that the Byzantines gave law to Norman license. And I must therefore ask your patience while I clear your minds from some too prevalent errors as to the meaning of those two words, law and license.

194. There is perhaps no more curious proof of the disorder which impatient and impertinent science is introducing into classical thought and language, than the title chosen by the Duke of Argyll for his interesting study of Natural History—*The Reign of Law*.[2] Law cannot reign. If a natural law, it admits no disobedience, and has nothing to put right. If a human one, it can compel no obedience, and has no power to prevent wrong. A king only can reign;—a person, that is to say, who, conscious of natural law, enforces human law so far as it is just.

195. Kinghood is equally necessary in Greek dynasty, and in Gothic. Theseus is every inch a king, as well as Edward III. But the laws which they have to enforce on their own and their companions' humanity are opposed to each other as much as their dispositions are.

The function of a Greek king was to enforce labour.

That of a Gothic king, to restrain rage.

The laws of Greece determine the wise methods of labour; and the laws of France determine the wise restraints of passion.

[1] [See in this edition Vol. IX. p. 15.]

[2] [For another reference to this book (published in 1867), see *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 87.]

For the sins of Greece are in Indolence, and its pleasures; and the sins of France are in Fury, and its pleasures.

196. You are now again surprised, probably, at hearing me oppose France typically to Greece. More strictly, I might oppose only a part of France,—Normandy. But it is better to say, France,* as embracing the seat of the established Norman power in the Island of our Lady; and the province in which it was crowned,—Champagne.

France is everlastingly, by birth, name, and nature, the country of the Franks, or free persons; and the first source of European frankness, or franchise. The Latin for franchise is libertas. But the modern or Cockney-English word, liberty,—Mr. John Stuart Mill's,[1]—is not the equivalent of libertas; and the modern or Cockney-French word liberté, —M. Victor Hugo's,—is not the equivalent of franchise.[2]

197. The Latin for franchise, I have said, is libertas; the Greek is ἐλευθερία. In the thoughts of all three nations, the idea is precisely the same, and the word used for the idea by each nation therefore accurately translates the word of the other: ἐλευθερία—libertas—franchise—reciprocally translate each other. Leonidas is characteristically ἐλεύθερος among Greeks; Publicola, characteristically liber, among Romans; Edward III. and the Black Prince, characteristically frank among French.[3] And that common idea, which the words express, as all the careful scholars among you will know, is, with all the three nations, mainly of deliverance from the slavery of passion. To be ἐλεύθερος, liber, or franc, is first to have learned how to rule our

* "Normandie, la franche,"—"France, la solue" (Chanson de Roland). One of my good pupils referred me to this ancient and glorious French song.[4]

[1] [For references to Mill's *Liberty*, see *Modern Painters*, vol. v. (Vol. VII. p. 229 *n.*).]

[2] [With the discussion of Franchise in this lecture, compare below, § 275, p. 160; *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 43; and *Bible of Amiens*, ch. ii. § 28 and *n.*]

[3] [For other references in this sense see, for Leonidas, Vol. XVIII. p. 354; for Publicola (Valerius), Vol. XVII. p. 23; for Edward III., below, §§ 273–276, pp. 159–161; and for the Black Prince, Vol. V. p. 196.]

[4] ["*Frank* Normandy; *loose* France" (solue, soluta): see *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 43, § 9.]

own passions; and then, certain that our own conduct is right, to persist in that conduct against all resistance, whether of counter-opinion, counter-pain, or counter-pleasure. To be defiant alike of the mob's thought, of the adversary's threat, and the harlot's temptation,—this is in the meaning of every great nation to be free; and the one condition upon which that freedom can be obtained is pronounced to you in a single verse [45] of the 119th Psalm, "I will walk at liberty, for I seek Thy precepts."

198. Thy precepts:—Law, observe, being dominant over the Gothic as over the Greek king, but a quite different law. Edward III. feeling no anger against the Sieur de Ribaumont, and crowning him with his own pearl chaplet,[1] is obeying the law of love, *restraining* anger; but Theseus, slaying the Minotaur, is obeying the law of justice, and *enforcing* anger.

The one is acting under the law of the charity, χάρις, or grace of God; the other under the law of His judgment. The two together fulfil His κρίσις and ἀγάπη.

199. Therefore the Greek dynasties are finally expressed in the kinghoods of Minos, Rhadamanthus, and Aeacus, who judge infallibly, and divide arithmetically.[2] But the dynasty of the Gothic king is in equity and compassion, and his arithmetic is in largesse,[3]

> "Whose moste joy was, I wis,
> When that she gave, and said, Have this."[4]

So that to put it in shortest terms of all, Greek law is of Stasy, and Gothic of Ec-stasy;[5] there is no limit to the freedom of the Gothic hand or heart, and the children are most in the delight and the glory of liberty when they most seek their Father's precepts.

[1] [See *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 25, § 16, where Ruskin relates this incident from Froissart.]

[2] [On the distinctive functions of these three judging powers, see "The Tortoise of Ægina," §§ 8–10 (Vol. XX. pp. 382–384).]

[3] [Compare *Fors Clavigera*, Letters 45 and 46.]

[4] [*Romaunt of the Rose*, 1142; quoted also in Vol. XVII. p. 292.]

[5] [Compare *Lectures on Landscape*, § 62 (Vol. XXII. p. 50).]

200. The two lines I have just quoted are, as you probably remember, from Chaucer's translation of the French *Romance of the Rose*, out of which I before quoted to you the description of the virtue of Debonnaireté.[1] Now that Debonnaireté of the Painted Chamber of Westminster is the typical figure used by the French sculptors and painters for "franchise," frankness, or Frenchness; but in the Painted Chamber, Debonnaireté, high breeding, "out of good-nestedness,"[2] or gentleness, is used, as an English king's English, of the Norman franchise. Here, then, is our own royalty,—let us call it Englishness, the grace of our proper kinghood;—and here is French royalty, the grace of French kinghood—Frenchness, rudely but sufficiently drawn by M. Didron from the porch of Chartres.[3] She has the crown of fleur-de-lys, and William the Norman's shield.

201. Now this grace of high birth, the grace of his or her Most Gracious Majesty, has her name at Chartres written beside her, in Latin. Had it been in Greek, it would have been ἐλευθερία. Being in Latin, what do you think it must be necessarily?—Of course, Libertas. Now M. Didron is quite the best writer on art that I know,—full of sense and intelligence;[4] but of course, as a modern Frenchman,—one of a nation for whom the Latin and Gothic ideas of libertas have entirely vanished,—he is not on his guard against the trap here laid for him. He looks at the word libertas through his spectacles;—can't understand, being a thoroughly good antiquary,* how such a

* Historical antiquary; not art-antiquary I must limitedly say, however. He has made a grotesque mess of his account of the Ducal Palace of Venice, through his ignorance of the technical characters of sculpture.[5]

[1] [*Ariadne Florentina*, § 26 (Vol. XXII. p. 314). For the figure from the Painted Chamber, see Plate XXIV. in that volume.]

[2] [On this derivation see, again, Vol. XXII. p. 315.]

[3] [Ruskin showed at the lecture the drawing of Debonnaireté (which is Plate XXIV. in Vol. XXII.), and Fig. 29 from Didron's *Iconographie Chrétienne: Histoire de Dieu* (1843).]

[4] [See, for other allusions in this sense to M. Didron, pp. 123, 149 *n.*, below; and compare Vol. X. p. 123 *n.*]

[5] [*Iconographie des Chapiteaux du Palais Ducal à Venise*, par William Burges et Didron ainé (Paris, 1857).]

virtue, or privilege, could honestly be carved with approval in the twelfth century;—rubs his spectacles; rubs the inscription, to make sure of its every letter; stamps it, to make surer still;—and at last, though in a greatly bewildered state of mind, remains convinced that here is a sculpture of "La Liberté" in the twelfth century. "C'est bien la liberté!" "On lit parfaitement libertas."[1]

202. Not so, my good M. Didron!—a very different personage, this; of whom more, presently, though the letters of her name are indeed so plainly, "Libertas, et non liberalitas," liberalitas being the Latin for largesse, not for franchise.

This, then, is the opposition between the Greek and Gothic dynasties, in their passionate or vital nature; in the *animal* and *inbred* part of them;—Classic and romantic, Static and ex-static. But now, what opposition is there between their divine natures? Between Theseus and Edward III., as warriors, we now know the difference; but between Theseus and Edward III., as theologians, as dreaming and discerning creatures, as didactic kings,—engraving letters with the point of the sword, instead of thrusting men through with it,—changing the club into the ferula, and becoming schoolmasters as well as kings; what is, thus, the difference between them?

Theologians I called them. Philologians would be a better word,—lovers of the Λόγος, or Word, by which the heavens and earth were made.[2] What logos, *about* this Logos, have they learned, or can they teach?

203. I showed you, in my first lecture,[3] the Byzantine Greek lion, as descended by true unblemished line from the Nemean Greek; but with this difference: Heracles kills the beast, and makes a helmet and cloak of his skin; the Greek St. Mark converts the beast, and makes an evangelist of him.

[1] [See p. 86 *n.* of *Iconographie Chrétienne.*]
[2] [2 Peter iii. 5.]
[3] [See above, §§ 17, 191, pp. 19, 114.]

Is not that a greater difference, think you, than one of mere decadence?

This "maniera goffa e sproporzionata" of Vasari[1] is not, then, merely the wasting away of former leonine strength into thin rigidities of death? There is another change going on at the same time,—body perhaps subjecting itself to spirit.

I will not tease you with further questions. The facts are simple enough. Theseus and Heracles have their religion, sincere and sufficient,—a religion of lion-killers, minotaur-killers, very curious and rude; Eleusinian mystery mingled in it, inscrutable to us now,—partly always so, even to them.

204. Well; the Greek nation, in process of time, loses its manliness,—becomes Graeculus[2] instead of Greek. But though effeminate and feeble, it inherits all the subtlety of its art, all the cunning of its mystery; and it is converted to a more spiritual religion. Nor is it altogether degraded, even by the diminution of its animal energy. Certain spiritual phenomena are possible to the weak, which are hidden from the strong;—nay, the monk may, in his order of being, possess strength denied to the warrior. Is it altogether, think you, by blundering, or by disproportion in intellect or in body, that Theseus becomes St. Athanase? For that is the kind of change which takes place, from the days of the great King of Athens, to those of the great Bishop of Alexandria, in the thought and theology, or, summarily, in the spirit of the Greek.

Now we have learned indeed the difference between the Gothic knight and the Greek knight; but what will be the difference between the Gothic saint and Greek saint?

Franchise of body against constancy of body.

Franchise of thought, then, against constancy of thought.

Edward III. against Theseus.

And the Frank of Assisi against St. Athanase.

[1] [See above, § 10, p. 15.]
[2] [See above, § 8, p. 15.]

205. Utter franchise, utter gentleness in theological thought. Instead of, "This is the faith, which except a man believe faithfully, he cannot be saved,"[1] "This is the love, which if a bird or an insect keep faithfully, *it* shall be saved."[2]

Gentlemen, you have at present arrived at a phase of natural science in which, rejecting alike the theology of the Byzantine, and the affection of the Frank, you can only contemplate a bird as flying under the reign of law, and a cricket as singing under the compulsion of caloric.

I do not know whether you yet feel that the position of your boat on the river also depends entirely on the reign of law, or whether, as your churches and concert-rooms are privileged in the possession of organs blown by steam, you are learning yourselves to sing by gas, and expect the Dies Irae to be announced by a steam-trumpet.[3] But I can very positively assure you that, in my poor domain of imitative art, not all the mechanical or gaseous forces of the world, nor all the laws of the universe, will enable you either to see a colour, or draw a line, without that singular force anciently called the soul, which it was the function of the Greek to discipline in the duty of the servants of God, and of the Goth to lead into the liberty of His children.

206. But in one respect I wish you were more conscious of the existence of law than you appear to be. The difference which I have pointed out to you as existing between these great nations, exists also between two orders of intelligence among men, of which the one is usually called Classic, the other Romantic.[4] Without entering into any of the fine distinctions between these two sects, this broad one is to be observed as constant: that the writers

[1] [With this verse from the Athanasian Creed and the contrast here drawn, compare "Giotto and Niccola Pisano," § 5 (below, p. 477.]

[2] [For other references to St. Francis of Assisi and the birds, see Vol. IV. p. 149 and *n.*; *St. Mark's Rest*, §§ 75, 76; and letter to Mr. Malleson on "The Lord's Prayer and the Church," of July 8, 1879.]

[3] [Compare Vol. XXII. p. 510.]

[4] [On the distinction between "Classic" and "Romantic," compare, in the following course of lectures, that between "Mathematic" and "Æsthetic": pp. 185, 186, 252.]

and painters of the Classic school set down nothing but what is known to be true, and set it down in the perfectest manner possible in their way, and are thenceforward authorities from whom there is no appeal. Romantic writers and painters, on the contrary, express themselves under the impulse of passions which may indeed lead them to the discovery of new truths, or to the more delightful arrangement or presentment of things already known: but their work, however brilliant or lovely, remains imperfect, and without authority. It is not possible, of course, to separate these two orders of men trenchantly: a classic writer may sometimes, whatever his care, admit an error, and a romantic one may reach perfection through enthusiasm. But, practically, you may separate the two for your study and your education; and, during your youth, the business of us your masters is to enforce on you the reading, for school work, only of classical books; and to see that your minds are both informed of the indisputable facts they contain, and accustomed to act with the infallible accuracy of which they set the example.

207. I have not time to make the calculation, but I suppose that the daily literature by which we now are principally nourished is so large in issue that though St. John's "even the world itself could not contain the books which should be written"[1] may be still hyperbole, it is nevertheless literally true that the world might be *wrapped* in the books which are written; and that the sheets of paper covered with type on any given subject, interesting to the modern mind (say the prospects of the Claimant[2]), issued in the form of English morning papers during a single year, would be enough literally to pack the world in.

208. Now I will read you fifty-two lines of a classical author, which, once well read and understood, contain more truth than has been told you all this year by this whole globe's compass of print.

[1] [John xxi. 25.]

[2] [For other allusions to the then notorious Tichborne case, see *Mornings in Florence*, § 43 (below, p. 339); and *Fors Clavigera*, Letters 38, 44, and 94.]

Fifty-two lines, of which you will recognize some as hackneyed, and see little to admire in others. But it is not possible to put the statements they contain into better English, nor to invalidate one syllable of the statements they contain.*

209. Even those, and there may be many here, who would dispute the truth of the passage, will admit its exquisite distinctness and construction. If it be untrue, that is merely because I have not been taught by my modern education to recognize a classical author; but whatever my mistakes, or yours, may be, there *are* certain truths long known to all rational men, and indisputable. You may add to them, but you cannot diminish them. And it is the business of a University to determine what books of this kind exist, and to enforce the understanding of them.[1]

210. The classical and romantic arts which we have now under examination therefore consist,—the first, in that which represented, under whatever symbols, truths respecting the history of men, which it is proper that all should know; while the second owes its interest to passionate impulse or incident. This distinction holds in all ages, but the distinction between the franchise of Northern, and the constancy of Byzantine, art, depends partly on the unsystematic play of emotion in the one, and the appointed sequence of known fact or determined judgment in the other.

You will find in the beginning of M. Didron's book,[2] already quoted, an admirable analysis of what may be called the classic sequence of Christian theology, as written in the sculpture of the Cathedral of Chartres. You will find in the treatment of the façade of Orvieto the beginning of the development of passionate romance,—the one being grave sermon writing; the other, cheerful romance or novel writing: so that the one requires you to think,

* *The Deserted Village,* lines 251 to 302.

[1] [Compare Preface (§§ 2, 3) to vol. i. of *Bibliotheca Pastorum.*]

[2] [Introduction to *Iconographie Chrétienne: Histoire de Dieu,* par M. Didron, 1843, pp. 15–19: see above, p. 118.]

the other only to feel or perceive; the one is always a parable with a meaning, the other only a story with an impression.

211. And here I get at a result concerning Greek art, which is very sweeping and wide indeed. That it is all parable, but Gothic, as distinct from it, literal. So absolutely does this hold, that it reaches down to our modern school of landscape. You know I have always told you Turner belonged to the Greek school.[1] Precisely as the stream of blood coming from under the throne of judgment in the Byzantine mosaic of Torcello is a sign of condemnation, his scarlet clouds are used by Turner as a sign of death;[2] and just as on an Egyptian tomb the genius of death lays the sun down behind the horizon, so in his Cephalus and Procris, the last rays of the sun withdraw from the forest as the nymph expires.[3]

And yet, observe, both the classic and romantic teaching may be equally earnest, only different in manner. But from classic art, unless you understand it, you may get nothing; from romantic art, even if you don't understand it, you get at least delight.

212. I cannot show the difference more completely or fortunately than by comparing Sir Walter Scott's type of libertas, with the franchise of Chartres Cathedral, or Debonnaireté of the Painted Chamber.

At Chartres, and Westminster, the high birth is shown by the crown; the strong bright life by the flowing hair; the fortitude by the conqueror's shield; and the truth by the bright openness of the face:

> "She was not brown, nor dull of hue,
> But white as snowe, fallen newe." [4]

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[1] [See Vol. XX. p. 174, and Vol. XXII. p. 40.]

[2] [For the mosaic of Torcello, see *Stones of Venice*, vol. ii. (Vol. X. p. 232); and for Turner's symbolic use of scarlet, *Modern Painters*, vol. v. (Vol. VII. p. 438 *n.*).]

[3] [See *Lectures on Landscape*, §§ 93–94 (Vol. XXII. pp. 65–66, and Plate XIV.)]

[4] [See the description of Debonnaireté in *Ariadne Florentina*, § 26 (Vol. XXII. p. 314), where more of Chaucer's lines are quoted. See also *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 43.]

All these are symbols, which, if you cannot read, the image is to you only an uninteresting stiff figure. But Sir Walter's Franchise, Diana Vernon, interests you at once in personal aspect and character.[1] She is no symbol to you; but if you acquaint yourself with her perfectly, you find her utter frankness, governed by a superb self-command; her spotless truth, refined by tenderness; her fiery enthusiasm, subdued by dignity; and her fearless liberty, incapable of doing wrong, joining to fulfil to you, in sight and presence, what the Greek could only teach by signs.

213. I have before noticed—though I am not sure that you have yet believed my statement of it—the significance of Sir Walter's as of Shakespeare's names;[2] Diana "Vernon, semper viret,"[3] gives you the conditions of purity and youthful strength or spring which imply the highest state of libertas. By corruption of the idea of purity, you get the modern heroines of London Journal—or perhaps we may more fitly call it "Cockney-daily"—literature. You have one of them in perfection, for instance, in Mr. Charles Reade's *Griffith Gaunt*—"Lithe, and vigorous, and one with her great white gelding;" and liable to be entirely changed in her mind about the destinies of her life by a quarter of an hour's conversation with a gentleman unexpectedly handsome; the hero also being a person who looks at people whom he dislikes, with eyes "like a dog's in the dark"; and both hero and heroine having souls and intellects also precisely corresponding to those of a dog's in the dark, which is indeed the essential picture of the practical English national mind at this moment,—happy if it remains doggish,—Circe not usually being content with changing people into dogs only. For the Diana Vernon of the

[1] [For other references to Diana Vernon, see *Fiction, Fair and Foul*, § 22; and to *Rob Roy* generally, see General Index.]

[2] [See, on the significance of Shakespeare's names, *Munera Pulveris*, § 134 *n.* (Vol. XVII. pp. 257–258); and on that of Scott's, *Bible of Amiens*, ch. ii. § 18, and *Fiction, Fair and Foul*, §§ 19, 31, 114, 122. These latter writings were subsequent, however, to the present book, so that Ruskin must have noticed the same point in some of his unpublished Oxford lectures.]

[3] [The well-known punning motto of the Vernon family (see *Rob Roy*, ch. x.).]

Greek is Artemis Laphria,[1] who is friendly to the dog; not to the swine. Do you see, by the way, how perfectly the image is carried out by Sir Walter in putting his Diana on the border country? "Yonder blue hill is in Scotland," she says to her cousin,[2]—not in the least thinking less of him for having been concerned, it may be, in one of Rob Roy's forays. And so gradually you get the idea of Norman franchise carried out in the free-rider or free-booter; not safe from degradation on that side also; but by no means of swinish temper, or foraging, as at present the British speculative public, only with the snout.

214. Finally, in the most soft and domestic form of virtue, you have Wordsworth's ideal:

> "Her household motions light and free,
> And steps of virgin liberty."[3]

The distinction between these northern types of feminine virtue, and the figures of Alcestis, Antigone, or Iphigenia,[4] lies deep in the spirit of the art of either country, and is carried out into its most unimportant details. We shall find in the central art of Florence at once the thoughtfulness of Greece and the gladness of England, associated under images of monastic severity peculiar to herself.

And what Diana Vernon is to a French ballerine dancing the Cancan, the "libertas" of Chartres and Westminster is to the "liberty" of M. Victor Hugo and Mr. John Stuart Mill.

[1] [See above, § 19, p. 20.]
[2] [*Rob Roy*, ch. vii.]
[3] [Quoted also in *Sesame and Lilies*, § 78 (Vol. XVIII. p. 131).]
[4] [For the types of Alcestis and Iphigenia, compare *Sesame and Lilies*, § 61 (Vol. XVIII. p. 118); and for that of Iphigenia, *Ethics of the Dust*, § 69 (*ibid.*, p. 289).]

LECTURE IX

THE TYRRHENE SEA

215. We may now return to the points of necessary history, having our ideas fixed within accurate limits as to the meaning of the word Liberty; and as to the relation of the passions which separated the Guelph and Ghibelline to those of our own days.

The Lombard or Guelph league consisted, after the accession of Florence, essentially of the three great cities—Milan, Bologna, and Florence; the Imperial or Ghibelline league, of Verona, Pisa, and Siena. Venice and Genoa, both nominally Guelph, are in furious contention always for sea empire; while Pisa and Genoa are in contention, not so much for empire as honour. Whether the trade of the East was to go up the Adriatic, or round by the Gulf of Genoa, was essentially a mercantile question; but whether, of the two ports in sight of each other, Pisa or Genoa was to be the Queen of the Tyrrhene Sea, was no less distinctly a personal one than which of two rival beauties shall preside at a tournament.

216. This personal rivalry, so far as it was separated from their commercial interests, was indeed mortal, but not malignant. The quarrel was to be decided to the death, but decided with honour; and each city had four observers permittedly resident in the other, to give account of all that was done there in naval invention and armament.

217. Observe, also, in the year 1251, when we quitted our history,[1] we left Florence not only Guelph, as against the Imperial power (that is to say, the body of her knights

[1] [See above, § 110, p. 67.]

who favoured the Pope and Italians, in dominion over those who favoured Manfred and the Germans), but we left her also definitely with her apron thrown over her shield; and the tradesmen and craftsmen in authority over the knight, whether German or Italian, Papal or Imperial.

That is in 1251. Now in these last two lectures I must try to mark the gist of the history of the next thirty years. The Thirty Years' War, this, of the Middle Ages, infinitely important to all ages; first observe, between Guelph and Ghibelline, ending in the humiliation of the Ghibelline; and, secondly, between Shield and Apron, or, if you like better, between Spear and Hammer, ending in the breaking of the Spear.

218. The first decision of battle, I say, is that between Guelph and Ghibelline, headed by two men of precisely opposite characters, Charles of Anjou and Manfred of Suabia.[1] That I may be able to define the opposition of their characters intelligibly, I must first ask your attention to some points of general scholarship.

I said in my last lecture[2] that, in this one, it would be needful for us to consider what piety was, if we happened not to know; or worse than that, it may be, not instinctively to feel. Such want of feeling is indeed not likely in you, being English-bred; yet as it is the modern cant to consider all such sentiment as useless, or even shameful, we shall be in several ways advantaged by some examination of its nature. Of all classical writers, Horace is the one with whom English gentlemen have on the average most sympathy; and I believe, therefore, we shall most simply and easily get at our point by examining the piety of Horace.

219. You are perhaps, for the moment, surprised, whatever might have been admitted of Æneas, to hear Horace spoken of as a pious person. But of course when your attention is turned to the matter you will recollect many

[1] [See above, § 182, pp. 109–110.]
[2] [See above, § 192, p. 114.]

lines in which the word "pietas" occurs, of which you have only hitherto failed to allow the force because you supposed Horace did not mean what he said.

220. But Horace always and altogether means what he says.[1] It is just because — whatever his faults may have been—he was not a hypocrite, that English gentlemen are so fond of him. "Here is a frank fellow, anyhow," they say, "and a witty one." Wise men know that he is also wise. True men know that he is also true. But pious men, for want of attention, do not always know that he is pious.

One great obstacle to your understanding of him is your having been forced to construct Latin verses, with introduction of the word "Jupiter" always, at need, when you were at a loss for a dactyl. You always feel as if Horace only used it also when *he* wanted a dactyl.

221. Get quit of that notion wholly. All immortal writers speak out of their hearts. Horace spoke out of the abundance of his heart,[2] and tells you precisely what he is, as frankly as Montaigne. Note then, first, how modest he is: "Ne parva Tyrrhenum per aequor, vela darem;— Operosa parvus, carmina fingo."[3] Trust him in such words; he absolutely means them; knows thoroughly that he cannot sail the Tyrrhene Sea,—knows that he cannot float on the winds of Matinum,—can only murmur in the sunny hollows of it among the heath. But note, secondly, his pride: "Exegi monumentum ære perennius."[4] He is not the least afraid to say that. He did it; knew he had done it; said he had done it; and feared no charge of arrogance.

222. Note thirdly, then, his piety, and accept his assured speech of it: "Dis pietas mea, et Musa, cordi est."[5] He

[1] [Compare the Rede Lecture, § 13, and (on Horace's religion) *Queen of the Air*, §§ 47, 48 (Vol. XIX. pp. 173, 348, 349).]

[2] [Matthew xii. 34.]

[3] [*Odes*, iv. 15, 3–4 and 2, 31; the latter passage is quoted also in *Queen of the Air*, § 48 (Vol. XIX. p. 349), where the other words which explain the allusion to "the winds of Matinum" are given.]

[4] [*Ibid.*, iii. 30, 1; quoted also in Vol. XVII. p. 547.]

[5] [*Ibid.*, i. 18, 13-14.]

is perfectly certain of that also; serenely tells you so; and you had better believe him. Well for you, if you *can* believe him; for to believe him, you must understand him first; and I can tell you, you won't arrive at that understanding by looking out the word "pietas" in your White-and-Riddle. If you do, you will find those tiresome contractions, Etym. Dub.,[1] stop your inquiry very briefly, as you go back; if you go forward, through the Italian pieta, you will arrive presently in another group of ideas, and end in misericordia, mercy, and pity. You must not depend on the form of the word; you must find out what it stands for in Horace's mind, and in Virgil's. More than race to the Roman; more than power to the statesman; yet helpless beside the grave, "Non, Torquate, genus, non te facundia, non te Restituet pietas."[2]

Nay, also what it stands for as an attribute, not only of men, but of gods; nor of those only as merciful, but also as avenging. Against Æneas himself, Dido invokes the waves of the Tyrrhene Sea, "si quid pia numina possunt."[3] Be assured there is no getting at the matter by dictionary or context. To know what love means, you must love; to know what piety means, you must be pious.

223. Perhaps you dislike the word, now, from its vulgar use. You may have another if you choose, a metaphorical one,—close enough it seems to Christianity, and yet still absolutely distinct from it,—χριστός. Suppose, as you watch the white bloom of the olives of Val d'Arno and Val di Nievole, which modern piety and economy suppose were grown by God only to supply you with fine Lucca oil, you were to consider, instead, what answer you could make to the Socratic question, *πόθεν ἄν τις τοῦτο τὸ χρῖσμα λάβοι.**

* Xen., *Conviv.*, ii. [4].[4]

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[1] [So also the present-day student will find in his "Lewis and Short."]

[2] [*Odes*, iv. 7, 23, 24; compare Vol. XVII. p. xlviii.]

[3] [*Æneid*, iv. 382.]

[4] [At the banquet described in Xenophon's dialogue, the host proposes to introduce perfumes. Socrates dissuades him. "What odour ought we," asks one of the guests, "to exhale?" "That of honour and virtue," Socrates answers. "And

224. I spoke to you first of Horace's modesty. All piety begins in modesty. You must feel that you are a very little creature, and that you had better do as you are bid. You will then begin to think what you are bid to do, and who bids it. And you will find, unless you are very unhappy indeed, that there is always a quite clear notion of right and wrong in your minds, which you can either obey or disobey, at your pleasure. Obey it simply and resolutely; it will become clearer to you every day: and in obedience to it, you will find a sense of being in harmony with nature, and at peace with God, and all His creatures.[1] You will not understand how the peace comes, nor even in what it consists. It is the peace that passes understanding;[2]—it is just as visionary and imaginative as love is, and just as real, and just as necessary to the life of man. It is the only source of true cheerfulness, and of true common-sense; and whether you believe the Bible, or don't,—or believe the Koran, or don't,—or believe the Vedas, or don't,—it will enable you to believe in God, and please Him, and be such a part of the εὐδοκία[3] of the universe as your nature fits you to be, in His sight, faithful in awe to the powers that are above you, and gracious in regard to the creatures that are around.

225. I will take leave on this head to read one more piece of Carlyle, bearing much on present matters:—

"I hope also they will attack earnestly, and at length extinguish and eradicate, this idle habit of 'accounting for the Moral Sense,' as they phrase it. A most singular problem;—instead of bending every thought to *have* more, and ever more, of 'Moral Sense,' and therewith to irradiate your own poor soul, and all its work, into something of divineness, as the one thing needful to you in this world! A very futile problem that other, my friends; futile, idle, and far worse; leading to what Moral *Ruin*, you little dream of! The Moral Sense, thank God, is a thing you never will

whence can one get such an ointment?" "Not, certainly, from the sellers of perfumes (*οὐ παρὰ τῶν μυροπωλῶν*)," replied Socrates. "From whence, then?" "Theognis has said, 'From the good you will learn what is good; but if you mix with the evil, you will lose even what understanding you have.'"]

[1] [Compare the similar injunction given in "Readings from *Modern Painters*" (Vol. XXII. pp. 536–538).]

[2] [Philippians iv. 7.]

[3] [That which is pleasing or acceptable: see below, p. 148 and *n.*]

'account for'; that, if you could think of it, is the perennial Miracle of Man; in all times, visibly connecting poor transitory Man here on this bewildered Earth with his Maker, who is Eternal in the Heavens. By no Greatest Happiness Principle, Greatest Nobleness Principle, or any Principle whatever, will you make that in the least clearer than it already is;—forbear, I say, or you may *darken* it away from you altogether! 'Two things,' says the memorable Kant, deepest and most logical of Metaphysical Thinkers, 'Two things strike me dumb: the infinite Starry Heaven; and the Sense of Right and Wrong in Man.' *Visible* Infinites, both; *say* nothing of them; don't try to 'account for them'; for you can say nothing wise."[1]

226. Very briefly, I must touch one or two further relative conditions in this natural history of the soul. I have asked you to take the metaphorical, but distinct, word "χρῖσμα," rather than the direct but obscure one "piety"; mainly because the Master of your religion chose the metaphorical epithet for the perpetual one of His own life and person.

But if you will spend a thoughtful hour or two in reading the scripture, which pious Greeks read, not indeed on daintily printed paper, but on daintily painted clay,—if you will examine, that is to say, the scriptures of the Athenian religion, on their Pan-Athenaic vases in their faithful days, you will find that the gift of the literal χρῖσμα, or anointing oil, to the victor in the kingly and visible contest of life, is signed always with the image of that spirit or goddess of the air who was the source of their invisible life.[2] And let me, before quitting this part of my subject, give you one piece of what you will find useful counsel. If ever from the right apothecary, or μυροπώλης, you get any of that χρῖσμα,—don't be careful, when you set it by, of looking for dead dragons or dead dogs in it. But look out for the dead flies.[3]

[1] [*Shooting Niagara; and After?* (1867); at p. 224 of vol. vii. of the *Miscellanies* in the "People's Edition" of Carlyle.]

[2] [A collection of such vases may be seen in the second Vase Room at the British Museum: compare *Queen of the Air*, § 38 (Vol. XIX. p. 336).]

[3] [Ecclesiastes x. 1: "Dead flies cause the ointment of the apothecary to send forth a stinking savour: so doth a little folly him that is in reputation for wisdom and honour." Compare *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 77, § 1 (where Ruskin criticises the tendency to explain away the teaching of Scripture as if it emanated only from the "Lord of Bluebottles and fly-blowing"), and Letter 94, § 2 ("A fool attracts folly as decayed meat attracts flies, and distils and assimilates it, no matter out of what book."]

227. Again; remember, I only quote St. Paul as I quote Xenophon to you; but I expect you to get some good from both. As I want you to think what Xenophon means by "μαντεία,"[1] so I want you to consider also what St. Paul means by "προφητεία." He tells you to prove all things,—to hold fast what is good, and not to despise "prophesyings."[2]

228. Now it is quite literally probable, that this world, having now for some five hundred years absolutely refused to do as it is plainly bid by every prophet that ever spoke in any nation, and having reduced itself therefore to Saul's condition, when he was answered neither by Urim nor by prophets,[3] may be now, while you sit there, receiving necromantic answers from the witch of Endor.[4] But with that possibility you have no concern. There is a prophetic power in your own hearts, known to the Greeks, known to the Jews, known to the Apostles, and knowable by you. If it is now silent to you, do not despise it by tranquillity under that privation; if it speaks to you, do not despise it by disobedience.

229. Now in this broad definition of Pietas, as reverence to sentimental law, you will find I am supported by all classical authority and use of this word. For the particular meaning of which I am next about to use the word Religion, there is no such general authority, nor can there be, for any limited or accurate meaning of it. The best authors use the word in various senses; and you must interpret each writer by his own context. I have myself continually used the term vaguely. I shall endeavour, henceforward, to use it under limitations which, willing always to accept, I shall only transgress by carelessness,

[1] [This inquiry is not, however, contained in Ruskin's lectures, though in his preface to the *Economist* of Xenophon (in *Bibliotheca Pastorum*) there is a reference (§ 16) to the opening of the *Memorabilia*, where Xenophon discusses Socrates's theory of μαντική, or divination. The subject is treated by Mr. H. G. Dakyns, in his essay on Xenophon, in the volume of studies called *Hellenica*, 1880, pp. 345, 348.]

[2] [1 Thessalonians v. 20, 21.]

[3] [1 Samuel xxviii. 6, 7.]

[4] [Compare *Fors Clavigera*, Letters 12 and 60.]

or compliance with some particular use of the word by others. The power in the word, then, which I wish you now to notice, is in its employment with respect to doctrinal divisions. You do not say that one man is of one piety, and another of another; but you do, that one man is of one religion, and another of another.[1]

230. The religion of any man is thus properly to be interpreted, as the feeling which binds him, irrationally, to the fulfilment of duties, or acceptance of beliefs, peculiar to a certain company of which he forms a member, as distinct from the rest of the world. "Which binds him *irrationally*," I say;—by a feeling, at all events, apart from reason, and often superior to it; such as that which brings back the bee to its hive, and the bird to her nest.

A man's religion is the form of mental rest, or dwelling-place, which, partly, his fathers have gained or built for him, and partly, by due reverence to former custom, he has built for himself; consisting of whatever imperfect knowledge may have been granted, up to that time, in the land of his birth, of the Divine character, presence, and dealings, modified by the circumstances of surrounding life.

It may be, that sudden accession of new knowledge may compel him to cast his former idols to the moles and to the bats. But it must be some very miraculous interposition indeed which can justify him in quitting the religion of his forefathers; and, assuredly, it must be an unwise interposition which provokes him to insult it.

231. On the other hand, the value of religious ceremonial, and the virtue of religious truth, consist in the meek fulfilment of the one as the fond habit of a family; and the meek acceptance of the other, as the narrow knowledge of a child. And both are destroyed at once, and the ceremonial or doctrinal prejudice becomes only an occasion of sin, if they make us either wise in our

[1] [Compare the distinction between religion and morality drawn in *Lectures on Art*, § 37 (Vol. XX. p. 49).]

own conceit,[1] or violent in our methods of proselytism. Of those who will compass sea and land to make one proselyte,[2] it is too generally true that they are themselves the children of hell, and make their proselytes twofold more so.

232. And now I am able to state to you, in terms so accurately defined that you cannot misunderstand them, that we are about to study the results in Italy of the victory of an impious Christian over a pious Infidel, in a contest which, if indeed principalities of evil spirit are ever permitted to rule over the darkness of this world, was assuredly by them wholly provoked, and by them finally decided. The war was not actually ended until the battle of Tagliacozzo, fought in August, 1268;[3] but you need not recollect that irregular date, or remember it only as three years after the great battle of Welcome, Benevento, which was the decisive one. Recollect, therefore, securely:

1250. The First Trades Revolt in Florence.
1260. Battle of the Arbia.
1265. Battle of Welcome.

Then between the battle of Welcome and of Tagliacozzo (which you might almost English in the real meaning of it as the battle of Hart's Death: "cozzo" is a butt or thrust with the horn, and you may well think of the young Conradin as a wild hart or stag of the hills)—between those two battles, in 1266, comes the second and central revolt of the trades in Florence, of which I have to speak in next lecture.[4]

233. The two German princes who perished in these two battles—Manfred of Tarentum, and his nephew and ward Conradin—are the natural son, and the legitimate grandson,

[1] [Proverbs xxvi. 5.]
[2] [Matthew xxiii. 15.]
[3] [At the battle of Tagliacozzo (August 23, 1268), Conradin, the last of the House of Hohenstaufen, with the flower of the Ghibelline chivalry, was defeated by Charles I. of Anjou. For Niccola Pisano's commission after this victory, see below, § 264 (p. 154).]
[4] [See below, §§ 259, 260, pp. 152, 153.]

of Frederick II.: they are also the last assertors of the infidel German power in South Italy against the Church; and in alliance with the Saracens; such alliance having been maintained faithfully ever since Frederick II.'s triumphal entry into Jerusalem, and coronation as its king. Not only a great number of Manfred's forts were commanded by Saracen governors, but he had them also appointed over civil tribunals. My own impression is that he found the Saracens more just and trustworthy than the Christians; but it is proper to remember the allegations of the Church against the whole Suabian family; namely, that Manfred had smothered his father Frederick under cushions at Ferentino; and that, of Frederick's sons, Conrad had poisoned Henry, and Manfred had poisoned Conrad. You will, however, I believe, find the Prince Manfred one of the purest representatives of northern chivalry. Against his nephew, educated in all knightly accomplishment by his mother, Elizabeth of Bavaria, nothing could be alleged by his enemies, even when resolved on his death, but the splendour of his spirit and the brightness of his youth.

234. Of the character of their enemy, Charles of Anjou, there will remain on your minds, after careful examination of his conduct, only the doubt whether I am justified in speaking of him as Christian against Infidel. But you will cease to doubt this when you have entirely entered into the conditions of this nascent Christianity of the thirteenth century. You will find that while men who desire to be virtuous receive it as the mother of virtues, men who desire to be criminal receive it as the forgiver of crimes; and that therefore, between Ghibelline or Infidel cruelty, and Guelph or Christian cruelty, there is always this difference, —that the Infidel cruelty is done in hot blood, and the Christian's in cold. I hope (in future lectures on the architecture of Pisa[1]) to illustrate to you the opposition between the Ghibelline Conti, counts, and the Guelphic Visconti, viscounts, or "against counts," which issues, for one thing,

[1] [No such lectures were, however, given.]

in that, by all men blamed as too deliberate, death of the Count Ugolino della Gherardesca.[1] The Count Ugolino was a traitor, who entirely deserved death; but another Count of Pisa, entirely faithful to the Ghibelline cause, was put to death by Charles of Anjou, not only in cold blood, but with resolute infliction of Ugolino's utmost grief;—not in the dungeon, but in the full light of day—his son being first put to death before his eyes.[2] And among the pieces of heraldry most significant in the Middle Ages, the asp on the shield of the Guelphic viscounts is to be much remembered by you as a sign of this merciless cruelty of mistaken religion; mistaken, but not in the least hypocritical. It has perfect confidence in itself, and can answer with serenity for all its deeds. The serenity of heart never appears in the guilty Infidels; they die in despair or gloom, greatly satisfactory to adverse religious minds.

235. The French Pope, then, Urban of Troyes, had sent for Charles of Anjou; who would not have answered his call, even with all the strength of Anjou and Provence, had not Scylla of the Tyrrhene Sea[3] been on his side. Pisa, with eighty galleys (the Sicilian fleet added to her own), watched and defended the coasts of Rome. An irresistible storm drove her fleet to shelter; and Charles, in a single ship, reached the mouth of the Tiber, and found lodgings at Rome in the convent of St. Paul. His wife meanwhile spent her dowry in increasing his land army, and led it across the Alps. How he had got his wife, and her dowry, we must hear in Villani's words,[4] as nearly as I can give their force English, only, instead of the English word pilgrim, I shall use the Italian "romeo," for the sake both of all English Juliets, and that you may better understand the close of the sixth canto of the *Paradise*.

[1] [For other references to the fate of Count Ugolino, see Vol. I. p. 115.]

[2] [The Counts Gérard and Gavano Donoratico: see Sismondi, ch. xxi. (vol. iii. pp. 389-390).]

[3] [Ruskin thus calls Pisa a city embodying the "rampant energy, which the Greeks expressed in their symbolic . . . Scylla" (see above, p. 103); she is the sea-dog "of the Tyrrhene Sea."]

[4] [Book vi. ch. xci. (vol. ii. pp. 196 *seq.*).]

236. "Now the Count Raymond Berenger had for his inheritance all Provence on this side Rhone; and he was a wise and courteous signor, and of noble state, and virtuous; and in his time they did honourable things; and to his court came by custom all the gentlemen of Provence, and France, and Catalonia, for his courtesy and noble state; and there they made many cobbled verses, and Provençal songs of great sentences."

237. I must stop to tell you that "cobbled" or "coupled" verses mean rhymes, as opposed to the dull method of Latin verse; for we have now got an ear for jingle, and know that dove rhymes to love. Also, "songs of great sentences" mean didactic songs, containing much in little (like the new didactic Christian painting), of which an example (though of a later time) will give you a better idea than any description.

"Vraye foy de necessité,
Non tant seulement d'équité,
Nous fait de Dieu sept choses croire
C'est sa doulce nativité,
Son baptesme d'humilité,
Et sa mort, digne de mémoire:
Son descens en la chartre noire,
Et sa résurrection, voire;
S'ascencion d'auctorité,
La venuë judicatoire,
Ou ly bons seront mis en gloire,
Et ly mals en adversité."[1]

238. And while they were making these cobbled verses and harmonious creeds, "there came a romeo to court, returning from the shrine of St. James." I must stop again just to say that he ought to have been called a pellegrino, not a romeo, for the three kinds of wanderers are,—Palmer, one who goes to the Holy Land; Pilgrim, one who goes to Spain; and Romeo, one who goes to Rome. Probably this romeo had been to both. "He stopped at Count Raymond's court, and was so wise and worthy (valoroso),

[1] [From "Le Testament de Maistre Jean de Meung" (lines 49–60), appended to *Le Roman de la Rose.*]

and so won the Count's grace, that he made him his master and guide in all things. Who also, maintaining himself in honest and religious customs of life, in a little time, by his industry and good sense, doubled the Count's revenues three times over, maintaining always a great and honoured court. Now the Count had four daughters, and no son; and by the sense and provision of the good romeo—(I can do no better than translate 'procaccio' provision, but it is only a makeshift for the word derived from procax, meaning the general talent of prudent impudence, in getting forward; 'forwardness,' has a good deal of the true sense, only diluted);—well, by the sense and—progressive faculty, shall we say?—of the good pilgrim, he first married the eldest daughter, by means of money, to the good King Louis of France, saying to the Count, 'Let me alone,—Lascia-mi-fare—and never mind the expense, for if you marry the first one well, I'll marry you all the others cheaper, for her relationship.'

239. "And so it fell out, sure enough; for incontinently the King of England (Henry III.), because he was the King of France's relation, took the next daughter, Eleanor, for very little money indeed; next, his natural brother, elect King of the Romans, took the third; and, the youngest still remaining unmarried,—says the good romeo, 'Now for this one, I will you to have a strong man for son-in-law, who shall be thy heir;'—and so he brought it to pass. For finding Charles, Count of Anjou, brother of the King Louis, he said to Raymond, 'Give her now to him, for his fate is to be the best man in the world,'—prophesying of him. And so it was done. And after all this it came to pass, by envy which ruins all good, that the barons of Provence became jealous of the good romeo, and accused him to the Count of having ill-guided his goods, and made Raymond demand account of them. Then the good romeo said, 'Count, I have served thee long, and have put thee from little state into mighty, and for this, by false counsel of thy people, thou art little grateful. I came into thy

court a poor romeo; I have lived honestly on thy means; now, make to be given to me my little mule and my staff and my wallet, as I came, and I will make thee quit of all my service.' The Count would not he should go; but for nothing would he stay; and so he came, and so he departed, that no one ever knew whence he had come, nor whither he went. It was the thought of many that he was indeed a sacred spirit."[1]

240. This pilgrim, you are to notice, is put by Dante in the orb of justice, as a just servant; the Emperor Justinian being the image of a just ruler. Justinian's law-making turned out well for England; but the good romeo's match-making ended ill for it; and for Rome, and Naples also. For Beatrice of Provence resolved to be a queen like her three sisters, and was the prompting spirit of Charles's expedition to Italy. She was crowned with him, Queen of Apulia and Sicily, on the day of the Epiphany, 1265; she and her husband bringing gifts that day of magical power enough; and Charles, as soon as the feast of coronation was over, set out to give battle to Manfred and his Saracens. "And this Charles," says Villani,[2] "was wise, and of sane counsel; and of prowess in arms, and fierce, and much feared and redoubted by all the kings in the world;—magnanimous and of high purposes; fearless in the carrying forth of every great enterprise; firm in every adversity; a

[1] [Lines 130 to the end (thus rendered in Cary's version):—

"Within this pearl, that now encloseth us,
Shines Romeo's light, whose goodly deed and fair
Met ill acceptance. But the Provençals,
That were his foes, have little cause for mirth.
Ill shapes that man his course who makes his wrong
Of other's worth. Four daughters were there born
To Raymond Berenger; and every one
Became a Queen; and this for him did Romeo,
Though of mean state and from a foreign land.
Yet envious tongues incited him to ask
A reckoning of that just one, who return'd
Twelve fold to him for ten. Aged and poor
He parted thence; and if the world did know
The heart he had, begging his life by morsels,
'Twould deem the praise it deals him scantly dealt."]

[2] [Book vii. ch. i. (vol. iii. p. 4).]

verifier of his every word; speaking little,—doing much; and scarcely ever laughed, and then but a little; sincere, and without flaw, as a religious and catholic person; stern in justice, and fierce in look; tall and nervous in person, olive coloured, and with a large nose, and well he appeared a royal majesty more than other men. Much he watched, and little he slept; and used to say that so much time as one slept, one lost; generous to his men-at-arms, but covetous to acquire land, signory, and coin, come how it would, to furnish his enterprises and wars: in courtiers, servants of pleasure, or jocular persons, he delighted never."

241. To this newly crowned and resolute king, riding south from Rome, Manfred, from his vale of Nocera under Mount St. Angelo, sends to offer conditions of peace. Jehu the son of Nimshi is not swifter of answer to Ahaziah's messenger than the fiery Christian king, in his "What hast thou to do with peace?"[1] Charles answers the messengers with his own lips: "Tell the Sultan of Nocera, this day I will put him in hell, or he shall put me in paradise."

242. Do not think it the speech of a hypocrite. Charles was as fully prepared for death that day as ever Scotch Covenanter fighting for his Holy League; and as sure that death would find him, if it found, only to glorify and bless. Balfour of Burley against Claverhouse[2] is not more convinced in heart that he draws the sword of the Lord and of Gideon.[3] But all the knightly pride of Claverhouse himself is knit together, in Charles, with fearless faith, and religious wrath. "This Saracen scum, led by a bastard German,—traitor to his creed, usurper among his race,—dares it look me, a Christian knight, a prince of the house of France, in the eyes? Tell the Sultan of Nocera, to-day I put him in hell, or he puts me in paradise."

They are not passionate words neither; any more than

[1] [2 Kings ix. 19.]

[2] [For references to Balfour of Burley and Claverhouse in *Old Mortality*, see Vol. XVIII. p. 115; *Fiction, Fair and Foul*, §§ 113, 117; and *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 65.]

[3] [Judges vii. 20.]

hypocritical ones. They are measured, resolute, and the fewest possible. He never wasted words, nor showed his mind, but when he meant it should be known.

243. The messenger returned, thus answered; and the French king rode on with his host. Manfred met him in the plain of Grandella, before Benevento. I have translated the name of the fortress "Welcome." It was altered, as you may remember, from Maleventum, for better omen;[1] perhaps, originally, only μαλόεις[2]—a rock full of wild goats? —associating it thus with the meaning of Tagliacozzo.

244. Charles divided his army into four companies.[3] The captain of his own was our English Guy de Montfort, on whom rested the power and the fate of his grandfather, the pursuer of the Waldensian shepherds among the rocks of the wild goats.[4] The last, and it is said the goodliest, troop was of the exiled Guelphs of Florence, under Guido Guerra,[5] whose name you already know. "These," said Manfred, as he watched them ride into their ranks, "cannot lose to-day." He meant that if he himself was the victor, he would restore these exiles to their city. The event of the battle was decided by the treachery of the Count of Caserta, Manfred's brother-in-law. At the end of the day only a few knights remained with him, whom he led in the last charge. As he helmed himself, the crest fell from his helmet. "Hoc est signum Dei," he said,—so accepting what he saw to be the purpose of the Ruler of all things;

[1] [The original name, due to its unwholesome air (Pliny, iii. 3, 16), was altered when the place was made a Roman colony in B.C. 268.]

[2] [If this word be as Ruskin wrote it, he must have coined it from μαλός (white, or woolly, of a goat), which, however, is itself an adjective. The manuscript of this part of *Val d'Arno* is not (so far as the editors know) in existence, or it might have thrown light on the matter. For "the meaning of Tagliacozzo," see above, p. 135.]

[3] [See Villani, book vii. chaps. viii. and ix. (pp. 18 *seq.*).]

[4] [The allusion is to the war of extermination against the Albigenses (1209–1229), under Simon IV., Count of Montfort, in which many of the Waldensians also perished in their Alpine valleys. This Simon was the father of Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester (killed at Evesham, 1265), whose son was Guy de Montfort. Count Simon IV. was killed at the siege of Toulouse, June 25, 1218. Guy de Montfort (for whom, see also Vol. XXIV. p. 136) was captured at Catania in 1287 and died in a Sicilian prison.]

[5] [See above, § 126, p. 76.]

not claiming God as his friend, not asking anything of Him, as if His purpose could be changed; not fearing Him as an enemy; but accepting simply His sign that the appointed day of death was come. He rode into the battle armed like a nameless soldier, and lay unknown among the dead.

245. And in him died all Southern Italy. Never, after that day's treachery, did her nobles rise, or her people prosper.

Of the finding of the body of Manfred, and its casting forth, accursed, you may read, if you will, the story in Dante.[1] I trace for you to-day rapidly only the acts of Charles after this victory, and its consummation, three years later, by the defeat of Conradin.

The town of Benevento had offered no resistance to Charles, but he gave it up to pillage, and massacred its inhabitants. The slaughter, indiscriminate, continued for eight days; the women and children were slain with the men, being of Saracen blood. Manfred's wife, Sybil of Epirus, his children, and all his barons, died, or were put to death, in the prisons of Provence. With the young Conrad, all the faithful Ghibelline knights of Pisa were put to death. The son of Frederick of Antioch, who drove the Guelphs from Florence,[2] had his eyes torn out, and was hanged, he being the last child of the house of Suabia. Twenty-four of the barons of Calabria were executed at Gallipoli, and at Rome. Charles cut off the feet of those who had fought for Conrad; then—fearful lest they should be pitied—shut them into a house of wood, and burned them. His lieutenant in Sicily, William of the Standard,[3] besieged the town of Augusta, which defended itself with some fortitude, but was betrayed, and all its inhabitants (who must have been more than three thousand, for there were a thousand able to bear arms),

[1] [See above, § 189, pp. 112–113 *n.*]
[2] [See above, § 98, p. 60.]
[3] [For the incidents here related, see Sismondi, ch. xxi. (vol. iii. pp. 390 *seq.*).]

massacred in cold blood; the last of them searched for in their hiding-places, when the streets were empty, dragged to the sea-shore, then beheaded, and their bodies thrown into the sea. Throughout Calabria the Christian judges of Charles thus forgave his enemies. And the Mohammedan power and heresy ended in Italy, and she became secure in her Catholic creed.

246. Not altogether secure under French dominion. After fourteen years of misery, Sicily sang her angry vespers, and a Calabrian admiral burnt the fleet of Charles before his eyes, where Scylla rules her barking Salamis.[1] But the French king died in prayerful peace, receiving the sacrament with these words of perfectly honest faith, as he reviewed his past life: "Lord God, as I truly believe that you are my Saviour, so I pray you to have mercy on my soul; and as I truly made the conquest of Sicily more to serve the Holy Church than for my own covetousness, so I pray you to pardon my sins."[2]

247. You are to note the two clauses of this prayer. He prays absolute mercy, on account of his faith in Christ; but remission of purgatory, in proportion to the quantity of good work he has done, or meant to do, as against evil. You are so much wiser in these days, you think, not believing in purgatory; and so much more benevolent, —not massacring women and children. But we must not be too proud of not believing in purgatory, unless we are quite sure of our real desire to be purified: and as to our not massacring children, it is true that an English gentleman will not now himself willingly put a knife into the throat either of a child or a lamb; but he will kill any quantity of children by disease in order to increase his rents, as unconcernedly as he will eat any quantity of mutton.

[1] [The battle of Tagliacozzo in 1268 being followed in 1282 by the massacre of the French, known as the Sicilian Vespers. Charles thereupon directed his fleet against Sicily, but it was burnt by Roger de Loria (a Calabrian admiral in the service of the King of Aragon) off Reggio—see Sismondi, ch. xxiii. (vol. iv. pp. 7, 10)—"where Scylla rules her barking Salamis"; that is, in the Straits of Messina (Scylla and Charybdis).]

[2] [The words are given by Villani, book vii. ch. xciv. (vol. iii. pp. 170–171).]

And as to absolute massacre, I do not suppose a child feels so much pain in being killed as a full-grown man, and its life is of less value to it. No pain either of body or thought through which you could put an infant, would be comparable to that of a good son, or a faithful lover, dying slowly of a painful wound at a distance from a family dependent upon him, or a mistress devoted to him. But the victories of Charles, and the massacres, taken in sum, would not give a muster-roll of more than twenty thousand dead; men, women, and children counted all together. On the plains of France, since I first began to speak to you on the subject of the arts of peace, at least five hundred thousand men, in the prime of life, have been massacred[1] by the folly of one Christian emperor, the insolence of another, and the mingling of mean rapacity with meaner vanity, which Christian nations now call "patriotism."[2]

248. But that the Crusaders (whether led by St. Louis or by his brother), who habitually lived by robbery, and might be swiftly enraged to murder, were still too savage to conceive the spirit or the character of this Christ whose cross they wear, I have again and again alleged to you;[3] not, I imagine, without question from many who have been accustomed to look to these earlier ages as authoritative in doctrine, if not in example. We alike err in supposing them more spiritual, or more dark, than our own. They had not yet attained to the knowledge which we have despised, nor dispersed from their faith the shadows with which we have again overclouded ours.

Their passions, tumultuous and merciless as the Tyrrhene Sea, raged indeed with the danger, but also with the uses, of naturally appointed storm; while ours, pacific in corruption, languish in vague maremma of misguided pools; and are pestilential most surely as they retire.

[1] [For other references to the Franco-German war, see Vol. XVIII. p. 35 *n.*]

[2] [See Vol. XVII. p. 556 *n.*]

[3] [See above, § 54 (p. 36); and compare *Ariadne Florentina*, § 66 (Vol. XXII. p. 341); *Stones of Venice*, vol. ii. (Vol. X. p. 306 *n.*); and "An Oxford Lecture," § 77 (Vol. XXII. p. 535).]

LECTURE X

FLEUR-DE-LYS

249. Through all the tempestuous winter which, during the period of history we have been reviewing, weakened, in their war with the opposed rocks of religious or knightly pride, the waves of the Tuscan Sea, there has been slow increase of the Favonian power[1] which is to bring fruitfulness to the rock, peace to the wave. The new element which is introduced in the thirteenth century, and perfects for a little time the work of Christianity, at least in some few chosen souls, is the law of Order and Charity, of intellectual and moral virtue, which it now became the function of every great artist to teach, and of every true citizen to maintain.

250. I have placed on your table one of the earliest existing engravings by a Florentine hand,[2] representing the conception which the national mind formed of this spirit of order and tranquillity, "Cosmico," or the Equity of Kosmos, not by senseless attraction, but by spiritual thought and law. He stands pointing with his left hand to the earth, set only with tufts of grass; in his right hand he holds the ordered system of the universe—heaven and earth in one orb;—the heaven made cosmic by the courses of its stars; the earth cosmic by the seats of authority and fellowship,—castles on the hills and cities in the plain.

251. The tufts of grass under the feet of this figure will appear to you, at first, grotesquely formal. But they are only the simplest expression, in such herbage, of the subjection of all vegetative force to this law of order,

[1] ["Solvitur acris hiems grata vice veris et Favoni" (Horace: *Odes*, i. 4. 1).]

[2] [This is one of the Tarocchi cards (see Vol. XX. p. 335 *n.*); No. 33, belonging to suit B.]

equity, or symmetry, which, made by the Greek the principal method of his current vegetative sculpture, subdues it, in the hand of Cora or Triptolemus, into the merely triple sceptre, or animates it, in Florence, to the likeness of the Fleur-de-lys.

252. I have already stated to you[1] that if any definite flower is meant by these triple groups of leaves, which take their authoritatively typical form in the crowns of the Cretan and Lacinian Hera, it is not the violet, but the purple iris; or sometimes, as in Pindar's description of the birth of Iamus, the yellow water-flag, which you know so well in spring, by the banks of your Oxford streams.* But, in general, it means simply the springing of beautiful and orderly vegetation in fields upon which the dew falls pure. It is the expression, therefore, of peace on the redeemed and cultivated earth, and of the pleasure of Heaven in the uncareful happiness of men clothed without labour, and fed without fear.

253. In the passage, so often read by us, which announces the advent of Christianity as the dawn of peace on earth, we habitually neglect great part of the promise, owing to the false translation of the second clause of the sentence. I cannot understand how it should be still needful to point out to you here in Oxford that neither

* In the catalogues of the collection of drawings in this room,[2] and in my *Queen of the Air* (§§ 82 *seqq.*), you will find all that I would ask you to notice about the various names and kinds of the flower, and their symbolic use.—Note only, with respect to our present purpose, that while the true white lily is placed in the hands of the Angel of the Annunciation even by Florentine artists, in their general design, the fleur-de-lys is given to him by Giovanni Pisano on the façade of Orvieto; and that the flower in the crown-circlets of European kings answers, as I stated to you in my lecture on the Corona,[3] to the Narcissus fillet of early Greece; the crown of abundance and rejoicing.

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[1] [See *Catalogue of the Educational Series*, No. 12 (Vol. XXI. p. 76).]

[2] [That is, in the Ruskin Drawing School, where the present course of lectures was delivered. For the catalogue, see again, *Catalogue of the Educational Series*, No. 12; and "Instructions in Elementary Exercises," § 11 (Vol. XXI. p. 243). For the passage in the *Queen of the Air*, see Vol. XIX. pp. 373–378.]

[3] [The third of the lectures on Birds, now added to *Love's Meinie* (Vol. XXV.).]

the Greek words "ἐν ἀνθρώποις εὐδοκία," nor those of the Vulgate, "in terra pax hominibus bonæ voluntatis," in the slightest degree justify our English words, "goodwill to men."[1]

Of God's goodwill to men, and to all creatures, for ever, there needed no proclamation by angels. But that men should be able to please *Him*,—that their wills should be made holy, and they should not only possess peace in themselves, but be able to give joy to their God, in the sense in which He afterwards is pleased with His own baptized Son;[2]—this was a new thing for angels to declare, and for shepherds to believe.

254. And the error was made yet more fatal by its repetition in a passage of parallel importance,—the thanksgiving, namely, offered by Christ, that His Father, while He had hidden what it was best to know, not from the wise and prudent, but from some among the wise and prudent, and had revealed it unto babes; not "for so it seemed good" in His sight, but "that there might be well pleasing in His sight,"[3]—namely, that the wise and simple might equally live in the necessary knowledge, and enjoyed presence, of God. And if, having accurately read these vital passages, you then as carefully consider the tenour of the two songs of human joy in the birth of Christ, the Magnificat, and the Nunc Dimittis, you will find the theme of both to be, not the newness of blessing, but the equity which disappoints the cruelty and humbles the strength of men; which scatters the proud in the imagination of their hearts; which fills the hungry with good things; and is not only the glory of Israel, but the light of the Gentiles.[4]

255. As I have been writing these paragraphs, I have

[1] [Luke ii. 14.]
[2] [Matthew iii. 27.]
[3] [Luke x. 21; Matthew xi. 25, 26, (ἀπὸ σοφῶν και συνετῶν . . . ὅτι οὕτως ἐγένετο εὐδοκία ἔμπροσθέν σου). The Revised Version retains "from *the* wise and prudent," but translates the latter words "for so it was well-pleasing in Thy sight."]
[4] [Luke i. 52, 53, ii. 32.]

been checking myself almost at every word,—wondering, Will they be restless on their seats at this, and thinking all the while that they did not come here to be lectured on Divinity? You may have been a little impatient,—how could it well be otherwise? Had I been explaining points of anatomy, and showing you how you bent your necks and straightened your legs, you would have thought me quite in my proper function; because then, when you went with a party of connoisseurs through the Vatican, you could point out to them the insertion of the clavicle in the Apollo Belvidere; and in the Sistine Chapel the perfectly accurate delineation of the tibia in the legs of Christ. Doubtless; but you know I am lecturing at present on the goffi,[1] and not on Michael Angelo; and the goffi are very careless about clavicles and shin-bones; so that if, after being lectured on anatomy, you went into the Campo Santo of Pisa, you would simply find nothing to look at, except three tolerably well-drawn skeletons. But if after being lectured on theology, you go into the Campo Santo of Pisa, you will find not a little to look at, and to remember.

256. For a single instance, you know Michael Angelo is admitted to have been so far indebted to these goffi as to borrow from the one to whose study of mortality I have just referred, Orcagna, the gesture of his Christ in the Judgment.[2] He borrowed, however, accurately speaking, the position only, not the gesture; nor the meaning of it.* You all remember the action of Michael Angelo's Christ,—the right hand raised as if in violence of reprobation; and the left closed across His breast, as refusing all

* I found all this in M. Didron's *Iconographie*, above quoted;[3] I had never noticed the difference between the two figures myself.

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[1] [See above, § 10, p. 15.]

[2] [Compare Vol. IV. p. 275 *n.*, and Vol. XII. p. 147.]

[3] [See pp. 118, 123 for previous references to *Iconographie Chrétienne: Histoire de Dieu*, par M. Didron, Paris, 1843, p. 268, and Fig. 67. The figure is here (Fig. 5) given in outline, together with an outline of the Christ by Michael Angelo in the Sistine Chapel.]

mercy. The action is one which appeals to persons of very ordinary sensations, and is very naturally adopted by the Renaissance painter, both for its popular effect, and its capabilities for the exhibition of his surgical science. But the old painter-theologian, though indeed he showed the right hand of Christ lifted, and the left hand laid across His breast, had another meaning in the actions. The fingers of

Fig. 5

the left hand are folded, in both the figures; but in Michael Angelo's as if putting aside an appeal; in Orcagna's, the fingers are bent to draw back the drapery from the right side. The right hand is raised by Michael Angelo as in anger; by Orcagna, only to show the wounded palm. And as, to the believing disciples, He showed them His hands and His side, so that they were glad,—so, to the unbelievers, at their judgment, He shows the wounds in hand and side. They shall look on Him whom they pierced.[1]

[1] [John xix. 37, xx. 20.]

257. And thus, as we follow our proposed examination of the arts of the Christian centuries, our understanding of their work will be absolutely limited by the degree of our sympathy with the religion which our fathers have bequeathed to us. You cannot interpret classic marbles without knowing and loving your Pindar and Æschylus, neither can you interpret Christian pictures without knowing and loving your Isaiah and Matthew. And I shall have continually to examine texts of the one as I would verses of the other; nor must you retract yourselves from the labour in suspicion that I desire to betray your scepticism, or undermine your positivism, because I recommend to you the accurate study of books which have hitherto been the light of the world.[1]

258. The change, then, in the minds of their readers at this date, which rendered it possible for them to comprehend the full purport of Christianity, was in the rise of the new desire for equity and rest, amidst what had hitherto been mere lust for spoil, and joy in battle. The necessity for justice was felt in the now extending commerce; the desire of rest in the now pleasant and fitly furnished habitation; and the energy which formerly could only be satisfied in strife, now found enough both of provocation and antagonism in the invention of art, and the forces of nature. I have in this course of lectures endeavoured to fasten your attention on the Florentine Revolution of 1250, because its date is so easily memorable, and it involves the principles of every subsequent one, so as to lay at once the foundations of whatever greatness Florence afterwards achieved by her mercantile and civic power. But I must not close even this slight sketch of the central history of Val d'Arno without requesting you, as you find time, to associate in your minds, with this first revolution, the effects of two which followed it, being indeed necessary parts of it, in the latter half of the century.

[1] [John ix. 5.]

259. Remember then that the first, in 1250, is embryonic; and the significance of it is simply the establishment of order and justice against violence and iniquity. It is equally against the power of knights and priests, so far as either are unjust,—not otherwise.

When Manfred fell at Benevento, his lieutenant, the Count Guido Novello, was in command of Florence. He was just, but weak; and endeavoured to temporize with the Guelphs. His effort ought to be notable to you, because it was one of the wisest and most far-sighted ever made in Italy; but it failed for want of resolution, as the gentlest and best men are too apt to fail. He brought from Bologna two knights of the order—then recently established—of *joyful* brethren;[1] afterwards too fatally corrupted, but at this time pure in purpose. They constituted an order of chivalry which was to maintain peace, obey the Church, and succour widows and orphans; but to be bound by no monastic vows. Of these two knights, he chose one Guelph, the other Ghibelline; and under their balanced power Guido hoped to rank the forces of the civil, manufacturing, and trading classes, divided into twelve corporations of higher and lower arts.* But the moment this beautiful arrangement was made, all parties—Guelph, Ghibelline, and popular,—turned unanimously against Count Guido Novello. The benevolent but irresolute captain indeed gathered his men into the square of the Trinity; but the people barricaded the streets issuing from it; and Guido, heartless, and unwilling for civil warfare, left the city with his Germans in good order. And so ended the incursion of the infidel Tedeschi for this time. The Florentines then dismissed the merry brothers whom the Tedeschi had set over them, and

* The seven higher arts were, Lawyers, Physicians, Bankers, Merchants of Foreign Goods, Wool Manufacturers, Silk Manufacturers, Furriers. The five lower arts were, Retail Sellers of Cloth, Butchers, Shoemakers, Masons and Carpenters, Smiths.

[1] [See Villani, book vii. ch. xiv. (vol. iii. p. 35). For another reference to the "Merry Brothers" (Cavalieri Godenti), see *Giotto and his Works in Padua*, § 2 (Vol. XXIV. p. 15).]

besought help from Orvieto and Charles of Anjou; who sent them Guy de Montfort and eight hundred French riders; the blessing of whose presence thus, at their own request, was granted them on Easter Day, 1267.

On Candlemas, if you recollect,[1] 1248, they open their gates to the Germans; and on Easter, 1267, to the French.

260. Remember, then, this revolution, as coming between the battles of Welcome and Tagliacozzo; and that it expresses the lower revolutionary temper of the trades, with English and French assistance. Its immediate result was the appointment of five hundred and sixty lawyers, woolcombers, and butchers, to deliberate upon all State questions,—under which happy ordinances you will do well, in your own reading, to leave Florence, that you may watch, for a while, darling little Pisa, all on fire for the young Conradin. She sent ten vessels across the Gulf of Genoa to fetch him; received his cavalry in her plain of Sarzana; and putting five thousand of her own best sailors into thirty ships, sent them to do what they could, all down the coast of Italy. Down they went; startling Gaeta with an attack as they passed; found Charles of Anjou's French and Sicilian fleet at Messina, fought it, beat it, and burned twenty-seven of its ships.[2]

261. Meantime, the Florentines prospered as they might with their religious-democratic constitution,—until the death, in the odour of sanctity, of Charles of Anjou, and of that Pope Martin IV. whose tomb was destroyed with Urban's at Perugia.[3] Martin died, as you may remember, of eating Bolsena eels,[4]—that being his share in the miracles of the lake; and you will do well to remember at the same time, that the price of the lake eels was three soldi a pound; and that Niccola of Pisa worked at Siena for six soldi a day, and his son Giovanni for four.

262. And as I must in this place bid farewell, for a time, to Niccola and to his son, let me remind you of the

[1] [See above, § 98, p. 60.]
[2] [In 1268: see Sismondi, ch. xxi. (vol. iii. p. 378).]
[3] [See above, § 246, pp. 143–144.]
[4] [See *Purgatorio*, xxiv. 23, 24.]

large commission which the former received on the occasion of the battle of Tagliacozzo, and its subsequent massacres, when the victor, Charles, having to his own satisfaction exterminated the seed of infidelity, resolves, both in thanksgiving, and for the sake of the souls of the slain knights for whom some hope might yet be religiously entertained, to found an abbey on the battle-field. In which purpose he "sent for Niccola to Naples, and made him build on the field of Tagliacozzo, a church and abbey of the richest; and caused to be buried therein the infinite number of the bodies of those who died in that battle day; ordering farther, that, by many monks, prayer should be made for their souls, night and day. In which fabric the king was so pleased with Niccola's work, that he rewarded and honoured him highly."[1]

263. Do you not begin to wonder a little more what manner of man this Nicholas was, who so obediently throws down the towers which offend the Ghibellines,[2] and so skilfully puts up the pinnacles which please the Guelphs? A passive power, seemingly, he;—plastic in the hands of any one who will employ him to build, or to throw down. On what exists of evidence, demonstrably in these years here is the strongest brain of Italy, thus for six shillings a day doing what it is bid.

264. I take farewell of him then, for a little time,[3] ratifying to you, as far as my knowledge permits, the words of my first master in Italian art, Lord Lindsay:—

"In comparing the advent of Niccola Pisano to that of the sun at his rising, I am conscious of no exaggeration; on the contrary, it is the only simile by which I can hope to give you an adequate impression of his brilliancy and power relatively to the age in which he flourished. Those sons of Erebus, the American Indians, fresh from their traditional subterranean world, and gazing for the first time on the gradual dawning of the day in the East, could not have been more dazzled, more astounded,

[1] [Vasari, vol. i. p. 67 (Bohn). The monastery, now in ruins, retains the name of "Santa Maria della Vittoria."]

[2] [See above, § 45, p. 33.]

[3] [The study of him was resumed in *The Æsthetic and Mathematic Schools of Florence*, § 48 (below, p. 223).]

when the sun actually appeared, than the popes and podestas, friars and freemasons, must have been in the thirteenth century, when from among the Biduinos, Bonannos, and Antealmis of the twelfth, Niccola emerged in his glory, sovereign and supreme, a fount of light, diffusing warmth and radiance over Christendom. It might be too much to parallel him in actual genius with Dante and Shakespeare; they stand alone and unapproachable, each on his distinct pinnacle of the temple of Christian song; and yet neither of them can boast such extent and durability of influence, for whatever of highest excellence has been achieved in sculpture and painting, not in Italy only, but throughout Europe, has been in obedience to the impulse he primarily gave, and in following up the principle which he first struck out. . . .

"His latter days were spent in repose at Pisa, but the precise year of his death is uncertain; Vasari fixes it in 1275; it could not have been much later. He was buried in the Campo Santo. Of his personal character we, alas! know nothing; even Shakespeare is less a stranger to us. But that it was noble, simple, and consistent, and free from the petty foibles that too frequently beset genius, may be fairly presumed from the works he has left behind him, and from the eloquent silence of tradition."[1]

265. Of the circumstances of Niccola Pisano's death, or the ceremonials practised at it, we are thus left in ignorance.

The more exemplary death of Charles of Anjou took place on the 7th of January, then, 1285; leaving the throne of Naples to a boy of twelve; and that of Sicily, to a Prince of Spain. Various discord, between French, Spanish, and Calabrese vices, thenceforward paralyzes South Italy, and Florence becomes the leading power of the Guelph faction. She had been inflamed and pacified through continual paroxysms of civil quarrel during the decline of Charles's power; but, throughout, the influence of the nobles declines, by reason of their own folly and insolence; while the people, though with no small degree of folly and insolence on their own side, keep hold of their main idea of justice. In the meantime, similar assertions of law against violence, and the nobility of useful occupation, as compared with that of idle rapine, took place in Bologna, Siena, and even at Rome, where Bologna sends her senator, Branca Leone (short for Branca-di-Leone,

[1] [*Sketches of the History of Christian Art*, vol. ii. pp. 101, 113. Dots are inserted in this edition to distinguish the two extracts.]

Lion's Grip), whose inflexible and rightly guarded reign of terror to all evil and thievish persons, noble or other, is one of the few passages of history during the Middle Ages in which the real power of civic virtue may be seen exercised without warping by party spirit, or weakness of vanity or fear.[1]

266. And at last, led by a noble, Giano della Bella, the people of Florence write and establish their final condemnation of noblesse living by rapine, those "Ordinamenti della Giustizia," which practically excluded all idle persons from government, and determined that the priors, or leaders of the State, should be priors, or leaders of its arts and productive labour; that its head "podesta" or "power" should be the standard-bearer of justice; and its council or parliament composed of charitable men, or good men: "boni viri," in the sense from which the French formed their noun "bonté."

The entire governing body was thus composed, first, of the Podestas, standard-bearer of justice; then of his military captain; then of his lictor, or executor; then of the twelve priors of arts and liberties—properly, deliberators on the daily occupations, interests, and pleasures of the body politic;—and, finally, of the parliament of "kind men," whose business was to determine what kindness could be shown to other states, by way of foreign policy.

267. So perfect a type of national government has only once been reached in the history of the human race.[2] And in spite of the seeds of evil in its own impatience, and in the gradually increasing worldliness of the mercantile body; in spite of the hostility of the angry soldier, and the malignity of the sensual priest, this government gave to Europe the entire cycle of Christian art, properly so called, and every highest Master of labour, architectural, scriptural, or pictorial, practised in true understanding of the faith of Christ;—Orcagna, Giotto, Brunelleschi, Leonardo, Luini

[1] [For the brief dictatorship of Branca Leone at Rome (1253–1258), see Sismondi, ch. xviii. (vol. iii. pp. 163–168).]

[2] [For Ruskin's reflections at an earlier date on Republican institutions at Florence, see a letter of 1845 given in Vol. XII. pp. 171–172 *n.*]

as his pupil, Lippi, Luca, Angelico, Botticelli, and Michael Angelo.

268. I have named two men, in this group, whose names are more familiar to your ears than any others, Angelico and Michael Angelo;—who yet are absent from my list of those whose works I wish you to study,[1] being both extravagant in their enthusiasm,—the one for the nobleness of the spirit, and the other for that of the flesh. I name them now, because the gifts each had were exclusively Florentine; in whatever they have become to the mind of Europe since, they are utterly children of the Val d'Arno.

269. You are accustomed, too carelessly, to think of Angelico as a child of the Church, rather than of Florence. He was born in 1387,—just eleven years, that is to say, after the revolt of Florence *against* the Church, and ten after the endeavour of the Church to recover her power by the massacres of Faenza[2] and Cesena. A French and English army of pillaging riders were on the other side of the Alps,—six thousand strong; the Pope sent for it; Robert Cardinal of Geneva brought it into Italy. The Florentines fortified their Apennines against it; but it took winter quarters at Cesena, where the Cardinal of Geneva massacred five thousand persons in a day, and the children and sucklings were literally dashed against the stones.

270. That was the school which the Christian Church had prepared for their Brother Angelico. But Fésole, secluding him in the shade of her Mount of Olives, and Florence revealing to him the true voice of his Master, in the temple of St. Mary of the Flower, taught him his lesson of peace on earth, and permitted him his visions of rapture in heaven. And when the massacre of Cesena was found to have been in vain, and the Church was compelled to treat with the revolted cities who had united to mourn

[1] [See the list in Vol. XXII. p. 333; but with regard to Angelico, see below, p. 253.]

[2] [On March 29, 1376, Sir John Hawkwood, in the service of Gregory XI., entered Faenza and delivered it up to military execution and pillage.]

for her victories, Florence sent her a living saint, Catherine of Siena, for her political Ambassador.

271. Of Michael Angelo I need not tell you: of the others, we will read the lives, and think over them one by one;[1] the great fact which I have written this course of lectures to enforce upon your minds is the dependence of all the arts on the virtue of the State, and its kindly order.

The absolute mind and state of Florence, for the seventy years of her glory, from 1280 to 1350, you find quite simply and literally described in the 112th Psalm, of which I read you the descriptive verses, in the words in which they sang it, from this typically perfect manuscript of the time:—

"Gloria et divitie in domo ejus, justitia ejus manet in seculum seculi.
Exortum est in tenebris lumen rectis, misericors, et miserator, et justus.
Jocundus homo, qui miseretur, et commodat: disponet sermones suos in judicio.
Dispersit, dedit pauperibus; justitia ejus manet in seculum seculi; cornu ejus exaltabitur in gloria."[2]

I translate simply, praying you to note as the true one, the *literal* meaning of every word:—

"Glory and riches are in his house. His justice remains for ever.
Light is risen in darkness for the straightforward people.
He is merciful in heart, merciful in deed, and just.
A jocund man; who is merciful, and lends.
He will dispose his words in judgment.
He hath dispersed. He hath given to the poor. His justice remains for ever. His horn shall be exalted in glory."

272. With vacillating, but steadily prevailing effort, the Florentines maintained this life and character for full half a century.

You will please now look at my staff of the year 1300,* adding the names of Dante and Orcagna, having each their separate masterful or prophetic function.

* In my second Lecture on Engraving; *Ariad. Flor.*, § 52 [Vol. XXII. p. 333].

[1] [See the next course of lectures.]

[2] [With "Jucundus" for "Jocundus" and the addition of "et" in the first line, these are verses 3, 4, 5, and 9 of the Psalm in the Vulgate. Verse 9 is quoted in *Munera Pulveris*, § 160 (Vol. XVII. p. 283).]

That is Florence's contribution to the intellectual work of the world during these years of justice. Now, the promise of Christianity is given with the lesson from the fleur-de-lys: Seek ye first the royalty of God, and His justice, "and all these things," material wealth, "shall be added unto you."[1] It is a perfectly clear, perfectly literal, —never failing and never unfulfilled promise. There is no instance in the whole cycle of history of its not being accomplished,—fulfilled to the uttermost, with full measure, pressed down, and running over.[2]

273. Now hear what Florence was, and what wealth she had got by her justice. In the year 1330, before she fell, she had within her walls a hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants, of whom all the men—(laity)—between the ages of fifteen and seventy, were ready at an instant to go out to war, under their banners, in number twenty-four thousand. The army of her entire territory was eighty thousand; and within it she counted fifteen hundred noble families, every one absolutely submissive to her gonfalier of justice. She had within her walls a hundred and ten churches, seven priories, and thirty hospitals for the sick and poor; of foreign guests, on the average, fifteen hundred, constantly. From eight to ten thousand children were taught to read in her schools. The town was surrounded by some fifty square miles of uninterrupted garden, of olive, corn, vine, lily, and rose.[3]

And the monetary existence of England and France depended upon her wealth. Two of her bankers alone had lent Edward III. of England five millions of money (in sterling value of this present hour).[4]

274. On the 10th of March, 1337, she was first accused, with truth, of selfish breach of treaties.[5] On the 10th of

[1] [Matthew vi. 33.]

[2] [Luke vi. 38.]

[See Villani, book xi. chaps. xc.–xciii. (vol. vii. pp. 194 *seq.*).]

[4] [See Villani, book xi. ch. lxxxvii. (vol. vii. p. 186), and Sismondi, ch. xxxiii. (vol. v. p. 261).]

[5] [When she bought the lordship of Arezzo. "Cette conquête coûta à la république plus que des trésors; elle compromit sa bonne-foi; pour la première fois on l'accusa d'avoir mal observé ses traités": Sismondi, ch. xxxiii. (vol. v. p. 251).]

April, all her merchants in France were imprisoned by Philip of Valois; and presently afterwards Edward of England failed, quite in your modern style, for his five millions. These money losses would have been nothing to her; but on the 7th of August, the captain of her army, Pietro de' Rossi of Parma, the unquestioned best knight in Italy, received a chance spear-stroke before Monsélice, and died next day.[1] He was the Bayard of Italy; and greater than Bayard,[2] because living in a nobler time. He never had failed in any military enterprise, nor ever stained success with cruelty or shame. Even the German troops under him loved him without bounds. To his companions he gave gifts with such largesse, that his horse and armour were all that at any time he called his own. Beautiful and pure as Sir Galahad, all that was brightest in womanhood watched and honoured him.

And thus, 8th August, 1337, he went to his own place. —To-day I trace the fall of Florence no more.

I will review the points I wish you to remember; and briefly meet, so far as I can, the questions which I think should occur to you.

275. (I.) I have named Edward III. as our heroic type of Franchise.[3] And yet I have but a minute ago spoken of him as "failing" in quite your modern manner. I must correct my expression:—he had no intent of failing when he borrowed; and did not spend his money on himself. Nevertheless, I gave him as an example of frankness; but by no means of honesty. He is simply the boldest and royalest of Free Riders; the campaign of Crecy is, throughout, a mere pillaging foray. And the first point I wish you to notice is the difference in the pecuniary results of living by robbery, like Edward III., or by agriculture and just commerce, like the town of Florence. That Florence can lend five millions to the King of England, and lose them

[1] [See Sismondi, ch. xxxiii. (vol. v. p. 256).]
[2] [Compare, for Bayard, *Queen of the Air*, § 46 (Vol. XIX. p. 348).]
[3] [See above, §§ 195, 198, pp. 115, 117; and compare *Fors Clavigera*, Letters 22 and 25.]

with little care, is the result of her olive gardens and her honesty. Now hear the financial phenomena attending military exploits, and a life of pillage.

276. I give you them in this precise year, 1338, in which the King of England failed to the Florentines:—

"He obtained from the prelates, barons, and knights of the shires, one half of their wool for this year—a very valuable and extraordinary grant. He seized all the tin" (above ground, you mean, Mr. Henry!) "in Cornwall and Devonshire, took possession of the lands of all priories alien, and of the money, jewels, and valuable effects of the Lombard merchants. He demanded certain quantities of bread, corn, oats and bacon, from each county; borrowed their silver plate from many abbeys, as well as great sums of money both abroad and at home; and pawned his crown for fifty thousand florins." *

He pawns his queen's jewels next year; and finally summons all the gentlemen of England who had forty pounds a year, to come and receive the honour of knighthood, or pay to be excused!

277. (II.) The failures of Edward, or of twenty Edwards, would have done Florence no harm, had she remained true to herself, and to her neighbouring states. Her merchants only fall by their own increasing avarice; and above all by the mercantile form of pillage, usury.[1] The idea that money could beget money,[2] though more absurd than alchemy, had yet an apparently practical and irresistibly tempting confirmation in the wealth of villains, and the success of fools. Alchemy, in its day, led to pure chemistry; and calmly yielded to the science it had fostered. But all wholesome indignation against usurers was prevented, in the Christian mind, by wicked and cruel religious hatred of the race of Christ. In the end, Shakespeare himself, in his fierce effort against the madness, suffered himself to miss his mark by making his usurer a Jew: the Franciscan institution of the

* Henry's *History of England*, book iv., chap. i.[3]

[1] [For references to this subject, see Vol. XVI. p. 169 *n.*, and Vol. XVII. p. 220.]

[2] [Compare *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 82 (footnote).]

[3] [*The History of Great Britain*, by Robert Henry, D.D., Ediuburgh, 1781, vol. iv. p. 158.]

Mount of Pity[1] failed before the lust of Lombardy and the logic of Augsburg;[2] and, to this day, the worship of the Immaculate Virginity of Money, mother of the Omnipotence of Money, is the Protestant form of Madonna worship.

278. (III.) The usurer's fang, and the debtor's shame, might both have been trodden down under the feet of Italy, had her knights and her workmen remained true to each other. But the brotherhoods of Italy were not of Cain to Abel—but of Cain to Cain. Every man's sword was against his fellow.[3] Pisa sank before Genoa at Meloria,[4] the Italian Ægos-Potamos;[5] Genoa before Venice in the war of Chiozza,[6] the Italian siege of Syracuse. Florence sent her Brunelleschi to divert the waves of Serchio against the walls of Lucca;[7] Lucca her Castruccio, to hold mock tournaments before the gates of vanquished Florence.[8] The weak modern

[1] [See *Ariadne Florentina*, §§ 203, 204 (Vol. XXII. pp. 438–440), and *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 22.]

[2] [For the reference here see Vol. XXII. p. 438.]

[3] [See Judges vii. 22.]

[4] [In 1284, when Ugolino della Gherardesca betrayed his city to Genoa: see above, p. 136.]

[5] [In some notes on Xenophon among Ruskin's MSS. is the following passage on the alliance between Sparta and Persia, which led to the destruction of the Athenian fleet at Ægos-Potamos (B.C. 405), the downfall of Athens, the expedition of the Ten Thousand, and later events:—

> "It is not yet my time to enter into any examination of the events of his life—they are part of the greatest and the most fantastic tragedy, according to my knowledge, ever played on the variegated stage of this our earth and its seas—for—again and always speaking within the limits of my knowledge—has any hour ever been so fatal in its affliction to the whole race of mankind through the delirium of its kings as that which passed under the thunder-cloud and stormy wind of Ægos-Potamos? What Gods of Hades set the heart of Greek against Greek and of Athenian against Sicilian, during that worst of civil wars which then between Europe and Asia consummated the ruins of the religions and arts of the old world, we must serve our own Gods better before we rightly discern. This Athenian soldier, at least, was chastised by sorrow into redemption from insanity; from his youth patient to endure misfortune, and in early manhood calm in conduct of a retreat more honourable than a hundred victories."]

[6] [See *Stones of Venice*, Vol. IX. p. 21 *n.*]

[7] ["In the years 1429–1430, when the war of the Florentines against Lucca was at its height, Brunellesco, having been sent thither by the republic, . . . conceived the thought of turning the city of Lucca into an island, by digging ground and enclosing it within trenches, when, a part of the river Serchio being turned for that purpose, the city might be laid under water" (Note in Vasari's Life, vol. i. p. 461, Bohn's edition.]

[8] [In 1325. See Sismondi, ch. xxx. (vol. v. p. 113).]

Italian reviles or bewails the acts of foreign races, as if his destiny had depended upon these; let him at least assume the pride, and bear the grief, of remembering that, among all the virgin cities of his country, there has not been one which would not ally herself with a stranger, to effect a sister's ruin.

279. Lastly. The impartiality with which I have stated the acts, so far as known to me, and impulses, so far as discernible by me, of the contending Church and Empire, cannot but give offence, or provoke suspicion, in the minds of those among you who are accustomed to hear the cause of Religion supported by eager disciples, or attacked by confessed enemies. My confession of hostility would be open, if I were an enemy indeed; but I have never possessed the knowledge, and have long ago been cured of the pride, which makes men fervent in witness for the Church's virtue, or insolent in declamation against her errors. The will of Heaven, which grants the grace and ordains the diversities of Religion, needs no defence, and sustains no defeat, by the humours of men; and our first business in relation to it is to silence our wishes, and to calm our fears. If, in such modest and disciplined temper, you arrange your increasing knowledge of the history of mankind, you will have no final difficulty in distinguishing the operation of the Master's law from the consequences of the disobedience to it which He permits; nor will you respect the law less, because, accepting only the obedience of love, it neither hastily punishes, nor pompously rewards, with what men think reward or chastisement. Not always under the feet of Korah the earth is rent; not always at the call of Elijah the clouds gather; but the guarding mountains for ever stand round about Jerusalem, and the rain, miraculous evermore, makes green the fields for the evil and the good.[1]

280. And if you will fix your minds only on the

[1] [Numbers xvi. 1–33; 1 Kings xviii. 45; Psalms cxxv. 2; Matthew v. 45.]

conditions of human life which the Giver of it demands, "He hath showed thee, O man, what is good; and what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?"[1] you will find that such obedience is always acknowledged by temporal blessing. If, turning from the manifest miseries of cruel ambition, and manifest wanderings of insolent belief, you summon to your thoughts rather the state of unrecorded multitudes, who laboured in silence, and adored in humility, widely as the snows of Christendom brought memory of the Birth of Christ, or her spring sunshine, of His Resurrection, you may know that the promise of the Bethlehem angels has been literally fulfilled; and will pray that your English fields, joyfully as the banks of Arno, may still dedicate their pure lilies to St. Mary of the Flower.

[1] [Micah vi. 8.]

APPENDIX

(NOTES ON THE PLATES ILLUSTRATING THIS VOLUME[1])

281. In the delivery of the preceding Lectures, some account was given of the theologic design of the sculptures by Giovanni Pisano at Orvieto,[2] which I intended to have printed separately, and in more complete form, in this Appendix. But my strength does not now admit of my fulfilling the half of my intentions, and I find myself, at present, tired, and so dead in feeling, that I have no quickness in interpretation, or skill in description of emotional work. I must content myself, therefore, for the time, with a short statement of the points which I wish the reader to observe in the Plates, and which were left unnoticed in the text.

282. Plate I. is the best copy I can get, in permanent materials, of a photograph of the course of the Arno, through Pisa, before the old banks were destroyed. Two arches of the Ponte-a-Mare, which was carried away in the inundation of 1870, are seen in the distance; the church of La Spina, in its original position overhanging the river; and the buttressed and rugged walls of the mediæval shore. Never more, any of these, to be seen in reality, by living eyes.[3]

[1] [For the rearrangement of the original plates in this edition see Bibliographical Note, p. 5; and for new ones now inserted, see Introduction, p. lxii.]

[2] [See above, § 180, p. 109, where Ruskin refers to photographs of the sculptures; in delivering the lectures, he gave descriptions of them. An account of the subjects may be seen in J. L. Bevir's *Visitor's Guide to Orvieto* (1884).]

[3] [The church of S. Maria della Spina, having been damaged by flood and fire in 1871, was rebuilt and its level raised. See Vol. IV. p. 39; *Fors Clavigera*, Letters 18 and 20; and *Guide to the Academy at Venice*.]

283. PLATE II.—A small portion of a photograph of Niccola Pisano's Adoration of the Magi, on the pulpit of the Pisan Baptistery. The intensely Greek character of the heads, and the severely impetuous chiselling (learned from Late Roman rapid work), which drives the lines of the drapery nearly straight, may be seen better in a fragment of this limited measure than in the crowded massing of the entire subject. But it may be observed also that there is both a thoughtfulness and a tenderness in the features, whether of the Virgin or the attendant angel, which already indicate an aim beyond that of Greek art.

PLATE VI.—The Pulpit of the Baptistery (of which the preceding plate [II.] represents a portion). I have only given this general view for convenience of reference. Beautiful photographs of the subject on a large scale are easily attainable.[1]

284. PLATE VIII.—The Fountain of Perugia. Executed from a sketch by Mr. Arthur Severn. The perspective of the steps is not quite true; we both tried to get it right, but found that it would be a day or two's work, to little purpose,—and so let them go at hazard. The inlaid pattern behind is part of the older wall of the cathedral; the late door is of course inserted.

PLATE IX., LETTER E.—From Norman Bible in the British Museum;[2] showing the moral temper which regulated common ornamentation in the twelfth century.

285. PLATE X.—Door of the Baptistery at Pisa. The reader must note that, although these plates are necessarily, in fineness of detail, inferior to the photographs from which they are taken, they have the inestimable advantage of permanence, and will not fade away into spectres when the book is old.[3] I am greatly puzzled by the richness of the current ornamentation on the main pillars, as opposed

[1] [One is in the Reference Series at Oxford, No. 72 (Vol. XXI. p. 32).]

[2] [This is a mistake. The letter does not occur in any of the illuminated MSS. in the Museum. Probably it was copied from one in Ruskin's library.]

[3] [In this edition, while permanence is retained, the scale is somewhat increased.]

to the general severity of design. I never can understand how the men who indulged in this flowing luxury of foliage were so stern in their masonry and figure-draperies.

PLATE XI. (upper subject).—Part of the lintel of the door represented on Plate V., enlarged. I intended, in the Lecture on Marble Couchant, to have insisted, at some length, on the decoration of the lintel and side-posts, as one of the most important phases of mystic ecclesiastical sculpture. But I find the materials furnished by Lucca, Pisa, and Florence, for such an essay, are far too rich to be examined cursorily; the treatment even of this single lintel could scarcely be enough explained in the close of the Lecture. I must dwell on some points of it now.

286. Look back to § 175 in *Aratra Pentelici*,[1] giving statement of the four kinds of relief in sculpture. The uppermost of these plinths is of the kind I have called "round relief"; you might strike it out on a coin. The lower is "foliate relief"; it looks almost as if the figures had been cut out of one layer of marble, and laid against another behind it.

The uppermost, at the distance of my diagram, or in nature itself, would scarcely be distinguished at a careless glance from an egg-and-arrow moulding. You could not have a more simple or forcible illustration of my statement (§§ 20, 21) in the first chapter of *Aratra*,[2] that the essential business of sculpture is to produce a series of agreeable bosses or rounded surfaces; to which, if possible, some meaning may afterwards be attached. In the present instance, every egg becomes an angel, or evangelist, and every arrow a lily, or a wing.* The whole is in the most exquisitely finished Byzantine style.

287. I am not sure of being right in my interpretation

* In the contemporary south door of the Duomo of Genoa, the Greek moulding is used without any such transformation.

[1] [Vol. XX. p. 323.]
[2] [Vol. XX. p. 214.]

of the meaning of these figures; but I think there can be little question about it. There are eleven altogether; the three central, Christ with His mother and St. Joseph; then, two evangelists, with two alternate angels, on each side. Each of these angels carries a rod with a fleur-de-lys termination; their wings decorate the intermediate ridges (formed, in a pure Greek moulding, by the arrows); and, behind the heads of all the figures, there is now a circular recess; once filled, I doubt not, by a plate of gold. The Christ, and the Evangelists, all carry books, of which each has a mosaic, or intaglio ornament, in the shape of a cross. I could not show you a more severe or perfectly representative piece of *architectural* sculpture.

The heads of the eleven figures are as simply decorative as the ball flowers are in our English Gothic tracery; the slight irregularity produced by different gesture and character giving precisely the sort of change which a good designer wishes to see in the parts of a consecutive ornament.

288. The moulding closes at each extremity with a palm-tree, correspondent in execution with those on coins of Syracuse; for the rest, the interest of it consists only in these slight variations of attitude by which the figures express wonder or concern at some event going on in their presence. They are looking down; and, I do not doubt, are intended to be the heavenly witnesses of the story engraved on the stone below,—The Life and Death of the Baptist.

The lower stone on which this is related, is a model of skill in Fiction, properly so called. In Fictile art, in Fictile history, it is equally exemplary. "Feigning" or "affecting" in the most exquisite way by fastening intensely on the principal points.

Ask yourselves what are the principal points to be insisted on, in the story of the Baptist.

He came, "preaching the Baptism of Repentance for the remission of sins." That is his Advice, or Order-preaching.

And he came, "to bear witness of the Light." "Behold

the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sins of the world."[1] That is his declaration, or revelation-preaching.

289. And the end of his own life is in the practice of this preaching—if you will think of it—under curious difficulties in both kinds. Difficulties in putting away sin—difficulties in obtaining sight. The first half of the stone begins with the Apocalyptic preaching. Christ, represented as in youth, is set under two trees, in the wilderness. St. John is scarcely at first seen; he is only the guide, scarcely the teacher, of the crowd of peoples, nations, and languages, whom he leads, pointing them to the Christ. Without doubt, all these figures have separate meaning. I am too ignorant to interpret it; but observe generally, they are the thoughtful and wise of the earth, not its ruffians or rogues. This is not, by any means, a general amnesty to blackguards, and an apocalypse to brutes, which St. John is preaching. These are quite the best people he can find to call, or advise. You see many of them carry rolls of paper in their hands, as he does himself. In comparison with the books of the upper cornice, these have special meaning, as throughout Byzantine design.

"Adverte quod patriarchæ et prophetæ pinguntur cum rotulis in manibus; quidam vero apostoli cum libris, et quidam cum rotulis. Nempe quia ante Christi adventum fides figurative ostendebatur, et quoad multa, in se implicita erat. Ad quod ostendendum patriarchæ et prophetæ pinguntur cum rotulis, per quos quasi quædam imperfecta cognitio designatur; quia vero apostoli a Christo perfecte edocti sunt, ideo libris, per quos designatur perfecta cognitio, uti possunt."

WILLIAM DURANDUS,[2] quoted by Didron, p. 305.

290. PLATE XI. (lower subject).—Next to this subject of the preaching comes the Baptism; and then, the circumstances of St. John's death. First, his declaration to Herod, "It is not lawful for thee to have thy brother's wife:"[3] on which he is seized and carried to prison:—next, Herod's feast,

[1] [Mark i. 4; John i. 8, 29.]

[2] [Prelate and jurist (1237–1296), author of *Speculum Judiciale* and *Rationale Divinorum Officiorum*.]

[3] [Mark vi. 18, 24.]

—the consultation between daughter and mother, "What shall I ask?"—the martyrdom, and burial by the disciples. The notable point in the treatment of all these subjects is the quiet and mystic Byzantine dwelling on thought rather than action. In a northern sculpture of this subject, the daughter of Herodias would have been assuredly dancing;[1] and most probably, casting a somersault. With the Byzantine, the debate in her mind is the only subject of interest, and he carves above, the evil angels, laying their hands on the heads, first of Herod and Herodias, and then of Herodias and her daughter.[2]

291. PLATE XII. (upper subject).—The issuing of commandment not to eat of the tree of knowledge.[3] (Orvieto Cathedral.)

This, with Plates XIII. and XIV. (upper subject), will give a sufficiently clear conception to any reader who has a knowledge of sculpture, of the principles of Giovanni Pisano's design. I have thought it well worth while to publish with two of them[4] facsimiles of the engravings which profess to represent them in Grüner's monograph* of the Orvieto sculptures; for these outlines will, once for all, and better than any words, show my pupils what is the real virtue of mediæval work,—the power which we mediævalists rejoice in it for. Precisely the qualities which are *not* in the modern drawings, are the essential virtues of the early sculpture. If you like the Grüner outlines best, you need not trouble yourself to go to Orvieto, or anywhere else in Italy. Sculpture, such as those outlines represent, can be supplied to you by the acre, to order, in any modern

* The drawings are by some Italian draughtsman, whose name it is no business of mine to notice.[5]

[1] [In a mosaic of St. Mark's, also, she is dancing: see *St. Mark's Rest*, § 94.]
[2] [On this laying of the hands, see *Mornings in Florence*, § 24 (below, p. 319).]
[3] [Genesis ii. 17.]
[4] [The lower subjects on Plates XII. and XIV.]
[5] [*Die Basreliefs an der Vorderseite des Doms zu Orvieto, mit erläuterndem Texte, von Emil Braun. Herausgegeben von Ludwig Grüner. I. Basso-rilievi al Duomo d'Orvieto, incisi sui disegni di Vincenzo Pontani da D. Ascani, B. Bartoccini e L. Grüner:* Leipzig, 1858. Ruskin presented his copy of the book to Whitelands College, Chelsea.]

Allen & Co.

The Annunciation and Visitation

Academician's *atelier*. But if you like the strange, rude, quaint Gothic realities (for these photographs are, up to a certain point, a vision of the reality) best; then, don't study mediæval art under the direction of modern illustrators. Look at it—for however short a time, where you can find it—veritable and untouched, however moulded or shattered. And abhor, as you would the mimicry of your best friend's manners by a fool, all restorations and improving copies. For remember, none but fools think they can restore[1]—none but worse fools, that they can improve.

292. Examine these outlines, then, with extreme care, and point by point. The things which they have refused or lost, are the things you have to love, in Giovanni Pisano.

I will merely begin the task of examination, to show you how to set about it. Take the head of the commanding Christ. Although inclined forward from the shoulders in the advancing motion of the whole body, the head itself is not stooped; but held entirely upright, the line of forehead sloping backwards. The command is given in calm authority; not in mean anxiety. But this was not expressive enough for the copyist,—"How much better *I* can show what is meant!" thinks he. So he puts the line of forehead and nose upright; projects the brow out of its straight line; and the expression then becomes,—"Now, be very careful, and mind what I say." Perhaps you like this "improved" action better? Be it so; only, it is not Giovanni Pisano's design; but the modern Italian's.

293. Next, take the head of Eve. It is much missed in the photograph—nearly all the finest lines lost—but enough is got to show Giovanni's mind.

It appears, he liked long-headed people, with sharp chins and straight noses. It might be very wrong of him; but that was his taste. So much so, indeed, that Adam and Eve have, both of them, heads not much shorter than one-sixth of their entire height.

Your modern Academy pupil, of course, cannot tolerate

[1] [Compare *Seven Lamps*, Vol. VIII. p. 242, and Vol. XIX. p. 463.]

this monstrosity. He indulgently corrects Giovanni, and Adam and Eve have entirely orthodox one-eighth heads, by rule of schools.

But how of Eve's sharp-cut nose and pointed chin, thin lips, and look of quiet but rather surprised attention—not specially reverent, but looking keenly out from under her eyelids, like a careful servant receiving an order?

Well—those are all Giovanni's own notions;—not the least classical, nor scientific, nor even like a pretty, sentimental modern woman. Like a Florentine woman—in Giovanni's time—it may be; at all events, very certainly, what Giovanni thought proper to carve.

Now examine your modern edition. An entirely proper Greco-Roman academy plaster bust, with a proper nose, and proper mouth, and a round chin, and an expression of the most solemn reverence; always, of course, of a classical description. Very fine, perhaps. But not Giovanni.

294. After Eve's head, let us look at her feet. Giovanni has his own positive notions about those also. Thin and bony, to excess, the right, undercut all along, so that the profile looks as thin as the mere elongated line on an Etruscan vase; and the right showing the five toes all well separate, nearly straight, and the larger ones almost as long as fingers! the shin-bone above carried up in as severe and sharp a curve as the edge of a sword.

Now examine the modern copy. Beautiful little fleshy, Venus-de'-Medici feet and toes—no undercutting to the right foot,—the left having the great-toe properly laid over the second, according to the ordinances of schools and shoes, and a well-developed Academic and operatic calf and leg. Again charming, of course. But only according to Mr. Gibson or Mr. Powers[1]—not according to Giovanni.

Farther, and finally, note the delight with which Giovanni has dwelt, though without exaggeration, on the muscles

[1] [John Gibson, R.A. (1790–1866), sculptor of the "Tinted Venus"; Hiram Powers (1805–1873), American sculptor, resident at Florence. His first work in marble was a figure of "Eve" (1838), which won the praise of Thorwaldsen.]

of the breast and ribs in the Adam; while he has subdued all away into virginal severity in Eve. And then note, and with conclusive admiration, how in the exact and only place where the poor modern fool's anatomical knowledge should have been shown, the wretch loses his hold of it! How he has entirely missed and effaced the grand Greek pectoral muscles of Giovanni's Adam, but has studiously added what mean fleshliness he could to the Eve; and marked with black spots the nipple and navel, where Giovanni left only the severe marble in pure light.

295. These instances are enough to enable you to detect the insolent changes in the design of Giovanni made by the modern Academy-student in so far as they relate to form absolute. I must farther, for a few moments, request your attention to the alterations made in the light and shade.

You may perhaps remember some of the passages. They occur frequently, both in my inaugural lectures, and in *Aratra Pentelici*, in which I have pointed out the essential connection between the schools of sculpture and those of chiaroscuro. I have always spoken of the Greek, or essentially sculpture-loving schools, as chiaroscurist; always of the Gothic, or colour-loving schools, as non-chiaroscurist. And in one place (I have not my books here, and cannot refer to it) I have even defined sculpture as light-and-shade *drawing* with the chisel.[1] Therefore, the next point you have to look to, after the absolute characters of form, is the mode in which the sculptor has placed his shadows, both to express these, and to force the eye to the points of his composition which he wants looked at. You cannot possibly see a more instructive piece of work, in these respects, than Giovanni's design of the Nativity, Plate XIV. So far as I yet know Christian art, this is the central type of the treatment of the subject; it has all the intensity and passion of the earliest schools, together with a grace of repose

[1] [*Lectures on Art*, § 165, and *Aratra Pentelici*, § 178 (Vol. XX. pp. 160, 326).]

which even in Ghiberti's beautiful Nativity,[1] founded upon it, has scarcely been increased, but rather lost in languor. The motive of the design is the frequent one among all the early masters; the Madonna lifts the covering from the cradle to show the Child to one of the servants, who starts forward adoring. All the light and shade is disposed to fix the eye on these main actions. First, one intense deeply-cut mass of shadow, under the pointed arch, to throw out the head and lifted hand of the Virgin. A vulgar sculptor would have cut all black behind the head; Giovanni begins with full shadow; then subdues it with drapery absolutely quiet in fall; then lays his fullest possible light on the head, the hand, and the edge of the lifted veil.

He has undercut his Madonna's profile, being his main aim, too delicately for time to spare; happily the deep-cut brow is left, and the exquisitely refined line above, of the veil and hair. The rest of the work is uninjured, and the sharpest edges of light are still secure. You may note how the passionate action of the servant is given by the deep shadows under and above her arm, relieving its curves in all their length, and by the recess of shade under the cheek and chin, which lifts the face.

Now take your modern student's copy, and look how *he* has placed his lights and shades. You see, they go as nearly as possible exactly where Giovanni's *don't*. First, pure white under his Gothic arch, where Giovanni has put his fullest dark. Secondly, just where Giovanni has used his whole art of chiselling, to soften his stone away, and show the wreaths of the Madonna's hair lifting her veil behind, the accursed modern blockhead carves his shadow straight down, because he thinks that will be more in the style of Michael Angelo. Then he takes the shadows away from behind the profile, and from under the chin, and from under the arm, and puts in two grand square blocks of

[1] [The second subject on the northern gates of the Baptistery at Florence.]

The Nativity

Giovanni Pisano and Modern Italian

dark at the ends of the cradle, that you may be safe to look at that, instead of the Child. Next, he takes it all away from under the servant's arms, and lays it all behind above the calf of her leg. Then, not having wit enough to notice Giovanni's undulating surface beneath the drapery of the bed on the left, he limits it with a hard parallel-sided bar of shade, and insists on the vertical fold under the Madonna's arm, which Giovanni has purposely cut flat, that it may not interfere with the arm above; finally, the modern animal has missed the only pieces of womanly form which Giovanni admitted, the rounded right arm and softly revealed breast; and absolutely removed, as if it were no part of the composition, the horizontal incision at the base of all—out of which the first folds of the drapery rise.

296. I cannot give you any better example, than this modern Academy-work, of the total ignorance of the very first meaning of the word "Sculpture" into which the popular schools of existing art are plunged. I will not insist, now, on the uselessness, or worse, of their endeavours to represent the older art, and of the necessary futility of their judgment of it. The conclusions to which I wish to lead you on these points will be the subject of future lectures, being of too great importance for examination here. But you cannot spend your time in more profitable study than by examining and comparing, touch for touch, the treatment of light and shadow in the figures of the Christ and sequent angels, in Plate XII., as we have partly examined those of the subject before us; and in thus assuring yourself of the uselessness of trusting to any ordinary modern copyists, for anything more than the rudest chart or map—and even that inaccurately surveyed —of ancient design.

Plate XIII. given in this volume contains the two lovely subjects of the Annunciation and Visitation, which, being higher from the ground, are better preserved than the groups represented in the other plates. They will be

found to justify, in subtlety of chiselling, the title I gave to Giovanni, of the Canova of the thirteenth century.*

I am obliged to leave without notice, at present, the branch of ivy, given in illustration of the term "marble rampant," at the base of Plate XII. The foliage of Orvieto can only be rightly described in connection with the great scheme of leaf-ornamentation which ascended from the ivy of the Homeric period in the sculptures of Cyprus, to the roses of Botticelli, and laurels of Bellini and Titian.[1]

* *Ante*, § 179 [p. 108].

[1] [A subject which seems to have been treated in an extempore passage in his next course of lectures: see below, p. 270.]

[CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE
OF EVENTS REFERRED TO IN "VAL D'ARNO"

This is the chronological table referred to in the Introduction (above, p. lvii.). It gives in their order all the historical events noticed in "Val d'Arno," and adds a few others which are noticed elsewhere.

A.D.

1206. Birth of Niccola Pisano.

1215. Assassination of Buondelmonte on the Ponte Vecchio; division of Florentines into Guelphs and Ghibellines (§ 97).

1241. The Pope Gregory IX. summons a General Council. The Pisans, in alliance with the Emperor Frederick II., defeat the Genoese at Meloria, and capture some of the Bishops (§§ 60, 91).

1244. The Pope Innocent IV. leaves Rome and escapes to Lyons, where he summons a General Council which deposes Frederick II. (§ 58).

1248. (Candlemas.) Frederick of Antioch (son of Frederick II.) and the Uberti (Ghibellines) expel the Guelphs from Florence (§ 98); Florence opens her gates to the Germans (§ 259). Niccola Pisano is employed to destroy the Guelphic towers (§§ 45, 98, 100, 101, 133, 263).

1248–1249. St. Louis, with his crusading army, at Cyprus, is succoured by the Venetians, to whom Frederick II. gave a safe-conduct (§ 92).

1250. (October 20.) First Trades Revolt in Florence (§§ 91, 232, 259). The Podesta deposed; Uberti of Lucca appointed "Captain of the People" (§§ 1, 102, 232); his flag half white, half red (§ 1). The towers in Florence cut down in height (§§ 107, 133).

1250. (December 13.) Death of Frederick II., under whom the Ghibellines had enjoyed a period of supremacy (§§ 2, 92, 109).

1251. (January.) Ghibellines expelled; Guelphic supremacy established (§§ 109, 110, 217); Guelphs change their arms from white lily on red field to red lily on white field (§§ 109–111, 114).

1252. Florentine Guelphs defeat the Pisans at Pontadera and the Sienese at Montalcino (§ 116).

1252. The golden florin first coined. This soon became a general standard of value, thus marking the leading position taken by Florence in commerce (§§ 117, 118).

1253–1258. Rule of Brancaleone, of Bologna, at Rome (§ 265).

1253, 1254. Wars of Florence against neighbouring towns—Pistoja, Siena, Volterra, Pisa—waged in good faith (§ 121), to extend "artisan government" (§ 122)—as illustrated in §§ 126 *seq.*—culminate in this "Year of Victories" (§ 121: compare p. 192).

1256. At the Emperor Manfred's instigation the Pisans break their treaty with Florence, by whom they are defeated on the Serchio (§ 123); a victory commemorated on the florins (§§ 123, 124, 138).

1257. Poggibonsi, a Ghibelline stronghold, destroyed by Florence (§ 131).

1258. (July.) The Uberti beheaded; Ghibellines expelled, and their palaces thrown down (§§ 131, 133).

1260. (September 4.) Battle on the Arbia, near Montaperti; Guelphs defeated; Ghibellines propose to raze Florence to the ground—a plan successfully opposed by Farinata degli Uberti (§§ 130, 133, 232).

1261. Urban IV. (Simon of Tours) elected Pope (§ 181).

1263. Miracle of Bolsena, and founding of the Cathedral of Orvieto; Giovanni Pisano employed (§§ 176, 184).

1264. Death of Pope Urban IV. at Perugia. Giovanni Pisano makes his tomb and the fountain of Perugia (§§ 40, 43).

A.D.
1265. Election of Pope Clement IV. (§ 185).
1265. (May.) Birth of Dante at Florence.
1266. Battle of Benevento; Manfred (son of Frederick II.), in alliance with Pisa and Sicily, defeated by Charles of Anjou, in alliance with the Pope (§§ 185, 189, 233–244); extinction of the Saracen power in Italy (§ 245).
1266, 1267. After the battle of Benevento the Guelphs regain power. The Florentines rise against Manfred's lieutenant, Count Guido Novello; Guy de Montfort enters at their invitation (§ 259). This is the "central trades revolt" of Florence (§ 232); Charles of Anjou was elected Signor, sharing power with the leaders of the Trade Guilds (§ 260).
1268. The Pisans, in support of Conradin, burn some of the ships of Charles off Messina (§ 260).
1268. (August 23.) Battle of Tagliacozzo; Conradin (last of the House of Hohenstaufen) and the Ghibellines defeated by Charles of Anjou (§§ 232, 262). Niccola Pisano commissioned by Charles to build a memorial abbey (§ 262).
1271. Charles of Anjou summons the Papal Court to Viterbo; Tebaldo Visconti (Gregory X.) elected Pope (see Vol. XXIV. p. 136).
1278. Death of Niccola Pisano.
1280–1350. The golden years of Florence (§§ 271–273); for the artists of the period, see the table in Vol. XXII. p. 333.
1282. (Easter Monday.) The Sicilian Vespers (§ 246); the fleet of Charles of Anjou burnt by Roger de Loria, Admiral of the King of Aragon (§ 246).
1282. The Guilds assume the supreme power, entrusting the government to a *Signoria*, formed of their Presidents or *Priori*.
1284. Battle of Meloria; defeat of Pisa by Genoa (§ 278).
1285. (January 7.) Death of Charles of Anjou (§§ 246, 265).
1285. Death of Pope Martin IV. at Perugia (§ 261).
1288–1289. Imprisonment and starvation of Count Ugolino della Gherardesca at Pisa (§ 234).
1293. The "Ordinamenti della Giustizia"—a code of regulations due to Giano della Bella (§ 266) for keeping the nobles in check; administered by a Gonfalionere della Giustizia, supported by a civic militia; the banner, a red cross upon a white ground.
1300. Arnolfo made a citizen of Florence (*Ariadne Florentina*, § 62).
1302. Death of Cimabue.
1310. Death of Arnolfo (*Ariadne Florentina*, § 62).
1320. Death of Giovanni Pisano.
1325. Duke Charles of Calabria installed in Florence (*Mornings in Florence*, § 157).
1330. Wealth of Florence (§ 273).
1334. Giotto appointed architect of the Cathedral; the Campanile begun.
1336. Death of Giotto.
1337. (March 10.) Florence first accused of breach of treaties (§ 274).
1337. (April 10.) Her merchants in France imprisoned by Philip of Valois (§ 274).
1337. (August 7.) Her captain, Pietro de' Rossi, killed at Monselice (§ 274).
1338. Edward III. of England borrows five millions sterling from Florentine bankers; causes of the decline of Florence (§§ 273, 277, 278).
1345. Death of Andrea Pisano.
1375. Dispute between Florence and Rome on "a question of free trade in corn"; Sir John Hawkwood sent by the Papal legate to devastate Florentine territory; revolt against Rome of the cities of Etruria, under the lead of Florence (§§ 186–189).
1375. Tomb of Pope Urban in Perugia destroyed (§§ 43, 189).
1376. Mission of St. Catherine of Siena to Avignon to secure the return of the Papal Court to Rome (§ 270).
1376, 1377. Massacres by the Pope Gregory XI. at Faenza and Cesena (§ 269).
1387. Birth of Fra Angelico (§ 269).]

II

THE ÆSTHETIC AND MATHEMATIC SCHOOLS OF ART IN FLORENCE

(LECTURES DELIVERED 1874)

THE ÆSTHETIC AND MATHEMATIC SCHOOLS OF ART IN FLORENCE

LECTURES GIVEN BEFORE THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD
IN MICHAELMAS TERM, 1874

By JOHN RUSKIN

GEORGE ALLEN
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The lectures have not hitherto been published.]

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[1] [Not available. The lecture was incorporated in *Mornings in Florence:* see below, p. 210.]

[2] [In the original synopsis the heading C. was "Final Efforts of Æsthetic Art in Florence." It is here altered in accordance with what Ruskin says in §§ 2, 89, 93, pp. 186, 249, 252. For an earlier synopsis, when Ruskin was first thinking of the lectures, see a letter to Professor Norton of August 21, 1874 (in a later volume).]

THE ÆSTHETIC AND MATHEMATIC SCHOOLS OF ART IN FLORENCE

LECTURE I[1]

ARNOLFO[2]

1. In my former lectures I broadly stated to you that the Northern savage art, which I generally called Norman, and the Southern savage art, which I generally called Byzantine, met in Florence, and then became Christian.[3]

This blending of arts took place in the thirteenth century, and formed, about the year 1300, the perfect Christian school of art in Florence. That Christian school by its vivid virtue and exercised senses was enabled to discern right from wrong, and beautiful from base, with precision never before or since reached by the conscience or intellect of man. I have called it, in the references made to it in this course of lectures, the *Æsthetic School of Florence*, meaning that which had, by reason of use, its senses exercised to the discernment of good from evil.[4]

Diminishing gradually in the faith which was to it more than sight, and adding only to it mathematic science and practical skill, this Florentine power became, about the

[1] [Delivered on November 10, 1874.]

[2] [For other notices of Arnolfo di Lapo (1232–1310), see *Ariadne Florentina*, §§ 64, 65, 68, where he is classed as the Captain of the first Christian school, and the traditional story of his early training is discussed (Vol. XXII. pp. 339, 340, 343); and *Mornings in Florence*, §§ 8, 12 (below, pp. 300, 305). See also, for incidental references to him, Vol. V. p. 331, and Vol. IX. p. 15.]

[3] [See *Ariadne Florentina*, §§ 67, 68 (Vol. XXII. pp. 342, 343), and also the lecture on "The School of Florence" (Vol. XX. p. 362).]

[4] [See Hebrews v. 14.]

year 1400, dextrous in the representation of all natural objects—chiefly the body of man—to a degree which had not been seen in art since the best days of Greece. This school of scientific form, culminating in Michael Angelo,* I have for present reference called the *Mathematic School of Florence.*

Finally, mathematics and anatomy—pursued exclusively—proving, when they got used to them, to be dull, the Florentines substituted sensual pleasure for mathematics as the chief object of her art. It has remained so to this day, having in the pursuit of it destroyed the schools of great art among all European nations.

2. But at the time of its first victories a group of men, in whom the training of the old æsthetic or faithful school had not been effaced, rose to defend its ancient cause, and recorded the vision of severe Christianity with the learning and delights of advancing civilization. This school gives you the great group of painters belonging to the period centralized by the year 1500. Among them some have faith, and all have feeling. But doctrine is so mingled with legend and invention that I call them, generally, *Christian Romantic.*[1]

Of these three schools, then—briefly, of 1300, 1400, and 1500—already exampled to you[2] in three groups of five, five, and seven men, chosen of each, I am now to pursue the history, as our time serves.

3. But to that end I must first distinguish somewhat more finely the threads or strands of the savage art of the twelfth century, which the Fates of Florence spin into their golden chord.

* *Ariadne Florentina,* § 46.[3]

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[1] [In Mr. Wedderburn's notes of these lectures (see above, p. lix.) is Ruskin's extempore summary of these five stages of art, thus (see § 10):—

"(1) Savage; (2) Æsthetic; (3) Mathematic; (4) Attempt to regain the Æsthetic, which may be called Romantic, combining faith and imagination against (5) Sensual and Infidel."]

[2] [In *Ariadne Florentina,* § 53 (Vol. XXII. p. 333).]

[3] [Vol. XXII. p. 329; and compare *Val d'Arno,* § 268 (above, p. 157).]

The savage art of the North is found in two distinct threads—pure Norman and Lombard.

The savage art of the South is found in two distinct threads—pure Greek and Arabian.

We must rapidly fasten the distinctions of them.

4. Pure Norman art you may recognize always by its complete, and completely disciplined, humanity, amusing itself, it may be, with the carving of monsters, or enraging itself, it may be, into the carving of cruel and terrible things, but entirely recognizing what is monstrous and cruel, separating it as such from what is natural and kind, and, above all, showing profound sense of the dignity and purity of women.

Here is a sketch of an angle of the pedestal of a candelabrum of pure Norman sculpture in the Church of St. Paul at Rome.[1] It represents a queen sitting between two animals of much inferior nature, one simply brutal, the other partly human; she puts one arm round the neck of each, and keeps them quiet. It is a mere piece of grotesque ornamentation, mainly cut for interlacing of lines; but the dignity of the queen, and the severe flowing of her long hair from beneath her crown, could only have been represented by a sculptor who had seen real queens of the great Norman time. The head of the ram is carved with complete intelligence of animal form, and great sense of the beauty of its softest characters; and the grotesque head of the knight implies much, and I doubt not just, contempt on the artist's part for some classes of the Norman chivalry. But the entire piece is the work of a man who had his senses fully exercised to discern both good and evil.

5. The term "Lombard" I must ask you to understand more vaguely of sculpture actually belonging to the period of the Lombard dynasty. I cannot show you an authentic

[1] [The sketch is not included in the Oxford Collection. A woodcut of the paschal candlestick (one of the few works saved from the fire of 1825) is given at p. 93 of C. C. Perkins's *Italian Sculptors*, 1868. The candlestick was the work of Niccolò di Angelo, A.D. 1148.]

example. But of the spirit which was in the first Lombard king of Italy[1] there remain definite vestiges in Italy, altogether distinct from its Norman work. In a former lecture, which I suppose few of my present audience heard, and which, being unpublished, I cannot refer to, I have made some attempt at analysis of the Lombard spirit. I do not say, observe, that cruelty is the special sign of Lombard race; still less that this sculpture I show you[2] can be traced to Lombardic chisels. It is twelfth-century architecture, and all I can tell you of it is, that it was built by the first Bishop of Assisi in that century. But it is, no less definitely than this other, characteristic of an entirely different race of sculptors, one which only in default of better evidence and name you may call Lombard, till you find out, which I hope you will, what it is. The essential point is that you should see it, and know its character. It is distinguished, on the one side, from all Norman sculpture by absolute incapacity to draw a beautiful or dignified human form, and by a perfectly insane delight in facts of cruelty and pain; while, on the other side, it is distinguished from all Greek and Arabian sculpture by a fire, spirit, splendour of sharp chiselling, and ingenuity of architectural construction unrivalled before or since in Northern work.

6. Here, then, is a sketch of the wheel window of the Duomo of Assisi.[3] The little unintelligible sculpture in the axle of it is a St. Michael standing on the dragon: the proportion of its arches and of the fleur-de-lys encompassing them cannot be bettered. It has stood in this slender balancing six hundred years, and will now perish only by mouldering, not by dislocation; and the grace and power of the furrow with which the sculptor bends every leaf

[1] [The first draft adds here, "when he forced his wife Rosamond to drink out of her father's skull": compare the lecture on "The School of Florence," Vol. XX. p. 360, which is that immediately referred to in the text.]

[2] [See Plate XV., which shows the principal door of the Cathedral of Assisi; this building—dedicated to Rufinus, its first bishop—dates from the early part of the twelfth century. For a reference to one of the sculptures above the door, see below, § 15, p. 194.]

[3] [This sketch is not in the Oxford Collection. For a reference to it, see Ruskin's letter from Assisi of July 10, 1874 (above, p. xliv.).]

Photo Alinari

Allen &

"Lombard" Sculpture: the door of the Duomo, Assisi

were quite inimitable by my poor painter's hand, till I gave it up in despair.

In like manner all the placing of the forms—all the chiselling of feathers, scales, armour, or anything of which the perception involves no sense of human gentleness in the sculpture of the two animals in this porch—is triumphant. But the entire moulding round the arch is composed of dragons or beasts devouring in an involved reciprocity, every one being somewhere swallowed, and some-other-where swallowing, so as to present the liveliest image of modern political economy; while the power of modern mechanical and brutal force over ancient chivalry is as typically shown by this dragon eating a knight like a piece of celery, beginning at the head of him.

7. Now I must again warn you against my own possible injustice in attaching, however timidly, the term Lombardic to this sculpture. All I know of it is that it is not Norman, not Greek, not Arabian, and that it is connected with a structural power which does exist unquestionably among the Lombards. And therefore I only wish you to remember that there are these two strands or threads of North work—one gentle, but not ingeniously structural; the other ingeniously structural, but not gentle. The first I know to be Norman; the second, only in default of better name, with a note of interrogation, I call Lombard.

8. Then, secondly, the two strands of Southern work are Greek and Arabian. I will detain you from our main subject to-day only by pointing out not a separating, but a common characteristic infallibly distinguishing them from Northern work. Here is the last example I can show you of pure Greek work in Europe, the Emperor Frederick II.'s tomb at Palermo;[1] and here[2] is work which,

[1] [Plate XVI.; the drawing is No. 84 in the Reference Series at Oxford (Vol. XXI. p. 34).]

[2] [Mr. Wedderburn's note at this point is:—

"*Greek* art is full of stern discipline and has perfect balance. *Arabian:* here construction is gone, tracery comes in, arabesque being the origin of Italian tracery. (Door of St. Mark's shown.)"

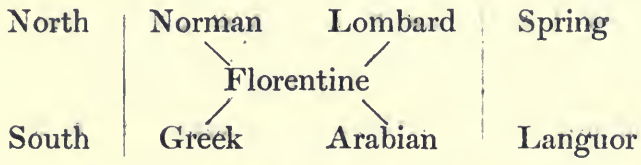
Ruskin thus showed one of the Arabian doors of St. Mark's; either that on the north

though properly Byzantine or impure Greek, is impure by the admixture of the Arabian character, which therefore we can at once distinguish.

[The] Pure Greek [example shows] entablature, pediment, all severe, and the monsters supporting the sarcophagus, directly and accurately derived from the Attic Gorgon, and decoration restricted to sculpture and mouldings.

[The] Arabian [example shows] a bending arch, an entire denial of the severe structural laws of pediment and architrave, and external application of fantastic or arabesque colour decoration, with windows of trellis work, leading, as you will find, to the earliest forms of Gothic tracery.

9. [So, then, we have:—]



For a Norman or Lombard line is always springy; a Greek or Arab line always flowing.[1] And to know the difference between a line of spring and flux is therefore an æsthetic gift more essential in the science of the sculpture of marble than even in the science of the sculpture of mountains.[2] I put the point aside for to-day; we have no time for it.

But how came these four elements to concur at Florence? They are all mere grafts on the original Florentine stock—Etruria. They do not create Florence, but reanimate and re-create her. They are grafts which do not themselves grow on her old stock, but give their life to it.

of the building (No. 99 in the Rudimentary Series, Vol. XXI. p. 198), or the door on the west façade which is shown in Plate 16 of *Examples of Venetian Architecture* (Vol. XI. p. 350).]

[1] [Compare *St. Mark's Rest*, § 101.]

[2] [A reference no doubt to the short course of lectures which Ruskin had given at the beginning of the term (Michaelmas, 1874), on "Mountain Form in the Higher Alps." Parts of the lectures were used in *Deucalion*, chaps. i.–iii.]

Tomb of the Emperor Frederick II., Palermo

10. Now, then, have you got this order into your heads?—

1200. Savage art of four kinds.

1300. Christian æsthetic art.

1400. Christian mathematic art.

1500. Christian Romantic art.

1600. Infidel licentious art.

That is the transition, considered in its mental phase. Now you have to fit into this the correspondent changes in external form:—

1200. All the four groups of 1200 have essentially either round arched or low gabled architecture. The Arabian indeed has curves and points and minarets, but enforces the dome as the central type of grand construction.

1300. Pointed Gothic develops itself in connection with hopeful Christianity.[1]

1400. Pointed Gothic is gradually subdued and broken down by the mathematical sculptors working on Greek models.

1500. Pointed Gothic is entirely rejected, and the pure cinquecento style invented by the workers of Christian Romance.

1600. Pure cinquecento becomes first rococo or grotesque, and then vanishes, modern Regent Street and Boulevard architecture being left as a residuum of the whole series.

11. I would fix your attention to-day, then, on the formal transition from the round arch to the pointed—in 1300—which takes place eventually under Arnolfo.

That transition means infinitely more than a mere structural improvement in fashion. The round arch churches were essentially either Judgment Halls or tombs, developed from the basilica or the catacomb.[2] The pointed arch churches were luminous temples for hopeful prayer and joyful praise—"Offer unto God thanksgiving"[3]—and

[1] [Compare "spires pointing to heaven," Vol. XVI. p. 374 *n.*]

[2] [Compare, below, p. 205 *n.*]

[3] [Psalms l. 14.]

the most telling and characteristic feature in the change was not the mere building a pointed for a round arch, but the piercing the windowless cavern of the apse into a semicircle of shafted windows—one glow of coloured light.

And this joyfulness of true Gothic art enters into its soul at the moment, and in the place when Christianity, which, till that time, had only been the consoling superstition of warrior nations, under calamity became the practical religion of a nation established in truth and love;—when the edicts of the faith were obeyed before its mysteries were dictated, and the minds, which before had only dwelt on some method of ending a life of war with men in peace with God, now for the first time apprehended the power of Christianity to be necessarily here also, if hereafter, in peace on earth and goodwill towards men.[1]

12. In the half century during which this great transition in feeling took place, after the Florentine year of victories,[2] the three great churches were built which remain yet chief objects of reverence to the thoughtful traveller—the Cathedral, Santa Maria Novella, and Santa Croce. Of these, the present Cathedral was last built, but its Baptistery, the first cathedral of Florence, existed from the earliest date of the city's prosperity. Arnolfo is named as the Restorer of the Baptistery, the builder of Santa Croce, the Designer of the Cathedral. Under what circumstances he did, or is supposed by tradition to have done, this work, we must consider with some care.

13. Arnolfo, says Vasari,[3] was born in the year 1232, the son of "a certain Maestro Jacopo, a German," whose name was abbreviated by the Florentines to Lapo:—

"Arnolfo was thirty years old when his father died. He had already attained high repute, having not only acquired from his father whatever

[1] [Luke ii. 14: see *Val d'Arno*, § 253 (above, p. 148).]
[2] [A.D. 1254: see *ibid.*, § 121 (above, p. 74).]
[3] [The following extract from Vasari (vol. i. pp. 54–57, Bohn) is no doubt what Ruskin read; the note in the MS. is "Now read Vasari's account with casual comments."]

the latter could teach, but also studied the art of design under Cimabue, for the purpose of employing it in sculpture. He was now considered the best architect in Tuscany, and the Florentines confided to him the construction of the outer circle of their city walls, which were founded in 1284; they also erected the Loggia of Or San Michele, their corn market, after his plans, covering it with a simple roof, and building the piers of brick. In that year, when the cliff of Magnoli, undermined by water, sank down on the side of San Giorgio, above Santa Lucia, on the Via de' Bardi, the Florentines issued a decree, to the effect that no building should be thenceforward erected on that place, which they declared to be rendered perilous by the cause above stated; herein they followed the counsels of Arnolfo, and his judgment has proved to be correct by the ruin in our day of many magnificent houses and other buildings. . . . In the year 1294, the church of Santa Croce, belonging to the Friars Minors, was founded after the designs of Arnolfo, when he gave so ample an extent to the nave and side aisles of this building, that the excessive width rendered it impossible to bring the arches within the roof; he therefore, with much judgment, raised arches from pier to pier, and on these he constructed the roofs, from which he conducted the water by stone gutters, built on the arches, giving them such a degree of inclination that the roofs were secured from all injury from damp. The novelty and ingenuity of this contrivance was equal to its utility, and well deserves the consideration of our day.[1] . . .

"All these undertakings being completed, the Florentines resolved, as Giovanni Villani relates in his History,[2] to construct a cathedral church in their city, determining to give it such extent and magnificence that nothing superior or more beautiful should remain to be desired from the power or industry of man. Arnolfo then prepared the plans and executed the model of that temple, which can never be sufficiently extolled, the church of Santa Maria del Fiore, directing that the external walls should be encrusted with polished marbles, rich cornices, pilasters, columns, carved foliage, figures and other ornaments, with which we now see it brought, if not entirely, yet in a great measure to completion. But what was most of all wonderful in that work was the fact that he incorporated the church of Santa Reparata, besides other small churches and houses which stood around it, in his edifice, yet, in arranging the design of his ground plan (which is most beautiful), he proceeded with so much care and judgment, making the excavations wide and deep, and filling them with excellent materials, such as flint and lime, and a foundation of immense stones, that they have proved equal, as we still see, to the perfect support of that enormous construction, the cupola, which Filippo di Ser Brunellesco erected upon them, and which Arnolfo had probably not even thought of placing thereon; nay, from the fame acquired by these constructions, the place is still called 'Lungo-i-Fondamenti.' . . . The walls of the building were almost entirely covered externally with marbles of various colours, and within with Florentine granite, even to the most minute corners of the edifice."

[1] [On this passage, see *Mornings in Florence*, § 11 (below, p. 304).]
[2] [Book viii. chap. vii.]

14. You have, then, provided by this Arnolfo:—

Foundations without Flaw[1]—

Arabian grace and colour added to Etruscan severity.

Joy of light as well as of colour in the pierced apse.

Perfect external masonry.

Simplest and usefullest internal vaulting.

Inlaying: the old Etruscan art in perfection.

Field, externally, for sculpture; internally, for painting.

15. At the two extremities[2] of the tower of Assisi stand buildings which seem to have been set there by fate with the distinct object of making manifest the opposition[3] [between the Lombard and the Gothic].

The Duomo, at the upper end of the city, retains its Lombardic façade absolutely uninjured. It is a perfect architectural composition, with three wheel windows and three richly sculptured doors, separated from each other by a bold cornice and beautifully proportioned arcade. Rich decoration by external sculpture is the builder's object; and in spirit and fineness of chiselling, or in force of cruel life, it cannot be surpassed. Whatever bites, rends, devours, or destroys, these builders can represent; of the Madonna, their only idea is that she is a powerful animal giving suck.[4] Although the apse of this building is simple, it is still an architectural composition, having the same general intention as the elaborate apse of the Duomo of Verona; the power of the building is in sculpture, in proportion, in use of rich niche and shaft—not in subject sculpture, still less in painting.

[1] [Mr. Wedderburn's notes of the lecture contain the following *obiter dictum* by Ruskin on the Leaning Tower of Pisa: "I do not believe it to be due to failing of joints, or falling or sinking of foundation. My own opinion is that it was a *tour de force*. The Pisans were seamen, and the idea might be from the slope of a ship's mast."]

[2] [The passage "At the two extremities . . . clearly later porch" is inserted from Ruskin's diary, written at Assisi in 1874, when he was preparing these lectures.]

[3] [See Plate XVII., which shows the two buildings here described.]

[4] [See the sculpture over the door of the Duomo; Plate XV.]

The Duomo, Assisi

The Church of S. Francesca, Assisi

16. One walks down the hill to San Francesco; and in what remains there of the original building, the principles are exactly reversed. Bare walls, hastily put together and held in shape by richest appliances of arch and buttress, are enough for the church outside. There is no sculpture of any importance. Rude waggon vaults, arches built anyhow, walls anyhow; the apse, a mere vertical hexagon on a cylinder, with no care for proportion, for delicacy of masonry, for anything but blank resistance to the elements; the whole spirit of the building is in its interior painting, and painted glass sustained in simplest tracery. The Catherine-wheel window, and rude tracery below it, is the only portion clumsily adopted from the Lombards. For the extreme simplicity,—the absolute negation of architectural charm,—I can only account by supposing the original church built with a definite idea of obeying St. Francis' command of poverty, and that its painting is a *cheap* decoration. It is a sepulchral urn of common Etruscan earth, painted by its religious potter, as of old in Greece, but inside instead of outside. This opposition between the Duomo and San Francesco is perfectly clear and tenable, even taking San Francesco with all its chapels and finer vaultings, as it at present stands,—divesting it only of the clearly later porch.

17. The exterior of the Holy Cross and St. Mary's were severely without ornament. The typical form of Italian Gothic was created by Arnolfo, in fitting the ancient marble wall with its sculpture to the structural form of the pointed arch.[1]

You know of him, then, that he was architect, sculptor, mosaic-worker; that under him the Gothic tomb attained

[1] [In the "casual comments" mentioned above, Ruskin, no doubt, elaborated these points. Thus, Mr. Wedderburn's notes contain these passages: "The tomb of St. Paul at Rome may be Arnolfo, with four angels inside the Gothic canopy, for these four angels sweeping down and rising are the greatest instance anywhere of Northern fire combined with Italian grace." And again, "Arnolfo in the pierced apse gives joy of light and colour. He combines Arabian grace and Etruscan symmetry." "The tomb of St. Paul" means the Gothic tabernacle by Arnolfo which escaped the fire when the sarcophagus of St. Paul was destroyed. Discussion of the characteristics of "Arnolfo-Gothic," illustrated in the case of Santa Croce, may now be read in *Mornings in Florence*, §§ 8–10 (below, pp. 300–303).]

its perfect form; the Italian Gothic church, its finished ideal. We have next to examine the transitions in sculpture and painting which took place beneath his Captainship.

Of the great master in sculpture I spoke last year;[1] now in my two next lectures we have to examine the collateral labour and triumph of the two great painters, master and scholar, *per quos*—for so Giotto's epitaph should be expanded—pictura extincta revixit.[2]

[1] [In the lectures on Niccola Pisano in *Val d'Arno*. For Arnolfo, as the "captain" of the group containing Pisano, Cimabue, and Giotto, see Vol. XXII. p. 333.]

[2] [The epitaph (by Politian), placed by Lorenzo de' Medici beneath the bust of Giotto in the Cathedral at Florence, begins "Ille ego sum, per quem pictura extincta revixit." For another reference to it, see *Mornings in Florence*, § 23 (below, p. 319), and "Giotto's Pet Puppy," § 9 (below, p. 474).]

LECTURE II[1]

CIMABUE[2]

18. In the last lecture we saw how Florence was the Etruscan stock receiving the grafts of North and South. Of this grafted strength Cimabue was the first exponent.[3] Of this great painter we usually think as an institutor of a noble order of stronger men; himself, otherwise, contemptible. But I have at once to assure you that he was quite one of the greatest men of Italy; had he closed, instead of beginning, the splendour of her schools, he would have stood beside Tintoret and Michael Angelo. But again: so far as we admit his genius, we err in attributing to it wholly a change which was national and universal. Cimabue was the crisis of a national change—a national, not an individual change. It is so with all great men: they rise to greatness on unknown stepping-stones.[4] First of the Florentines, first of European men, Cimabue attained in thought, he saw with spiritual eyes exercised to discern good from evil, the face of her who was blessed among women; and with his following hand, made visible the Magnificat of his heart.[5] How he was able to draw this dream, and to interpret it, is our subject of question to-day:—not a matter, believe me, dependent in any wise on any human skill or human genius.

[1] [Delivered on November 13, 1874.]

[2] [For Ruskin's new appreciation of Cimabue during his sojourn at Assisi in 1874, see the Introduction (above, p. xlii.). And, in his later writings, compare *Mornings in Florence* (below, p. 328), and *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 76.]

[3] [These two first sentences are inserted from Mr. Wedderburn's notes.]

[4] [The passage "Cimabue was . . . stepping-stones" is added from Mr. Wedderburn's notes. With it may be compared *Ariadne Florentina*, § 45 (Vol. XXII. p. 329).]

[5] [Ruskin afterwards incorporated this sentence ("First of the Florentines . . . of his heart") in *Mornings in Florence*, § 35 (below, p. 330). It is, however, repeated here in order to show the train of thought in the lecture.]

19.[1] The school of painting in the Val d'Arno separates itself from that of sculpture at once by its dependence on other masters. Niccola Pisano, finding Greek Byzantine sculpture degraded, learns how to reform and restore it from Græco-Roman sarcophagi,[2] and treats Scripture history as a Greek Naturalist. But Cimabue, finding Greek Byzantine painting degraded, reforms and restores it out of his own heart, putting into it only the life of that; and he treats Scripture history as a Greek Father of the Church. Niccola Pisano is therefore the head of the naturalist school of artists, and Cimabue of the legendary and imaginative. The power of Niccola, as a teacher, is in his vigorous and fearless adoption of the natural fact; the power of Cimabue is in conceiving with new passion what had been cold and dead in religious legend. Strictly speaking, Cimabue founds no new school. It is the Christian-Greek school which in him comes into flower and glows with the colour of new life. And afterwards all the passion of Christian painting develops itself in consistent aspiration,—flames of pure and eager fire. The Pisan school chastises, disciplines, informs, investigates; touched with the Florentine religious fervour, it culminates in Luca della Robbia; betraying the source of life, it perishes in Michael Angelo. You are to note, then, as the characteristic point of difference between the schools, that whatever Cimabue bestows is his own; so also Giotto; so also the monk Lippi; so finally Sandro Botticelli and Perugino. They carry on without a break the traditions of the Greek Church, adding the grace and tenderness of the Etrurian-Christian mind. But whatever Niccola Pisano, or Giovanni Pisano, or Donatello, or Ghiberti, give is not strictly their own, but their gathering from classic masters under discipline of classic law; and they treat all religious tradition as a subject of art, but Cimabue and Giotto think of their art only as the servant of tradition.

20. This, I say, is the characteristic point of difference.

[1] [§§ 19–21 are printed from some pages in Ruskin's diary of 1874; the pages were to be used, as he notes at the top, in the present course of lectures.]

[2] [See *Val d'Arno*, § 14 (above, pp. 17–18).]

But the point of difference does not embrace the whole matter. Distinct in this one respect, Giotto and Niccola are alike in many other respects; alike in many more things than they are opposed in. Alike chiefly in following the visible nature around them as their object of imitation, though under different guides, and with variously subordinated motives. Niccola Pisano, as far as I remember, never carves an entirely beautiful face, and never a grotesque or characteristic one. He is grand and legal as the antique.[1] Giotto, on the contrary, dwells with the delight of Gainsborough on beauty and with the definiteness of Holbein on character. But both, with equal intenseness, follow the vision of actual life before them, and realise with continually increasing clearness of sight and skill, the one what is classic, the other what is gracious, in the Florentines of their day.*

21. Now as soon as this relation of the two schools becomes manifest, the question occurs, Why should the Byzantine traditions blossom suddenly at Cimabue's touch, as they are subdued under Niccola's? There is reason for Niccola's newly-born power: he sees the masters of the perfect time. But what reason is there for Cimabue's newly-born power, who ignores? None, external. He is the Florentine spirit itself—the Etrurian lover of religion and mystery returning to its strength as the nation recovers its glory, expressing itself in the genius of one great man as that of Venice in Tintoret. Parallels are never exact in these wide things. The greatest man in Venice comes last; in Florence, first. Step by step, Carpaccio, Bellini, Giorgione create the Venetian power, culminating in Tintoret. The Florentine Tintoret is sent where all around is dark; he breaks through

* I have spoken in these few pages of Niccola, first as a Naturalist, then as a Legalist; of Cimabue and Giotto, first as Legalist—traditionary, then as Naturalist—emotional. This is right, but sadly confusing. Niccola Pisano, more properly, from the first represents the Classic, Rational, irreligious element.[2]

[1] [Compare *Val d'Arno*, § 283 (above, p. 166).]

[2] [Ruskin goes on in his diary to refer to Niccola's "Deposition from the Cross"; the notes were worked up in the lectures (see below, pp. 225 *seq.*).]

the darkness, forms the greatness of Giotto, and there is nothing greater afterwards. And the real subject of inquiry for us—the heart of the whole matter is not how Cimabue or Giotto educated themselves, or what were the circumstances of *their* lives; but how the Florentines had become a people capable of producing either of them, had become so different from the Byzantines, from the Franks, from the Germans, as to produce Cimabues and Giottos after their own heart. My own belief is that these men are both absolutely of Græco-Etruscan race,[1] as opposed to the Norman; that they represent the new budding of an underground stem which has its root partly in Greece proper, partly in Egypt, and that the spirit-life which invented the forms of the throned gods and kings of Thebes is in the veins of Cimabue; and that the domestic truth and tenderness which gave us the tales of Nausicaa and Penelope, again lives in Giotto. They are at once Greek of the Greeks, and Christian of the Christians—the flower and purest force of both.

22. I had best begin by reading you what I do not doubt to be true in the story of Vasari:[2]—

"By the will of God in the year 1240, Giovanni Cimabue, of the noble family of that name, was born in the city of Florence, to give the first light to the art of painting. This youth, as he grew up, being considered by his father and others to give proof of an acute judgment and a clear understanding, was sent to Santa Maria Novella to study letters under a relation, who was then master in grammar to the novices of that convent. But Cimabue, instead of devoting himself to letters, consumed the whole day in drawing men, horses, houses, and other various fancies, on his books and different papers,—an occupation to which he felt himself impelled by nature; and this natural inclination was favoured by fortune, for the governors of the city had invited certain Greek painters to Florence for the purpose of restoring the art of painting, which had not merely degenerated, but was altogether lost. These artists, among other works, began to paint the chapel of the Gondi, situate next the principal chapel, in Santa Maria Novella, the roof and walls of which are now almost entirely destroyed by time,—and Cimabue, often escaping from the school, and having already made a commencement in the art he was so fond of, would stand watching those masters at their work, the day through. . . . Wherefore, though

[1] [Compare *Laws of Fésole*, Vol. XV. p. 345.]

[2] [The following passages (vol. i. pp. 35–43 in Bohn's edition) are probably what Ruskin read.]

Cimabue imitated his Greek instructors, he very much improved the art, relieving it greatly from their uncouth manner, and doing honour to his country by the name that he acquired, and by the works which he performed.[1] Of this we have evidence in Florence, from the pictures which he painted there; as, for example, the front of the altar of Santa Cecilia, and a picture of the Virgin in Santa Croce, which was, and is still, attached to one of the pilasters on the right of the choir. After this he painted a small picture of St. Francis, in panel, on a gold ground, drawing it, a new thing in those times, from nature, with such means as he could obtain, and placing around it the whole history of the saint in twenty small pictures, full of minute figures, on a ground of gold.

"Having afterwards undertaken to paint a large picture in the abbey of the Santa Trinita in Florence for the monks of Vallombrosa, he made great efforts to justify the high opinion already formed of him, and evinced improved powers of invention in that work, and displayed a fine manner in the attitudes of the Virgin, whom he depicted with the child in her arms, and with numerous angels, in the act of worship, around her, on a gold ground. . . .

"Cimabue next painted in fresco at the hospital of the Porcellana, at the corner of the Via Nuova, which leads into the Borgo Ogni Santi. On the front of this building, which has the principal door in the centre, he painted the Virgin receiving the annunciation from the angel, on one side, and Jesus Christ, with Cleophas and Luke, on the other; all figures of the size of life. In this work he departed still more decidedly from the dry formal manner of his instructors, giving more life and movement to the draperies, vestments, and other accessories. . . . Cimabue was again summoned by the same prior, who had employed him for the works of Santa Croce, and he now painted for him a colossal crucifix on wood, which is still to be seen in that church. The execution of this crucifix gave great satisfaction to the prior, who caused the artist to accompany him to his convent of San Francesco in Pisa, where Cimabue painted a picture of San Francesco. . . .

". . . The name of Cimabue becoming widely known by these labours, he was invited to Assisi, a city of Umbria, where, in company with certain Greek masters, he painted a portion of the vaulted roof in the lower church of San Francesco, together with the life of Jesus Christ and that of St. Francis, on the walls of the same church. In these works he greatly surpassed those Greek masters, and encouraged by this, he began alone to paint the upper church in fresco. . . . Near the high altar, and in the space between the windows entirely up to the roof, he painted eight historical pictures from the Old Testament, beginning with the early chapters of Genesis, and taking the most prominent events in due order. . . .

". . . Having returned to Florence he afterwards painted the picture of the Virgin for the church of Santa Maria Novella, where it is suspended on high between the chapel of the Rucellai family and that of the Bardi

[1] [Mr. Wedderburn's notes show that at this point Ruskin, in his running comments, contrasted Cimabue with Niccola Pisano: "Note that whilst Niccola turns to study sarcophagi, and so is turned back to classical art (see above, p. 198), Cimabue, after being apprenticed to these Greeks, gives up the Norman drawing of horses and men on his books, and is a thorough Byzantine."]

of Vernio. This picture is of larger size than any figure that had been painted down to those times; and the angels surrounding it make it evident that, although Cimabue still retained the Greek manner, he was nevertheless gradually approaching the mode of outline and general method of modern times. Thus it happened that this work was an object of so much admiration to the people of that day—they having then never seen anything better—that it was carried in solemn procession, with the sound of trumpets and other festal demonstrations, from the house of Cimabue to the church, he himself being highly rewarded and honoured for it. It is further reported, and may be read in certain records of old painters, that whilst Cimabue was painting this picture in a garden near the gate of San Pietro, King Charles the elder, of Anjou, passed through Florence, and the authorities of the city, among other marks of respect, conducted him to see the picture of Cimabue. When this work was thus shown to the king, it had not before been seen by any one; wherefore all the men and women of Florence hastened in great crowds to admire it, making all possible demonstrations of delight. The inhabitants of the neighbourhood, rejoicing in this occurrence, ever afterwards called that place Borgo Allegri; and this name it has ever since retained, although in process of time it became enclosed within the walls of the city.

". . . Cimabue was entombed in Santa Maria del Fiore, the following epitaph being composed on him by one of the Nini:—

"'Credidit ut Cimabos picturæ castra tenere
Sic tenuit, vivens, nunc tenet astra poli.'

"I will not omit to observe that if the greatness of Giotto, his disciple, had not diminished the glory of Cimabue, his fame would have risen still higher, as Dante remarks in his *Commedia,* where, alluding in the eleventh canto of the *Purgatorio* to this inscription on the tomb, he says:—

"'Credette Cimabue nella pintura
Tener lo campo, ed ora ha Giotto il grido,
Si che la fama di colui s'oscura.'"[1]

23. Now, notice the date—1240. The boy was ten years old in 1250,[2] the great revolution to Peace. That was the thing which Cimabue was to find voice for. I don't know if you have a distinct idea of Etruscans—who they were, or what they were. But mass them in your minds thus:—

Pagan Etruscans, exactly like the Greeks, and having their chief dynasty at the same time as the Greek, contemporary with earliest Rome.

[1] [*Purgatorio,* xi. 94. Compare Vol. IV. p. 202 *n.*; Vol. XIX. p. 28; and *Mornings in Florence,* § 37 (below, p. 333).]

[2] [See, again, *Val d'Arno,* for the significance of that year (above, pp. 11, 62–63, 152).]

Christian Etruscans, converted, I don't know when, but very quietly in a group here at Florence till the thirteenth century—so quietly that there's no history of Florence whatever before the thirteenth century. Then the Lombard nobles intermarry with the peaceful Etruscans, quarrel with them, and there is one continual clatter of street fighting till 1250,[1] when the peaceful Etruscans turn out the Lombards, and begin their own great Florentine life—much strengthened by their battle, taught how to hit hard with sword or chisel, and thenceforward, Etruscans re-animate, living to our own day. Then, in Cimabue you have his own Etruscan ancient and peaceful blood—the Lombardic temper mingling in its restlessness; finally, the traditional education in religious legend given him by his Greek masters. That is the way in which the grafting tells on his own nature.

24. And now consider what gave the power to the new religion he had to interpret.

I call it a new religion. I doubt not you had again and again tacitly, but energetically, dissented from me in assigning so late a date to the reality of Christian art.[2] But you will find on accurate reflection that the Christianity of the so-called dark ages, beautiful and lofty as it was in their great teachers and saints, could not express itself through the art of its converts. The men, to whom it was really vital, prevailed by destroying their idols; by turning them to a living God, not a sculptured one; and while the fierce Lombards had at last established a doctrine which would permit them to carve their church fronts as if built to Nimrod instead of Christ, the great Cistercian power rose under St. Bernard absolutely forbidding the sculpture of any animal form or human form except only the Crucifix.[3]

25. For the rest you will find that the great saints are pre-eminently men of practical power—agriculturists,

[1] [See *Val d'Arno*, § 1 (above, p. 11).]
[2] [Compare on this point *Val d'Arno*, § 8 (above, p. 15).]
[3] [Compare the lecture entitled *Mending the Sieve*, §§ 23, 24 (now printed in *Our Fathers have Told Us*).]

economists, physicians, masters of discipline to the body and soul of man, not artists, nor even lovers of nature. The beautiful sites chosen for the Cistercian abbeys were only that they might be far from cities, not that they might be amidst forests or flowers. The worldly Protestant sneers at the wisdom which chose the richest meadows by the fairest streams; but you may rest assured that neither then, nor now, nor at any time, has the power of a church been established by selfishness, or monies, or luxury. The Cistercian chose the ground which his industry could make fruitful, because his religion consisted in the teaching of all simple arts of peace; and his influence on this life of Europe was in showing a liberal acceptance of the guidance of the Good Shepherd. "He leadeth me beside the still waters, and restoreth my soul."[1]

26. And at last, by St. Benedict, St. Bernard, St. Francis, and multitudes of many men like Hugo of Lincoln,[2] labouring in calm and rational strength against the fever of the world, the real motive of Christianity had been apprehended. And was it wonderful that all souls should turn to the first Annunciation of it, should regard with new and strange horror the maid whose ear first heard the saying, "The Holy Thing which shall be born of thee, shall be called the Son of God"?[3] In the meantime the advance of Knightly Honour and of Kingly Wisdom had purified into brightest form the living types of maid and mother among the higher ranks of Europe. Cimabue had women to paint from, pure as snow, and bright as sunshine.

27. Take next[4] the choice of subjects. First, the front of the altar of St. Cecilia; the Virgin with angels in Santa Croce; and, for the monks of Vallombrosa, Christ with Cleophas and St. Luke. Then, St. Francis (so called "from

[1] [Psalms xxiii. 2, 3.]

[2] [For other references to St. Benedict and St. Bernard, see, again, *Mending the Sieve*, §§ 8 *seq.*; *Deucalion* ("The Iris of the Earth" and "Thirty Years Since"); and *Præterita*, iii. §§ 36, 40. For St. Francis, see below, pp. 299 *seq.*; for Hugo of Lincoln, *Fors Clavigera*, Letters 43 and 83.]

[3] [Luke i. 35.]

[4] [*i.e.*, of the points which appear in the passages from Vasari.]

nature"). Then, St. Agnes, with the story of her life. Then, again St. Francis. Finally, he is called to the great work of the Upper Church of Assisi—the story of Genesis. All these subjects belong to the so-called Contemplative cycle of Byzantine art, to which Cimabue is constantly referred; while his pupil Giotto is supposed to have introduced the Dramatic school which delights in incident.

[Here, no doubt, followed the passage on Contemplative and Dramatic art now incorporated in *Mornings in Florence*, §§ 31 *seq.*, to which in this edition an additional passage from the MS. of the present lecture is added (see below, p. 326). The real question concerning the different schools, said Ruskin, is "What do you admire?" He proceeded to illustrate Cimabue's choice of subjects from the works of the artist at Assisi.]

28. And now I must tell you quickly what will be useful to you to know in visiting Assisi—my staying-at-home hearers must be patient with me, for it is really necessary now to give travellers some clue better than their Murray's Guide.

The whole Church of Assisi consists, first, of the tomb of St. Francis, cut down into the rock; above that, a low church, built in a space which is increased by cutting back into the slope of the hill, and entered at the side; above, the Upper Church of Assisi. The Lower Church is a cross, massively round arched, simply a waggon vault crossing a waggon vault.[1] It is just 26 feet high from pavement to crown of arch, and about 35 to 37 feet wide—Italian round arched work of simplest kind. Above this, the Upper

[1] [In Ruskin's diary of 1874 there is the following passage on the churches of Assisi:—

"Antiquarians have dwelt much on the image of the ship in the church. But the likeness to a ship was only a metaphor. Actually and without metaphor they wanted to make their church like a tomb. Partly like what they were accustomed to in catacombs; partly, the Roman domes and basilica tribunes; partly, the crusades and Holy Sepulchre—and houses, as of Christ. The waggon vault, therefore, as used in churches, is not merely adoption of continuous arch for roof, but of the κοίλη of the catacomb. In the Lower Church of Assisi, then, this principle was carried out to the uttermost. The ground, I suppose, broke away originally in a small cliff, above the great slope to the valley, and they would simply clear out the hill, putting the lower church well into the ground, considering it as a magnificent crypt for the upper one, and preparing for the upper one by enormous circular piers and by exceedingly low arches as of a railway tunnel. The whole idea of the architecture being of strength only, the decoration being with colour, as in the Catacombs."]

Church was built by the German Lapo, Arnolfo's master. It is accomplished Northern Gothic, and 60 feet high. Both churches together, therefore, are not a hundred feet high; no magnificence of size is aimed at. The Upper Church is painted on both sides and at this top end by Cimabue; on both sides at the bottom by Giotto, in an early stage of his power, while the cross vault of the Lower Church is painted by Giotto in his middle time.

The church stands, because of the form of the ground, with its altar to the west instead of the east, so that Murray's Guide always calls the north transept the south one. Observe, therefore, on the north side—beginning from the west and reading towards the east—Cimabue painted sixteen subjects; in a double line on the south side sixteen more. The sixteen on the north are from the Old Testament, the sixteen on the south from the New. Finally, opposite the altar, two more complete Cimabue's plan.

29. Now, I want you to notice his choice of subjects. He has to represent the history of the Old Testament by its most important scenes.

All men who came after him, or, I think, before, thought of the life of Moses as important; of the life of David as important; of the lives of the prophets as important. "No," says Cimabue, "I won't tell you all that long story. I want you to be a Contemplative person, in the Greek manner. I will give you what I want you most to think of." Now note this cycle, for subjects of thought:—

1. The Creation of the World.[1]
2. The Creation of Adam.
3. The Creation of Eve.
4. The Fall.
5. The Expulsion.
6. The Labour of Life.
7. Death of Abel.
8. Judgment on Cain.

[1] [For a note on the treatment of the subject in this fresco, see in a later volume the letter to Professor Norton of August 26, 1874.]

Eight of his sixteen subjects gone already. But he has given you enough to think on—the power of God over all, and his relation to man as a Judge of his sin.

Now hear the next eight subjects:—

9. Building the Ark.
10. Deluge.
11. Abraham's Sacrifice of Isaac.
12. Abraham and the Angels.
13. The Blessing of Jacob.
14. The Rejection of Esau.
15. The Selling of Joseph.
16. The Brethren in Egypt.

And he stops there. You would think the series incomplete, and that he had meant to go on. But you know it isn't incomplete, for his opposite sixteen, from the life of Christ, are indisputably complete.

Well, if you begin to think, you will see he wants to tell you, first, what God will curse—lust and anger; secondly, what God will bless—faith and patience. This is his Etruscan Gospel—labour with faith; and the Brother Joseph's forgiveness of injuries, instead of the Brother Cain's rage against innocence.

30. Under this church there is, then, the Lower Church—a round or waggon-vaulted cross. In the north transept of that [is Cimabue's] Madonna enthroned with St. Francis.[1]

I will afterwards show you the complete series of transitional Madonnas.[2] But the point of transition is that the

[1] [Here there is a blank space in the MS., indicating, no doubt, that Ruskin at this point showed a copy of the fresco, with comments. See his drawing of Cimabue's Madonna at Assisi, which is engraved as the frontispiece to *The Bible of Amiens;* and compare, with the account of various types of Madonnas given in that book (ch. iv. § 49), the description of the Madonna of Murano in *Stones of Venice,* vol. ii. (Vol. X. p. 65).]

[2] [Mr. Wedderburn's notes show that in the course of the lecture Ruskin contrasted the Madonnas of old days with the modern frescoes—of advertisements such as one then prevalent of Mrs. Allen's hair-restorer, "the great Madonna of the nineteenth century, with flowing hair and equally flowing promises; but even she palls on repetition" (see *Mornings in Florence,* § 34; below, p. 329). In the diary of 1874, written at Assisi, there is a passage which may here be added:—

"Standing on the steps which descend from the upper cloisters into the north transept of the Lower Church, we have, on the wall beside me, an exquisite fresco by Giotto in front, his four great moral poems; opposite, a

Greek Madonna had been a mighty deity, μήτηρ θεοῦ, Mother of God—majestic always, sometimes terrible, and with vestiges of the power of Latona and Athena, mother and maid. The Lombard Madonna, on the contrary, had been a mere

> Madonna by Cimabue; overhead, the series of frescoes from the Life of Christ by Taddeo Gaddi. Three great transitions in Florentine art may here be studied without moving from one place:—
>
> "(1.) The Cimabue represents Etruscan-Greek art, unchanged in purpose, though reanimate in more tender power. To paint the great Gods as of old—eternal things, for perpetual meditation—Athena, Apollo, Madonna, St. Francis, Christ.
>
> "(2.) The fresco beside us represents the first delight taken in art in pure human emotion affecting various characters. The moral poems on the great vault represent the new philosophy developed by the effect of Christianity on such various human characters.
>
> "(3.) The frescoes of Taddeo Gaddi show the modification of the idea of divinity, produced by the new interest in human feeling.
>
> "The change in method of decoration correspondent to these transitions in aim is of great importance. Cimabue uses every device of Dædalus in his power to exalt the dignity of the great Gods, inlays their thrones, gilds their garments, but uses broad masses of division and colour to increase the conception of power. Giotto, thinking only of emotion, feels ornament in his way, often refuses it altogether; but the most exquisite conditions of sentimental colours and the subtlest appliances, within strict limits of decorative element, give infinitely more enjoyment than the most elaborate wealth of Dædalus. Taddeo Gaddi, weaker and more commonplace in emotion, brings back the decorative element into an equality of claim; makes his compositions almost primarily ornamental; enriches them with new skill in shadow and harmony.
>
> "(4.) At Assisi we can go no further in the history of art. But entering the gallery of Perugia we get three further transitions, which lead us to the close of art. In Fra Angelico we find the new emotional element carried to its final strength on the side of goodness; and with such intensity that it no longer fears decoration nor is oppressed by it, but seizes and triumphs in the entire treasure of Dædalian ornament, transmuting it all by its own passion into spiritual gold.
>
> "Up to this point the contest, or harmony, has been between emotion and decoration. The more grave struggle between emotion and imitation has not been thought of—the imitative power being too feeble.
>
> "(5.) Then Raphael imitates—losing emotion.
>
> "(6.) Then the degraded result of *lost* emotion, in search of affected action;—in the vile Madonna of the drawing-room, of his design, painted by his imitators. This imitation of Raphael is exquisite, and shows all the bad qualities of him pure. It is now—*art* of every sort, used to set forth a figure of an unbelieved Madonna for public entertainment. From this Madonna for show to a harlot for show there is no essential transition. Carnal pleasure, and no faith, are alike in both this Madonna and the lowest French modernism—but differently bred."

A note in the diary adds that the picture referred to in (6) is "The Madonna sitting with her arm gracefully thrown into repose." The picture is by Anselmo di Giovanni and Domenico Alfani; the drawing by Raphael is in the gallery at Lille. For the frescoes of Taddeo Gaddi at Assisi (3), see *Mornings in Florence*, § 78 (below, p. 372). (2) The "poems" by Giotto are "Poverty," "Chastity," "Obedience," and "The Glorification of St. Francis": see above, p. xliv. (1) The Cimabue is referred to in the preceding note (p. 207).]

type of rude maternity,[1] the maiden character and the divine one being both lost. Cimabue made his Madonna entirely human; divested her of all Greek deity; made her of all Virgins the humblest, of all mothers the most sorrowful.[2]

But he made her also entirely noble and pure—in maidenhood unsullied; in motherhood glorious; receiver of the life which was to descend thenceforward evermore through all the spiritual generations of redeemed mortality.

[1] [See above, § 15, p. 194.]

[2] [Compare *Mornings in Florence*, § 23 (below, p. 318). Mr. Wedderburn notes a remark by Ruskin to the effect that though Cimabue "fails in nose perspective, his expression of eye is excellent."]

LECTURE III

GIOTTO

[This lecture was delivered on November 17, but it does not appear in its place among the MS. of the present course. Ruskin noted, in going through the MS. at a later date, that some of it was used for the Eton lecture on Giotto—"Giotto's Pet Puppy": notes for this lecture are printed below (pp. 471–475). Other portions of the Oxford lecture on Giotto were used in various parts of *Mornings in Florence*, which may indeed be described as itself a lecture on the master. Mr. Wedderburn's summary note of the lecture shows some of the topics treated: "How Giotto realised the good in both the domestic and the monastic life, thought to be antagonistic. The vulgar glitter of Ghirlandajo as compared with Cimabue's shepherd boy, Giotto, who suddenly banishes all conventionality and paints things as they are. Giotto's 'Birth of the Virgin' and 'Meeting of Joachim and Anna,' painted without gold, yet far surpassing Ghirlandajo's 'Birth of Virgin' and 'Meeting with Elizabeth.' Effect of Giotto on Titian. Giotto the founder of the schools of colour in Italy. His difficulty in perspective; in painting of hands and feet. His choice of moments." These topics are discussed in *Mornings in Florence*, §§ 17 *seq.* (pp. 312 *seq.*), 56 (p. 350).]

LECTURE IV[1]

BRUNELLESCHI[2]

31. We enter to-day on the study of the group of artists whom I wish you to think of as characterisically mathematic in their temper of work—desirous, that is to say, of correcting the impressions of sense by the appliance of the laws of reason, and the measurement or other sure determination of the facts—so that their minds instead of being in a habitual state of αἴσθησις, or perception, are in a habitual state of μάθησις, or learning and demonstration.

32. You will at once feel that there are in this change of temper, possibilities both of advance and decline. If your eyes deceive you, and by the fitting of a foot-rule you can correct their error and go on more safely, your mathematics are a real advantage to you. And my pupils engaged here in practice know well with what repeated and troublesome insistence I beg them to use the entirely mathematical process of measuring things with compasses,[3] instead of the semi-æsthetic process of winking at them past a held up pencil. But if, in admiration of the accuracy of our compasses, or of the smoothness and precision of the line they draw, we begin to use them as substitutes for eyes, and live thenceforward with our compasses in our hands, and our eyes in our pockets (especially if they are employed in counting the money there), we have gained no advantage either by our scruples or instruments.

33. And farther, æsthetic observation, even if weak, takes

[1] [Delivered on November 20.]

[2] [For other references to Brunelleschi, see *Ariadne Florentina*, § 72 (Vol. XXII. p. 346); *Val d'Arno*, §§ 267, 278 (above, pp. 156, 162); Vol. VIII. p. 67 *n.*; and Vol. XV. p. 345.]

[3] [See, for instance, Vol. XV. pp. 38, 44, 51, 342, 365; and Vol. XXI. p. 239.]

in the whole at a glance; but mathematic study proceeds from part to part, and may pause at an unimportant part.

Again, the conditions of æsthetic perception admit of no proof whether we are right or wrong; the contemplative painter, as such, is neither proud of what he sees without effort, nor angry if other people don't see the same, and this state of calm and modesty is very good for him. But the mathematic painter, laboriously ascertaining that he is right in every particular that may be tested, not only exults in his own knowledge, but is scornful of everybody who will not take the same pains and arrive at the same results—that is to say, very often scornful of persons much greater than himself—and he therefore becomes incapable of taking pleasure in their perceptions. For instance, in this entirely æsthetic painting by Turner of Salisbury Cathedral,[1] the spire is quite perilously out of the perpendicular, and the shepherd has one eye somewhat higher than the other. A merely mathematic painter would at once be offended by these irregularities, and would take no pleasure in the light of the sky or the colour of the cathedral, which was what Turner wished him to attend to.

34. But chiefly, with respect to Florentine art at this period, the greatest subjects on which it was occupied involved the exercise of the æsthetic faculty in what I ventured in my last lecture[2] to call an insane degree of intensity; that is to say, to the point of actually seeing and hearing sights and sounds which had apparently no external cause.[3] Now the mathematic mind, requiring demonstration and examination, necessarily refuses both its faith and its industry to visions of this nature, and therefore occupies itself necessarily with material objects only, or with abstract theorems.

[1] [Here Ruskin showed his drawing by Turner; for other references to it see Vol. XXI. p. 223.]

[2] [The lecture on Giotto; the passage occurs in *Mornings in Florence*, § 36 below, p. 331).]

[3] [A note in the MS. shows that Ruskin here referred to his "Matlock dreams"; they are described in *Ariadne Florentina*, § 213 (Vol. XXII. pp. 445–447).]

35. For instance, Michael Angelo, who is the culminating power of the Mathematic school, paints his angels without wings. The masters of the Æsthetic school always had seen them with wings, and painted them so without asking any questions; but Michael Angelo, who never saw any, but only reasoned them out, and produced them by mathematic processes, necessarily felt, as an anatomist, the impossibility of their having wings, and could not, therefore, either logically or with any pleasure, represent them. And as it appears almost equally unreasonable to suppose that human bodies should float in the air without wings,—although in some cases, especially that of the Creation of Adam, he gives entire buoyancy by the help of drapery and cloud, and in others by gesture,—on the whole he likes to have his figure well down on the ground, and will always take more pains with a reeling Bacchus, a dying Adonis, or a recumbent Leda, than a flying Victory.[1]

Nevertheless, and in face of all these dangers, the discipline of the Mathematic school is necessary to the perfection of the Æsthetic; and the group of consummate painters, with whom our study terminates, unite the inexplicable grasp of the one, with the indisputable accuracy of the other.

36. To-day, however, we are to examine the character of the men who belonged specially to the Mathematic as an antagonist, or at least a distinct, body of artists, unsympathetic with the earlier visionary masters, and by their influence bringing about the victory, afterwards total, of scientific methods of art.

The Mathematic school begins with Niccola Pisano; culminates in Michael Angelo; its central captain is Brunelleschi.

All three men of gigantic power, and of apparently universal faculty; all three sculptors and architects. Michael

[1] [For other references to the Creation of Adam (Sistine Chapel), see Vol. X. p. 162; to the statues of Bacchus and Adonis (Museo Nazionale, Florence), Vol. III. p. 118, Vol. IV. p. 281, and, below, p. 231; the picture of Leda is in the National Gallery, but not exhibited.]

Angelo, a painter also; all three recognized in their time as absolute masters and lawful authorities—men not merely to be admired, but obeyed.

37. And so recognized, observe, just because, though apparently gifted with all faculty, they were wanting, at least weak, in one, the most precious—imagination; for that is wholly æsthetic. And it is just that which is offensive to a large number of observers, who cannot understand it. It was his imagination which prevented Botticelli from forming a school in Italy; his imagination which prevented Turner from forming a school in England. Had you left him his powers of execution, his love of truth, and given him only as much imagination as Sir Augustus Callcott,[1] he would have formed a school of landscape instantly. All these three men, then, had a special power in Italy. Niccola Pisano taught her physical truth and trustworthiness in all things; Brunelleschi the dignity of abstract mathematical law; Michael Angelo the majesty of the human frame. To Niccola you owe the veracity, to Brunelleschi the harmony, and to Michael Angelo the humanity, of mathematic art.

38. To Brunelleschi, I say, you owe its harmony, he being a man of entirely harmonious, exalted, and refined nature, no less intense than scrupulous, no less strong than patient, and no less daring than subtle. He is the discerner of all that has been recovered, and the founder of all that has been done, in classical architecture justly and honourably so called. Michael Angelo, San Micheli, Sansovino, Palladio, Inigo Jones, and Wren are all his scholars; to him you, in reality, owe whatever is good and pure, whatever is delicate and learned, in the architecture of modern Europe. But above all things you especially owe to him—what perhaps some of my audience may be more grateful to him for than I am—the three great domes of Florence, Rome, and London.

[1] [For other references to Callcott, see Vol. III. p. 191.]

39. I should much like to test the feeling of my audience on this matter. Of course, if I were to ask everybody who had seen with admiration the dome of Florence to hold up their hands, everybody would lift hand who had been there. But what I should like to know is whether, on slow self-examination, they look forward to another sight of the dome of Florence, as they do to seeing, after a year or two's interval, the spire of Strassburg again, or the towers of the west front of Rouen.

And for the general public—would not the glimpses of Florence be just as brilliant if the dome were not there — provided only the mosaic shops were? I don't mean that one would not miss the dominant mass of it in distant views of the city, just as one would miss St. Paul's from London; but only that the enjoyment of one's Florentine or London life does not depend on those objects, however admittedly sublime; and I think that when amateurs express themselves with enthusiasm about that Florentine cupola, they are in reality only patting the dome of Florence to appease their own consciences, like Sydney Smith's little girl caressing the tortoise, when her father told her she might as well pat the dome of St. Paul's to please the Dean and Chapter.[1]

40. Observe, in saying so much as this, I carefully hold apart all influence of association or historical sentiment. If you introduce that element of emotion, it does not much matter, supposing the historical or pathetic interest equal, whether your approach to any great city or ruin of city is announced by the outline on the horizon of a tower, a dome, or a pyramid. But counting only the enduring pleasure we take in the sight of a beautiful thing, I believe that in a healthy and naturally æsthetic mind one does heartily enjoy seeing Coventry spires again as one

[1] ["We were all assembled to look at a turtle that had been sent to the house of a friend, when a child of the party stooped down and began eagerly stroking the shell of the turtle. 'Why are you doing that, B——?' said Sydney Smith. 'Oh, to please the turtle.' 'Why, child, you might as well stroke the dome of St. Paul's to please the Dean and Chapter'" (*Wit and Wisdom of Sydney Smith*, 1860, p. 335).]

drives down the hill into the town, or the three gables of Peterborough over the flats, or the long-ridged back of the roof of Amiens, with its sharp arrow of a belfry,[1] but that in driving about Florence it is a matter of extreme indifference whether at the end of a street we see the dome or not.

41. For my own part I am free to confess that I have not the slightest idea what Michael Angelo meant when he said, "Like thee I will not build one, better than thee I cannot." I don't even know what he is supposed to have meant[2]—whether to have been thinking only of the skill of construction, or perceiving a grace of proportion which he could only spoil by altering. So far as he meant the first, no unprofessional person can give any admiration on the same grounds. The merit of structure in a dome depends on relations of weight in the shell and buttresses of it—which to admire, you must first know a great deal of high mathematics—and then the thickness and material of the walls, and shell all the way up. No general spectator can have the slightest idea whether a dome is ill built or well in such particulars.

42. For the general grace of its outline a dome is merely to be considered as a cup turned upside down; and as on any shelf of the Etruscan Room of the British Museum, or of the Florentine Uffizi, I can see twenty cups in a row, every one of them of a different outline, and every one of them equally pretty, I confess myself utterly unable to understand why Michael Angelo should have felt himself unequal to drawing another cup that should be just as agreeable in outline as that of his Florentine friend, and stand just as steadily bottom upwards.

And, in fact, respecting all these traditional remarks of Michael Angelo, you will do well to receive them without

[1] [For other references to Coventry spires, see *Val d'Arno*, §§ 147, 152 (above, pp. 89, 93); for Ruskin's admiration of Peterborough, see Vol. IX. p. 215 *n.*; and for the *flèche* of Amiens Cathedral, *Bible of Amiens*, ch. i. § 5.]

[2] [See, however, *Eagle's Nest*, § 138 (Vol. XXII. pp. 216–217), where Ruskin described what Michael Angelo did mean.]

any oppressive sense of their profundity. You never can find out, in the first place, to whom they were said; and if you could, I think it probable you would consider them as spoken more with a view to the impression upon that not always very sagacious hearer, than as the final results of his own reflection. For instance, in different parts of your admirable Murray's Guide you will find it related, as the occasion serves, that Michael Angelo, after looking a long while at Donatello's St. George, said to it, "March"; that after looking a long while at Ghiberti's St. Mark, he said to it, "Speak"; and after looking a long while at the bronze horse of Marcus Aurelius, he said to it, "Trot."[1]

These observations may in each case have been thought by the bystanders to represent the most refined and concentrated form of artistic criticism; but certainly one or two such cannot but have been made by every artist in the course of his critical life, and their record is only of importance to you as at least proving that the impression generally received of Michael Angelo's own theory of sculpture by his contemporaries was that he considered it his first object to make his figures look living.

43. I think that you may in like manner receive his praise of the dome of Florence as indicating primarily his sense of its safety and economical stability, qualities which it had, as it proved afterwards, in a degree inimitable by him.[2] And you will find in the records of the thought given to it by its builder the same idea prevalent above others. It is not the beauty of the dome, but its unexampled size, of which Brunelleschi intends Florence to be proud; and his own skill is to be shown in the scientific and mechanical functions of designing a safe dome so big,

[1] [See Murray's *Handbook for Central Italy*, ed. 1864, p. 138, where Michael Angelo's remarks about the St. George and the St. Mark on Or' San Michele are quoted, and the *Handbook for Rome*, ed. 1894, p. 36, where that on the statue of Marcus Aurelius on the Capitol is given.]

[2] [Ruskin seems here to refer to the facts that Michael Angelo did not live to see the completion of the Dome of St. Peter's which he modelled on Brunelleschi's design, and that in 1740 the cupola, having given signs of insecurity, had to be repaired and strengthened.]

and then of building it with safety to the workman.[1] And herein you find the first clear indication of the new feeling characteristic of the mechanic and mathematic age, that there is a merit deserving primary consideration in mere and simple magnitude, and mere and simple overcoming of physical difficulty. Some merit there assuredly is; and, in the chapter on Power in my *Seven Lamps of Architecture*, I have allowed all that may be reasonably allowed of the influence of bulk, whether in breadth or elevation.[2] But the first condition of impressions to be produced by magnitude is that such magnitude should be measurable by the eye, and there is an experiment to be made in this very Cathedral of Florence, which may convince us of the difficulty of making it so.

[Here, as Mr. Wedderburn's notes show, Ruskin suggested the "experiment" which he afterwards explained in *Mornings in Florence* (§ 70), and entered upon the discussion, there printed (§§ 71, 72), of the principle that "grandeur depends on proportion and design" and not on mere magnitude.

Next, Ruskin criticised other innovations of the "mathematic school," noting especially "two fatal changes":—

"1st. From obliquity to symmetry.

"VITAL not ACCIDENTAL obliquity, into *Mortal* deadly symmetry.

"2nd. From preciousness, near the ground, to effects of magnitude above it.

"Things seen well on the ground, to things seen ill in the air."

He then proceeded to discourse on the life and work of Brunelleschi, reading extracts from Vasari, with running comments. There are no notes in the MS. of this part of the lecture; but the following note (§ 44) upon the reading from Vasari remains:—]

44. Whenever I am reading a bit with which I have taken pains, I find you all very kindly attentive; but so soon as I begin to read Vasari, I have a sense—I don't know how, but an instinctive one—that you are getting restless, and would rather I should skip that. You can read Vasari

[1] [See the account of Brunelleschi's letters and speeches on the subject in Vasari's Life (vol. i. pp. 427 *seq.*, Bohn).]

[2] [See Vol. VIII. pp. 103 *seq.*; and for other discussions of the same subject, Vol. V. pp. 433 *seq.*, and the other passages there noted.]

for yourselves at home, you think. But, pardon me, you can't do anything of the sort, without giving more pains than you are, I fear, likely to give. Vasari, read straight on from a sense of duty, is wholly useless. He is a catalogue of pictures, sure to be wrong somewhere, either in the description of the picture, or the author of it, or the date of it, or the place of it, often wrong in all four at once. He is a mere prey to the teeth of a German commentator; confusion of face to an innocent reader. Extremely dull, besides, in his remarks and morals.

But he is only a prey to the teeth of people who have no stomachs. He is excellent food for those who have. You require a good deal of mental gastric juice, but I assure you it is good meat, for Vasari's life of Brunelleschi needs no puff paste. The parts of it I shall read to you will teach you the man's motives, and stir you, I doubt not, into the honest sympathy with the most just, affectionate, intelligent, and triumphant life recorded of any man hitherto throned among the lords of human labour.

[The lecture concluded with a reference to some architectural questions which were at the time agitating Oxford:—

"There has, it seems to me, been some violation of the discipline and due courtesy of this University in the criticisms which have appeared in public journals, or in other irregular channels, of architectural work ordered by the heads of colleges under the direction of the best architects in England, and especially in cases when such criticism has conveyed the impression that expedients adapted to meet immediate difficulties were intended to receive permanent realization.

"Nor do I consider myself so fortunate in the share I had practically in the erection of your Museum,[1] as to put myself willingly forward in any such responsibilities again; and it is certainly somewhat unfortunate for the University that the constant answer of its Art Professor to every question put to him as to what is to be done to such and such a building, namely, 'Let it alone,' renders him of all people in Oxford the least acceptable referee to persons of progressive disposition.

"Nevertheless, I think this general response of mine does at this moment require grave public utterance in a particular application.

"I must say of the wooden belfry of Christchurch that until we have much merrier times in Oxford than any that the University Commission[2] are likely to bring us, I think the less bell-ringing we have the better; that while we allow our scientific men, without reprobation by University authority, to assert that matter is the origin of spirit, and prayer

[1] [On this subject, see Vol. XXII. pp. 523 *seq.*]

[2] [For another reference to the Commission, see Vol. XXII. p. xlii.]

the refuge of fools, the tintinnabulary apparatus in our cathedral towers or belfries are likely to be considered as the bells in our highest fools'-caps. But in any case the temporary silence of the harmonious campanile, and the temporary inconvenience of having to look at one's watch to know when one had to go to church, would have been preferable to the spoliation of our quadrangle for the same period, however short or however, as it seems not unlikely to be, long—at all events, the full term of an undergraduate's residence.

"But the matter of which I have to speak more seriously is the—I hope only suggested—addition of pinnacles to the flank of Christchurch Hall. I do not know whether they have been found to be a part of the original plan, but whether original or inventive, they are indefensible alike on structural and æsthetic grounds.

"It is a first principle in noble architecture never to put pinnacles where the building will be stable without them, and therefore a direct and open heresy to use them along the walls of any building that has a wooden roof. Their proper position is exclusively on the flanks of vaults; on æsthetic and sentimental grounds the pinnacle is an expression of fantasy and enthusiasm perfectly proper in religious edifices, or in turrets and pleasantly studious chambers of civil ones, but peculiarly inapplicable to the refectory. There is no occasion to indicate either by the floral grace of crockets, or the heaven-directed aspiration of pinnacles, the spot on earth where one cooks or eats one's dinner, and the proposed additions to the mass, now finely proportioned, which has a real look of largeness and power and a proper domestic dignity, will only change the decent and venerable refectory of Christchurch, Oxford, into a lame and lifeless imitation of the chapel of King's College, Cambridge."

The wooden belfry, which was only a temporary structure, was the subject of one of "Lewis Carroll's" most amusing *jeux d'esprit* (*The New Belfry of Christ Church, Oxford. A Monograph by D. C. L.:* Oxford, 1872). The addition of the pinnacles to the Hall was subsequently carried out (see the Rev. H. L. Thompson's life of *Henry George Liddell*, 1899, p. 162). For Ruskin's views of King's College, Cambridge, see Vol. VIII. pp. 63 *n.*, 164.]

LECTURE V[1]

QUERCIA[2]

45. AMONG the several subjects of question,[3] which my pupils probably find in this list of artists with whom I wish them primarily to become acquainted, perhaps even the absence of the names of Michael Angelo and Raphael may not, if they are acquainted with the general tenor of my writings, be so surprising to them as the presence of the name of Quercia, or Jacopo della Quercia, of whose existence many of them probably never heard, and of whose works I have very seldom hitherto spoken. Nor indeed are there now many remaining to be spoken of. His fountain at Siena is destroyed, and a modern copy of it put up instead;[4] his bas-relief on the north side of the Duomo of Florence has been blanched by a process of purification which has apparently changed it into chalk from marble; his two fonts at Lucca have been scraped thoroughly down with sand-paper; while of his tomb of the wife of Paul Guinigi there, one side has been carried to Florence, and the canopy or other decoration adjunct long ago destroyed

[1] [Delivered on November 24.]

[2] [For other general references to Jacopo della Quercia (1374–1438), see Vol. XII. p. 208; *Ariadne Florentina*, § 65 (Vol. XXII. p. 341); *Val d'Arno*, §§ 38, 39, 79 *n.*, 82 (above, pp. 30, 49, 51); and *Mornings in Florence*, § 124 *n.* (below, p. 417). For descriptions of, or references to, his tomb of Ilaria di Caretto, see *Modern Painters*, vol. ii. (Vol. IV. pp. 122, 347, and Plate 3); *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 66; and *The Three Colours of Pre-Raphaelitism*, §§ 10 *n.*, 23 *seq.* For the influence of the tomb on Ruskin, see Vol. IV. p. 346, and *Præterita*, ii. §§ 112 *seq.*; and compare the Introduction (above, p. xlvii.).]

[3] [The MS. adds, "which, besides the two awkward misprints, my pupils . . ." Presumably the diagram of artists (now given in *Ariadne Florentina*, § 48) had contained the misprints.]

[4] [See *Val d'Arno*, §§ 38, 39 (above, p. 30).]

by the mob;[1] so that there remains of it now only one side of the sarcophagus, and happily untouched except by time, though unprotected but by the repentant kindness of fortune, the recumbent figure of its dead.

46. Nevertheless, on the ground of the excellence of that one work, of the position he held among the sculptors of Italy at the time of the competition for the gates of Florence, and of the facts of his life recorded by Vasari, you will find that I have justly placed him among the highest representatives of the mathematic sculpture of 1400; and you will not, I think, impugn my having done so when I tell you that this statue of the lady of Caretto[2] is the only piece of monumental work I know in the world which unites in perfect and errorless balance the softest mysteries of emotion with the implacable severities of science, and that, if any of my pupils had time to see only one statue in Italy, and permitted me to choose for them, out of all her churches and all her galleries, the one which would teach them most, I should name to them no ideal statue of God or Goddess, Saint or Athlete, but this perfect image of the early dead wife of an Etruscan noble.

47. Yet observe I do not praise it to you as a supremely wonderful thing at all, but only as a supremely right one; nay, the singly quite right one, which you can see in all Italy. There are many which come near it, many which

[1] [Vasari, after describing the monument, adds: "When Paolo Guinigi left, or rather was driven out of Lucca, in the year 1429, and the city remained free, this sepulchre was removed from its place; and such was the hatred borne to the name of Guinigi by the Lucchese, that it was almost totally destroyed; but their admiration of the beautiful figure and rich ornaments restraining them to a certain extent, they some time afterwards caused the sarcophagus, with the statue, to be carefully placed near the door leading into the sacristy, where they now are" (vol. i. p. 315, Bohn). One side of the base, with three boys holding a festoon, was removed to the National Museum at Florence, having been purchased in the year 1829. "In 1891, however, the monument was by good fortune once more removed to the centre of the transept, the side of the sarcophagus being returned to its rightful position; and the tomb was then surrounded by a strong iron railing, to prevent any further injury to the beautiful work which Mr. Ruskin had taught the authorities at last to treat with reverence. A plaster cast of the entire monument may be seen in the South Kensington Museum" (William White: *The Principles of Art as Illustrated in the Ruskin Museum at Sheffield*, 1895, p. 373).]

[2] [Ilaria, daughter of Carlo Marchese del Caretto.]

in artistic skill equal it; none which, as a standard of art, judgment, and feeling, matches it. And, for the present at least, you can perfectly see it. Its canopy, as I said, is gone; the sarcophagus with its recumbent figure stands as simply by the transept wall of Lucca Cathedral as a table at the side of your room,[1] and just at the height of your hand, if you wished to raise the head on its pillow which will never move more. Fortunately, again, the wall behind is of dark brown marble, relieving the white form; and a cross and circle, cut deep into its stone, before the tomb was placed there, sign her resting-place with sweet fortuitous sacredness. I made this sketch merely to show you this place and look of the tomb; it is impossible to draw it.[2]

48. You have then, I repeat, in this tomb, a standard of perfect rightness—the most accurately faultless achievement of that Mathematical school of which the aim is primarily to be right. Of which effort and its results we will examine with reference to this sculpture, as far as I can describe it to you, the history more in detail.

I told you that the Mathematic school begun with Niccola Pisano. He, first of Italians, began not merely to see, but to think; not contented with representing what seemed to him to be so, but steadily asking himself whether the thing was so. A great step in the arts, we perceive. I willingly accepted Lord Lindsay's comparison of the advent of Niccola Pisano to the sun at his rising.[3] Nevertheless, the sun is sometimes too piercing and sometimes too hot; and there are things which may be seen better, and flowers which will grow better, in the shade.

The thing appears, we said, to the æsthetic and perceptive person to be so and so; the mathematic person

[1] [For its now altered position, see a preceding note.]

[2] [Plate XIX. (p. 226) shows the position. It is from a drawing by Ruskin at Brantwood. For a photograph of the whole monument, see Vol. IV. p. 122 (Plate 3).]

[3] [See *Val d'Arno*, § 264 (above, p. 154).]

sternly asks, Is it so? Very fine of him, provided he be sure that he ask, Is it *all* so? instead of only persecuting a small portion of it with demonstration. But the chances are heavily against him—unconquerably against him—in the beginning. He can only mathematically know, or cut, little in beginning. Let us see how Niccola himself began.

49. Fortunately his traditionally first work in sculpture —the first, that is to say, which, independently executed, was judged worthy to be employed in a sacred edifice[1]—is well within reach in the very porch of this same Duomo of Lucca,[2] in the transept of which is the tomb by Quercia. Within a hundred yards of each other you may pass from the beginning to the central perfectness of Mathematic sculpture.

I made this drawing of the porch partly for its own sake, chiefly for this piece of Niccola's sculpture. It represents the taking down from the cross, and is of excellence sufficient to call forth this burst of word-painting from the modern critic:[3]—

"No example of the century can be said to have combined in the same degree skill in composition and grouping, with boldness of attitude, foreshortening, and vigour of handling,—a deep study of nature and anatomy with lofty character and expression. The body of the Saviour, still supple in death, had just been taken from the cross, and was held in the powerful grasp of Joseph of Arimathea. On his shoulder the head, recumbent on the outstretched arm, hung powerless. That arm the Virgin tenderly embraced, whilst S. John carefully upheld the other. Nicodemus strove to extract the nail from one of the feet. . . . In the Saviour's suppleness of limb and frame, fine foreshortening, and perfect proportion, in the figures around, force allied to natural movement might fetter the attention

[1] ["Niccola was no less excellent in sculpture than in architecture; and on the façade of the church of San Martino, in Lucca, he executed a Deposition of Christ from the Cross, half relief in marble, which is full of admirable figures finished with extreme care, the marble being entirely perforated, and the whole completed in a manner which gave hope, to those who were previously pursuing this art with weary steps, that a master was now about to arise, from whose aid and example they might look for greater facilities to their future progress than had yet been enjoyed" (Vasari, vol. i. p. 63 in Bohn's translation).]

[2] [An alto-relievo which still fills a lunette over one of the side doors.]

[3] [With the passage here given from Crowe and Cavalcaselle, may be compared the description of the work in C. C. Perkins's *Tuscan Sculptors*, 1864, vol. i. pp. 12–14.]

of the most careless spectator, whilst the more critical observer, remarking a certain squareness of stature and a slight overcharge of drapery, some feebleness of frame and classic imitation in the females, might point to these as the only defects that could possibly be noticed" (*A New History of Painting in Italy*, by Crowe and Cavalcaselle, vol. i. p. 136).

50. Well, all that is in a great measure true; but however well the sculpture may be composed, you cannot clearly from the pavement see what the figures are about. Here already, in the very dawn of it, you see the fault of the Mathematic school of which I told you;[1] not depending much upon sight themselves, they don't think the spectator should care about it either. If the sculpture is good itself, whether you can see it or not is of no consequence.

However, it was very important for me, belonging wholly to the Æsthetic school, to see as much as I could; so I got a ladder, and the first thing I found was that the basket carried by one of the lateral figures was full of herbs to embalm the body with. They are trefoils, and cut with great care; but now just consider how in this little point the school exhibits itself for good and evil. The figure carries the basket, so.[2] Had a sculptor of the true Æsthetic school done it, he would have sloped the basket aside to let you see what was in it from below. That would have been mathematically wrong, but instinctively and naturally right. Such a naïve thing as this, however, could only occur in a boy's work. The moment I saw it I knew that the tradition of the early date of this marble must be true.

51. Well, the next thing that caught my eye was the skull at the foot of the cross. Now this skull, to indicate the Golgotha, is always present in the old Byzantine crosses; but it is quite roughly drawn, being unimportant except as a sign. Here is one, for instance, of very early

[1] [That is, putting the sculpture above instead of below: see above, p. 218.]

[2] [*i.e.*, in such a position that its contents are not visible to the spectator below. The Plate, it will be seen, is reproduced from a photograph taken from a point at which they are visible.]

enamel[1]—the old Æsthetic school, in which the workman, with what sight and sense he has, looks at the angels and the Christ intently, but does not care about looking at the skull.

But the boy Niccola, bent upon doing everything rightly and thoroughly, of course gets a skull to work from; and as that will stay quiet enough to be copied, goes at it with might and main, and produces such a facsimile of bone that one can't believe it marble at all, so sharp the broken edges of the nose are. All mathematically right, of course; but then the whole thing is no bigger than a walnut—you can't see it from below a bit, and if you could, you don't want to.

52. The next thing I had to examine was the figure at the foot of the cross; ordinarily, in the passionate old school, it is the Magdalen kissing the feet, or St. John holding the limbs as they decline. But the boy Niccola, thinking in his own way, mind you, just as Giotto does, only thinking to other ends—the boy of Pisa says to himself, "Yes, it's all very pretty kissing the feet, but that might be done anywhere; what I have got to show is the actual fact of the taking down from the cross;" and so he puts a man pulling the nails out with a big pair of pincers.[2] All very right, observe; mathematically right as to his facts, only we don't want that particular class of facts for this subject.

53. Thinking for himself, I said, like Giotto, only to other ends. Do any of my hearers chance to remember[3] that in my account of Giotto's little picture of Golgotha I told them that one executioner was hammering down the wedges of the cross? I should like you to ask me—or better, to ask and feel the answer for yourselves—how that incident differs from this. It is just as literal, just as—in the ordinary sense of the word—vulgar. But with Giotto

[1] [This example does not appear to have been placed in the Oxford Collection.]

[2] [Compare in a later volume Ruskin's letter to Professor Norton from Lucca, August 18, 1874, in which he notices these same points in Niccola's work.]

[3] [Again a reference to the missing lecture on Giotto. The passage here referred to occurs, however, in *Mornings in Florence*, § 29 (see below, p. 325).]

Alinari

Allen & Co. Sc

The Deposition of Christ, by Niccola Pisano

it is subordinate and opposed, precisely as Shakespeare offers such incident to his main tragic passion, deeply enhancing it. With Niccola it is principal; the passion left out for the sake of it.

54. I anticipate, however, in saying so, what I have to tell you of the principal figure—Joseph of Arimathea receiving the body in his arms. If, in this main action, reverence, or affection, the thrill and awe of the now accomplished sorrow, had been in the least felt or thought of by the boy, we of the Æsthetic school would have forgiven him his skull and pincers. But the young lad of Pisa had never for an instant thought of anything of the kind. His whole boyish soul is set on showing how heavy the body is; how like clay it falls on St. Joseph's shoulder; how the muscles of St. Joseph's arm and heart sustain it; how he balances himself on the ladder as the weight came more and more on him. Mathematical and physical facts, you see, all of them; all the laws of gravity, of statics, of dynamics; all the forms and functions of bones and flesh rightly observed and shown for the first time in the world again since the last days of Greece.

55. Wonderful work it is, and in its way, for a boy, miraculous. So true it is, so energetic, so ponderous in the dead flesh, and so vigorous in the living, that you might well imagine it, at a first glance, Michael Angelo's instead of Niccola's—the consummation of Mathematic art instead of its beginning. But you cannot but have felt, in the relation of this material veracity to its subject the insufficiency, childishness, and unfeelingness of it.

Right, however, indubitably, to its measure of conception. Right, unassailably, so far as calculable laws can teach, putting aside at once and for ever all weak fears of the material truth, and idle failures of reaching it. It cannot be better done, visibly says Niccola, like Dürer,[1] of his entirely conscientious labour; let no one henceforward touch chisel who does not mean, thus far at least, to do likewise.

[1] [See Vol. XIX. p. 52.]

56. No one did. The revolution accomplished itself without appeal. Thenceforward the human body became known as his alphabet to every Tuscan sculptor; thenceforward dynamic law, perspective law, optical law, were recognized as unbending to any fantasy, and no one was held an artist at all who could not mould bodies and balance limbs as a potter plays with clay, or who could not adjust every strain to the strength and every movement to its time.

57. In the sculpture I have just examined with you all these characters are exaggerated in their discovery by the youthful enthusiasm. Niccola, as he grew older, added greater ones; but it was not the fiery Pisan race, but only the old central Etruscan, which on its deep religious sentiment could wear, like a St. Michael putting on his armour, the riveted and rigid steel of inviolable law, yet never feel the iron check one wave of its angelic wings; —only that race, and only the strongest men of that race, and in its purest age—or at least at this time, 1400—when the traditions of virtue as of art were sealed by the consent of its people into an ethical and physical system of education undreamed of till then, and now forgotten. And this statue of the lady of Caretto marks for you not only the time of perfect law in art, but of perfect law in life; only such a woman can ever have had such a tomb.

58. Let me mark for you, before pressing that chief truth, the technical points in which that sculpture is advanced beyond Niccola's.

[Here the MS. breaks off, Ruskin leaving this portion of his theme to extempore delivery. It seems from a later passage (§ 69) that the passage now in *Mornings in Florence* (§§ 13, 14), on the tomb of a member of the Galileo family at Santa Croce, was originally written for this place. Next he jots down:—

"Then its place, between niched tablets of Santa Croce, Etruscan tombs, etc."

The MS. resumes further discussion of the evolution of tombs—a subject already discussed in *The Stones of Venice* (Vol. XI. pp. 81 *seq.*).]

59. You have, then, on one side, the early type of recumbent statue, beautiful in sentiment and rich in the picturesque elements of Gothic design, but rigid in feature, inaccurate in portraiture, and leaving or even attracting the attention to wander away from the figure itself to the complex meshes of its picturesque decoration. The tomb of Aymer de Valence in Westminster Abbey,[1] with its exquisitely enamelled shield, is the best type that I know myself in Europe of this most precious mode of monument —inestimable in its own primitive and quaint virtues, but still imperfect. You will look at it, if you have true feeling, with deep reverence, with delighted admiration, but not with tears. These tombs extend in date through the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries.

60. Then, on the other side, you have the late tomb, in which the figure has become perfect in portraiture and consummate in truth of limb and drapery, and therefore the sculptor soon ceases to be content with the recumbent quietude, but raises the figure on its elbow or side, then animates it, seats it, erects it, changes it into the portrait-statue, which may or may not be above the tomb, but, if on the tomb, is almost sure to be theatrical and ridiculous.

But of the portrait-statue still retaining the recumbent position, and very touching and lovely, you have a pure example in the children by Chantrey at Lichfield, of which the cast is in our galleries;[2] while both at Florence and Venice you have, in their days of decline, every variety of the dramatic and vivacious statue-personage which represents man as insolently defying, instead of thankfully and resignedly submitting to death.

61. Precisely in equipoise between these two conditions of imperfection and of extravagance, between the cold

[1] [In the choir; the tomb of Aymer, or Andomar de Valence, Earl of Pembroke (died 1323); it is figured at p. 34 of the *Deanery Guide to Westminster Abbey.*]

[2] [Chantrey's masterpiece, the monument of the two children of the Rev. W. Robinson, is under the east window of the south choir aisle. For Ruskin's other references to Chantrey, see Vol. XII. p. 152 *n.* A collection of casts and models of Chantrey's work is in the University Galleries.]

severity which cannot reach the tenderness of death, and the vivid insolence which forgets its power, is placed this perfect tomb—a sacred portraiture of an infinite peace—laid, as it were, between the living and the dead—Christ's word spoken in perpetual marble: "She is not dead—but sleepeth."[1]

62. And now let me ask you to note one by one the conditions in the mind of the sculptor, and the modes in which he must use reserve, or forbid his own imagination, skill, and pride, to obtain such a result as this. Above all things, first, he must subdue his pride, or, at least, his love of applause. He must derive no praise from the unfeeling. Every decoration that can be parted with he refuses: there is no fringe or embroidery here to be played with in presence of death. All *terror* also he refuses: there is no ghastliness of winding-sheet, no wasting of sickness on the features. All *curiosity* he refuses: there is no fine impressing of the pillow by the head, no subtle crumpling of the wrinkles of the dress about the limbs. Nay, all too attractive extreme of the fairest truth he refuses: a lock of the hair escapes from its fillet and trembles loosely down upon the cheek with a perfect tenderness, and had Ghiberti or Luca della Robbia touched it, it would have been so soft, so finishedly like hair, that the eye might have been caught by it, and the meaner thought intended —how wonderful. Not so with Quercia. A few quiet resolute touches, ineffably subtle and unperceived in their skill, and the lock lies on the cheek indeed, but you do not look at it—only at the face.

63. Again, he is as much master of all the laws of balance and weight in the human body as Michael Angelo himself. But he does not want you to think of balances or weight. In Michael Angelo's Adonis, or David, or Twilight, or Bound Slave you instantly think how languid the Adonis, how balanced in youthful strength the David, how deep in dream the Twilight, how bowed in toil the

[1] [Matthew ix. 24.]

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Head of Ilaria di Caretto, by Jacopo della Quercia

Slave;[1] and had Michael Angelo cut this, you would have felt instantly how heavily she lies — how dead. Not so Quercia. He will not let you think of anything secondary for an instant—not of flesh, not of death, and least of all, of him or his knowledge. The young matron lies at rest, like a fallen flower. Her hands are crossed as they fall, not on her breast—that would have been too emotional for Quercia; only so. Any other sculptor would have made them daintily beautiful; not he. They are just natural, even not tapered to the finger-ends a bit, but bluntish, though small and soft; just a simple lady's hands, laid one on the other as easily as if she had but that moment put them so. You don't think of saying, "What pretty hands"; still less, "How exquisitely they are cut." But try to draw them, and you will find dimpled Nature herself not more inimitable.

64. Again, with all this reserve and restraint of power, all is done with such consummate point that, had he disposed the folds of the drapery entirely by natural laws, the statue would have been deceptive, and every fool would have gaped at it for its deception. Quercia will not have it so. I must not have the mob coming here, he thinks, to see how like marble can be to clothes: he arranges the dress over the breast in perfectly natural but close-drawn folds, and thus permits the soft outline of the form beneath, but from the shoulder he draws these terminal folds straight to the feet. They would be only possible if the statue was erect, nor then in this continuousness; no drapery unless under tension could take so unbroken lines, whereas these are not even absolutely straight, but curves of extreme subtlety.

65. How can I defend this? you will ask me. I do not merely defend, I assert it, for the protecting excellence of

[1] [The Adonis is in the Bargello (Museo Nazionale) at Florence; the David in the Accademia (R. Galleria Antica e Moderna). For the Twilight (on one of the Lorenzo tombs), see *Val d'Arno*, § 145 (above, p. 88). The Bound Slave is in the Louvre; there is a plate of it at vol. ii. p. 86 of J. A. Symonds's *Life of Michelangelo*.]

the statue; but I must ask you to let me defer defence of it till next lecture,[1] for to-day I only want to tell you all the points to be noted, and have no time for this debate, which runs into metaphysics.

66. For the final point, then. Hitherto we have seen Quercia thinking only of his chief subject, admitting no secondary motive for a moment. One at last he admits. He has given humanity in its perfectness, accepting the glory of death; beside it he will put the lower creature in its obedience, watching the mystery of death. He has put Ilaria's dog at her feet, which rest upon him. A bull terrier he is; as far as I know dogs, rightly chosen, whether by Ilaria herself or by Quercia for her, as the most faithful. He takes the place here of the old heraldic hound or other merely symbolic creature. But this dog of Quercia's is living; he lays his paws on the outer fold of his mistress's dress, lies utterly quiet under her feet, the hem of the dress just sweeping past his breast and down over one of his paws. His head only is turned to watch the face: Will she not wake, then?

[The next portion of the lecture was left to extempore delivery, the note in the MS. being "Then show dog, noting its smooth hairless lines. Now Vasari; stopping at Jacopo of the Fonte to tell effects of his sculpture on modern persons."

The passage in Vasari (vol. i. p. 318, Bohn) is as follows: "Jacopo now desired to revisit his native city, and returned to Siena accordingly. He had no sooner arrived there than an opportunity was afforded him of establishing an honourable memorial of himself, as he had desired to do, in the place of his birth. The Signoria of Siena had resolved to erect very rich decorations in marble around the fountain on the piazza, to which the Sienese masters, Agostino and Agnolo, had conducted the water in 1343; they therefore appointed Jacopo to complete the undertaking at the cost of 2200 gold ducats. The master having prepared his model, and sent for the requisite marbles, commenced the work forthwith, and this he ultimately completed so much to the satisfaction of his fellow-citizens, that they no longer called him Jacopo della Quercia, but ever afterwards named him Jacopo of the Fountain (Jacopo della Fonte) . . ."[2]

[1] [See p. 239.]

[2] [For subsequent passages from Vasari, see below, pp. 234–235.]

With this incident in the civic life of Siena, Ruskin contrasted three instances of modern manners. His notes in the MS. are:—

"The respectable burgess of the town, thirty years ago, in 1845, talking to Sacristan."

"The peasant of to-day out of the vineyards' rock-bed, finding Connie's cross."

"The fashionable Italian of to-day."

The manners of "the respectable burgess" are referred to below (§ 68), and Mr. Wedderburn's notes give the incident: "Two years ago, as I was by it, a burgess entered the Cathedral, and talking with the verger, he took off his hat and put it down on the face of the figure."

With these modern manners Ruskin contrasted the simple faith and honesty of the despised and over-taxed peasantry. Mr. Wedderburn's notes of the lecture contain the passage: "This summer as I was painting the statue a group of peasants from the marble hills around Lucca—a farmer and two middle-aged women—came in. What did *they* do? They knelt with reverence, and the women kissed the edge of the drapery. 'She is worthy of your kiss,' said I. They looked at me in bewilderment, and asked, 'What saint is it?'" He tells the incident of the finding of the cross in *Fors Clavigera,* Letter 18. He was among the hills to the south of Lucca, and one of his companions (Miss Constance Hilliard) while "scrambling about among the vines, lost a pretty little cross of Florentine work. Luckily, she had made acquaintance only the day before with the peasant mistress of a cottage close by, and with her two youngest children, Adam and Eve. Eve was still tied up tight in swaddling clothes . . . but Adam was old enough to run about, and found the cross, and his mother gave it back to us next day."

With the third incident, typical of the manners of "the fashionable Italian of to-day," the MS. of the lecture resumes:—]

67. While I, a poor artist — shabby old coat on, all white probably—was drawing the tomb, in came an Italian gentleman with two ladies, one elderly, the other a girl of eighteen or nineteen. Well, I didn't move my chair, but rose and stood in my humblest manner behind it. So at last they looked at the statue, and seemed puzzled, moved their heads about with a sort of bird-like, chicken-like action. At last the young lady caught sight of something worth noticing; she tweaked the statue by the nose, remarked to her attendant gentleman that some harm had happened to that feature—rather in a triumphant manner I thought, as if it had been a rival's nose—and having

thus satisfied her critical and æsthetic faculty, walked or rustled on.

68. Now, gentlemen and ladies, you have there precisely the three materials of existing political life in Italy, and this is what is taking place among them.

The respectable burgess, who puts his hat on the statue's face, is introducing English manufacture and liberal opinions; he is building tall chimneys close to the bridge of the Trinity,[1] and cheap lodging-houses round the walls, and, as to the old art of the country, as fast as he can, putting his English-made hat on the face of it. That's all that it's good for now.

The peasant is the slave of a miserable superstition, to be enlightened by the Bible Society if possible, but at all events to be taxed; that is the only thing at present that he is good for. And the taxes on him are at present, in the days of modern liberality, four times at least—I speak within the most studied limits—what they were in the days of Grand Dukes and Austrians.

Then the third class, the gentleman and ladies, are the persons who tax him. They are the Government, or money-takers of the country; they have tweaked every religious order by the nose—a dead thing now, what else should they do with it?—and taken its money from it. They live by taxing the peasant, and rustle past the statues of the simple dead, their ancestresses, in the splendidest of gowns.

[Here the MS. again becomes memoranda: "Then Dickens"—the reference being (as Mr. Wedderburn's notes show) to Dickens's passing allusion to Quercia's fountain at Siena as "a broken-nosed thing" (*Pictures from Italy*, p. 157): see *Val d'Arno*, § 39 *n.* (above, p. 30).

"Then, finish Vasari's Life."

Ruskin read, no doubt, the following passages:—

"For all these works — which were, indeed, excellent—and for the uprightness of his life, which was very conspicuous, Jacopo was rewarded by the Signoria of Siena, from whom he received the order of knighthood;[2] and they shortly afterwards made him warden

[1] [At Florence.]

[2] [See *Val d'Arno*, § 79 *n.* (above, p. 49).]

of the Duomo, which latter office he exercised in such a manner, that at no time, either before or after, were the works of that edifice more prudently directed. The master survived his appointment to his office only three years: he nevertheless effected many useful and creditable improvements in the building. . . . Worn out by continual efforts and perpetual labour, he died at Siena in the sixty-fourth year of his age, and was honourably borne to his grave, in the place of his birth, by his kindred and friends. Jacopo della Quercia was lamented not by his friends and relations only, but by the whole city."

"Now" (resumes Ruskin in his memoranda) "how do you get such an artist? The race of him is for two thousand years and more. Old Etruscan tombs. Then the training of him is as you see fathers trained their sons. Then his religion is to be taught him without question; all the relations of life to death told him truly."

The MS. resumes with the concluding passage of the lecture:—]

69. How father taught son you learn from this tomb of the Galileo.[1] How pastor taught flock you learn at the foot of the Duomo of Florence.

I told you[2] it stood midway between the Church of the Holy Cross (St. Francis's) and the Church of St. Mary (St. Dominic's); and in the cloister of that Church of St. Mary, Florence, by the hand of a Sienese painter,[3] eighty years before Quercia's time, recorded her faith respecting the way to make noblemen, gentlemen, and artists.

She painted her own cathedral, type of the Church in this world.[4]

Above it, the gate of Paradise, the Church in the next world; and under the walls of her Duomo, the two shepherds and the sheep, the Priest and the King; and within the walls of Paradise, the Good Shepherd in His glory.

This, then, gentlemen, is the way that Florence produced her artists and employed them. The Love of God, their theme; the Kingdom of God, their Hope; and the Law of God, their discipline.

[1] [See the description and plate in *Mornings in Florence*, § 13 (below, p. 306).]

[2] [*i.e.*, in the lecture on Arnolfo, in a passage afterwards incorporated in *Mornings in Florence*, § 5 (below, p. 298).]

[3] [Simon Memmi: see below, pp. 369, 370.]

[4] [This is a description of the fresco ("The Visible Church") in the Spanish Chapel: see below, pp. 411–412, and Plate XXXIX. (p. 437).]

How far in this age of progress you have bettered or, to advantage, superseded these archaic principles in the schools or the rotundas of Kensington I leave you to consider; and what possible difference in quality, futurity, and fame you may discern between works of art produced for the pleasuring of the lust of the eye and the winning of the pride of life, or works of art produced for the praise of God and the winning of Life everlasting.

LECTURE VI[1]

GHIBERTI[2]

70. In last lecture we examined the most tender work of the early Mathematic school. To-day we are to examine the most purely and limitedly mathematic, absolutely characteristic of the school in its extreme and exclusive power.

And, first, I must go over my definitions a little and clear them, for we are getting into very complex instances of their application.

You are to distinguish, observe, the æsthetic or seeing people from the mathematic or demonstrating people, both in body and spirit. There is the bodily sense and bodily science; spiritual sense and spiritual science. Here's the crystal ball, for instance, which I showed you long ago as a primary type of sculpture.[3] Well, I see it is round, and feel it is round. Very round indeed. I'm content with that much of perception. That's bodily sense—æsthetic. But if I gave it to a geometrician, and told him it was round, he wouldn't believe me, nor care to look at it or

[1] [Delivered on November 27.]

[2] [Of the east gates of the doors of the Baptistery, described lower down in this lecture, Ruskin exhibited a large photograph, which is now No. 136 in the Reference Series. To the work of Lorenzo Ghiberti (1381–1455) as "a model of bronze treatment" Ruskin refers in Vol. XX. p. 312. He praises the sculptor's grace and inventiveness (*Val d'Arno*, § 179, above, p. 108; and Vol. XVIII. p. 308). He specially commends the treatment of leaves (Vol. VII. p. 53, Vol. VIII. p. 149, and Vol. XI. p. 171), and often refers to the Gates of the Baptistery in terms of admiration (Vol. VIII. p. 154, Vol. IX. p. 260, Vol. XVI. p. 46, Vol. XIX. pp. 34, 37); also above, p. 51 (*Val d'Arno*, § 82), and below, p. 342 (*Mornings in Florence*, § 46 *n.*). The "Nativity" is mentioned in *Val d'Arno*, § 295 (above, p. 174); and there are incidental references in Vol. XI. pp. 14, 17, Vol. XII. p. 109, and Vol. XXII. p. 341. See also *Love's Meinie*, §§ 13, 14, and *Art of England*, § 128. For a criticism of the "Creation of Eve" similar to that given in §§ 78 *seq.* here, see *Mornings in Florence*, § 130 (below, p. 421).]

[3] [See *Aratra Pentelici*, Vol. XX. p. 204 *n.*]

feel it. He would measure it, and take half a day to find out it was round. Then he'd be sure, which I'm not. That's bodily or material sense, and bodily or material science.

71. Again, with the sense of the spirit we perceive instinctively, for instance, when we are in love; or at least young gentlemen perceive when they are in love, and young ladies when anybody is in love with them. That is spiritual æsthetics, so long as one is content with the absolute and pure perception that we are in love or being loved. But when one begins to be discontented with the evidence of feeling, and to reason about it and to say, "Charles must be in love with me, because he's always in the parks and not at his college," that's spiritual mathematics. So again Mozart, singing—

"Voi che sapete,
Che cosa è amor,
Donne vedete
S' io l'hò nel cor,"[1]

is a most mathematical lover and ballad-singer, but entirely spiritual.

72. Then, going on into higher, or at least wider definition, generally you have the sense and science of the body or flesh, and the sense and science of the soul or spirit. And these are contrary the one to the other,[2] the Flesh contending against the spirit and the Spirit against the flesh, yet each necessary to the other in that balance, each perishing if not kept in due balance to the other—perishing in dust, or perishing in dream. So then, finally, in the highest degree you have opposed the perception or sight of Earth and Science of it, which is Ge-ology, and the perception or sight of Heaven and knowledge of It,

[1] [This song in *Le Nozze di Figaro* was ever a favourite with Ruskin. Mr. Wedderburn remembers how a young lady, singing to him for the first time, took this song, and at the end he thanked her, adding, "But when you know what love is, you won't sing it like that."]

[2] [Galatians v. 17.]

which is The-ology. And in the Chapel of St. Mary's you have the complete system of all painted, the seven Virtues first—three Christian, four Cardinal—then the seven Earthly Sciences, and then the seven Theological Sciences.[1]

73. So, then, you have sense and science of the Body, sense and science of the Soul. All necessary and harmonious. But, practically, men throw them out of harmony; and it almost always happens that the scientific school think only of *ascertaining* truths of the body, and the æsthetic school only of *seeing* truths of the spirit. So they get opposed, not necessarily, but wilfully and in fact; the æsthetic school is in history the faithful one, and the scientific infidel. And to-day, as I told you, we are to study a mathematician of mathematicians, a man utterly learned in bodily form and master of every appeal of bodily sense, and therefore very popular at Kensington.

74. In last lecture I was obliged to confine your attention strictly to the progress of skill and sentiment in the mathematic school; to-day we must sweep out its complete relations in architectural form and subject to former and succeeding art.

All that it is needful for you to learn essentially of the history of Italian architecture may be learned on the little area, scarcely larger than a peasant winnows his corn upon, of smooth pavement between the Baptistery of Florence and Giotto's Tower.

You know what importance I have always attached, since I first began to teach here in Oxford, to the study of the Baptistery;[2] and long ago, in the *Seven Lamps of Architecture*, I gave Giotto's Tower as the central type of beautiful edifice yet existing in the world.[3] In my having done so, Fortune or Kind Fate had at least as much share

[1] [A reference to the fresco ("The Strait Gate") in the Spanish Chapel of S. Maria Novella: see below, pp. 377 *seq.*, and Plate XXXVI. (p. 378).]

[2] [See *Aratra Pentelici*, §§ 24, 68, 207 (Vol. XX. pp. 217, 243, 352), and *Val d'Arno*, §§ 85, 148, 160 (above, pp. 52, 90, 97).]

[3] [See Vol. VIII. p. 187. A portion of the Tower was the subject of the frontispiece in that book.]

as my own effort to discern what was right.[1] Fortune and Jacopo della Quercia mainly, for if he had not at Lucca forced me to leave my picturesque mountain work for what was entirely true and human,[2] I had never discerned the light of Giotto's Tower. But so it was—happily for me—that now, building on so long since laid foundation, I can gather into one close panorama for you the history of central Christian art.

75. You can't stand, however, where I want you to stand, between the Baptistery and Cathedral, for that is now the main place for omnibus traffic.[3] But you may find a convenient place at the corner of the little Loggia of La Misericordia—Mercy upon us—where you may look from Baptistery to Tower; the only inconvenience there will be from the non-itinerant hawkers of small-ware, of whom the chief—who always put himself this year in the place where alone I could think comfortably about the Duomo without being run over (I was, very nearly, three or four times)—was a man selling hair-combs of really superfine quality, which he exhibited by sawing little jags out of a deal board with their teeth, the marvellousness and agreeable sound of which operation always, however I tried to accustom myself to it, so interfered with my reflections that I scarcely knew till I got home again what I had been thinking of. Standing there, however—and let us hope without the comb-seller's accompaniment—you can glance in an instant from Baptistery to Tower.

76. Now, the Baptistery is as purely a native Etruscan building as the Parthenon is a native Athenian one. The race which made all those loveliest Greek vases in the British Museum, which made that cup I have plagued you

[1] [Here Ruskin's first draft continued :—

"If chance of fate had kept me in England, the Cathedral of Wells would have been my highest conception of architecture."

For Ruskin's admiration of Wells, see Vol. XVI. p. 311 *n.*]

[2] [Compare the Epilogue (1883), § 6, to the second volume of *Modern Painters* (Vol. IV. p. 347).]

[3] [Compare *Mornings in Florence*, § 120 (below, p. 413).]

A Compartment of the Baptistery, Florence

all to draw[1]—that Etruscan race, coming down in Christian peace from their rock of Fésole, built in the eighth century that Baptistery, in approximate form as it now stands, in the midst of their Campo Santo, or field of dead. Arnolfo, in the thirteenth century, replaced with sacred reverence its faded marbles, the tombs were taken from round it, and it became to Florence the centre of life instead of death. I painted, as you may remember, two years ago one compartment of it with the best care I could—never took more pains with a drawing.[2] It is an Etruscan-Greek building—the most exquisite piece of proportion I know in the world.[3]

With this Etruscan building was associated an Etruscan archaic sculpture, equally perfect. It is distinguished by perfectly straight furrowed hair drawn delicately by the furrows of the chisel, every furrow counted as in a ploughed field, the eyes inlaid with black. There is a perfect type of it from the font of the Baptistery of Pisa.[4] That of Pistoja is of the same work, and the screen of San Miniato at Florence. That Church of San Miniato, the Badia of Fésole,[5] and a small, most precious, and, I doubt not, soon to perish remnant near the old market,[6] with the Baptistery, represent the final architecture of the native Etruscan, before that quarrel in his streets which meant the coming down on him of the Gothic race.[7]

77. Arnolfo, taught by the German-Gothic master who built Assisi, joined the panels of the Etruscan Baptistery with the pointed arch of the north,[8] and built the Duomo. Under him, as his captain, a pure Etruscan shepherd lad

[1] [No. 55 in the Rudimentary Series (Vol. XXI. pp. 181, 254, and Plate LVII.).]

[2] [Plate XX. here. The drawing is No. 120 in the Reference Series (Vol. XXI. p. 38). For other references to the architecture of the Baptistery, see *Val d'Arno*, § 160 (above, p. 97); *Mornings in Florence*, §§ 5, 120 (below, pp. 298, 413); *Aratra Pentelici*, §§ 24, 207 (Vol. XX. pp. 217, 352); and *Ariadne Florentina*, §§ 67, 68 (Vol. XXII. p. 343).]

[3] [Compare *Mornings in Florence*, § 5 (below, p. 298).]

[4] [No. 100 in the Reference Series (Vol. XXI. p. 36); it is reproduced and further discussed in *Val d'Arno*, § 12 (above, p. 16, and Plate IV.).]

[5] [See below, p. 268.]

[6] [A prediction since fulfilled: see below, p. 323 *n.*]

[7] [See *Val d'Arno*, § 97 (above, p. 58).]

[8] [Compare § 17 (above, p. 195).]

of Fésole, Giotto, accepting the Gothic form, fills it with painting and sculpture—with painting at Assisi, and with sculpture here at Florence; and you have Giotto's Tower, perfectest work of the Æsthetic school.

78. Then came the Mathematic school—Brunelleschi, Quercia, Ghiberti. I have dwelt in my last lecture only on the perfect truth and justice of emotion in their purest masters, and on the magnificent energy with which Brunelleschi restored all the laws of classic architecture and its forms. But neither the truth and tenderness of Quercia nor the energy of Brunelleschi would at once have prevailed in all outward form against the school of Giotto, but for the accomplished grace and infinitely decorative invention of Ghiberti.

79. Vainly the classic innovators would have striven to reduce the rapture of the Goth, the dream of the Etruscan, under the rigid law of Athenian Grace. Pallas of the Acropolis would never have reigned in Florence had not Aphrodite returned at her side, and Ghiberti forged the gates of the Baptistery with her cestus round his breast.

And now, before Florence, as before the shepherd of Ida, the great goddesses stood side by side—Athena and the Queen of Beauty—and she chose as the shepherd of Ida chose. She chose delight before instruction; and the art, which had hitherto been wrought in the Fear of God, which is the beginning of Wisdom, was wrought, thenceforward, for the lust of the eyes and the pride of life.[1]

80. Florence thus chose, but not every Florentine. Two men of the old spiritual school beheld indeed a new goddess of all beauty and all love, but both of them divine in blessing, ruling the Universe in the clouds, in the fields, chiefly within the threshold. Love equally angelic and human. And Angelico and Botticelli revealed her, "true to the kindred points of Heaven and Home."[2]

81. And for a little while Florence thus worshipped

[1] [Psalms cxi. 10; 1 John ii. 16.]
[2] [Wordsworth: *To the Skylark*. Compare Vol. IV. p. 156 *n*.]

with them and was happy; but another choice was offered to her yet—the last. Not between Aphrodite and Athena, but between both and Plutus—between Wisdom with Love, and Riches. And she chose the Gold. And the front of her Duomo was torn down, and her Giotto's Tower despised, and she built the Pitti Palace.[1] And that day she built no more, and no more for ever.

82. That is the chart of her life, but to-day we pause at her central exquisiteness of wisdom and pleasure in her Mathematic school—the central deliciousness of its composed and studious symmetries.

"Worthy to be the gates of Paradise," said Michael Angelo.[2] Yes, it may be; but again I ask you[3] not to put too much faith in the depth of the saying. Paradise it may be, but what kind of Paradise? The gates shall answer to you for themselves. Their first tablet is of the great story of Creation and its fall. I have enlarged it for you.[4] I think you can all see its grace, and the circle of its lovely symmetry. It is constructed like a heraldic shield, carried by supporters indeed, but these subordinate and of little moment. God the Creator of man subordinate. Man the sinner subordinate. The condemning angel at the gates a dragon-fly rather than an angel. But in the centre, the shield borne by the rest, the Creation of woman as the queen of all things, the angels round her changed almost into Loves. It is the birth of Aphrodite, not of Eve.

83. "And this I call mathematic art," you ask me, "not æsthetic?" Yes, assuredly. There is no perception here whatsoever, and no feeling.

Do you suppose a man who had true eyes and heart

[1] [The original façade was built, possibly from designs by Giotto, about 1350. It was destroyed in 1558. The Pitti Palace had been founded in 1441, Brunelleschi being the architect; after his death in 1445 the work was carried on by Fancelli. The new façade of the Duomo, from the designs of Emilio di Fabris, was finished in 1887. The history of the building may now be studied in the various drawings and models collected in the adjacent Opera del Duomo.]

[2] [For this saying, see Vol. XVI. pp. 467 *n.*]

[3] [See above, § 42, p. 217.]

[4] [The "Creation and Fall" is the top panel on the left-hand side of the east gate; the upper panel in Plate XXI. here.]

would have made the omnipotence of man and the victory of Satan and death over humanity mere heraldic supporters to the apparition of a pretty woman? This is not the beginning of Creation, but of operatic scenes in it. This panel of Ghiberti's is the first of our coldly mellifluous pieties; it is a religious ballet. Coldly mellifluous oratorio, tickling with studious art the dull ear which is incapable of pleasure from true sacred song.

84. You shall see in comparison with it sculpture done with true delight, with intense didactic purpose. Turn from the Baptistery gates and come close to Giotto's Tower.[1] But let me first quickly tell you the mathematic contents and meaning of these two enlarged panels. The Creation is represented simply by that of man, though trees, clouds, water, and rocks are given as beautiful accessories. The creation of Adam, in the left-hand corner; above the shoulder of the standing figure of Christ the Creator, is a crowd of witnessing angels. In a channel in the foreground runs one of the rivers of Paradise in finely threaded current between the rocks. At the side of it Adam is sleeping on an artificial bank of earth, supported by props in a circle, a quite exquisite piece of perspective in bas-relief. The body of Adam, though thin, seems to me, as far as I know or can feel anatomy, quite insuperable in its qualities of physical form. Mind, I don't profess judgment in this matter, but there is no Greek coin, there is no antique statue whatsoever, on which I can recognize more exquisite rendering of flesh than here. Greek forms are indeed simpler; there is a certain Frenchness and affectation about this, but for masterhood in pure flesh sculpture I can't myself conceive anything to go beyond it.

85. Then, above him, Eve is raised from his shoulder, not from his side, Ghiberti not caring for the religious tradition in the least. I must beg you to note the fading of faith in this matter. Here, you see, in my scheme,[2] are

[1] [For the Creation of Eve on Giotto's Tower, see below, p. 421.]
[2] [The flag in *Ariadne Florentina* (Vol. XXII. p. 333).]

Photo Alinari

Alinari &

The Creation and Fall

Cain and Abel

From Ghiberti's Gate

two men before Ghiberti—the earliest Giovanni Pisano, the second Andrea Pisano. Giovanni, at Orvieto,[1] represents Christ as taking the actual rib bone out of Adam's side; Andrea represents him as drawing Eve out of his side; and Ghiberti, from behind his shoulder. I would not myself say of this Eve what I have said of the Adam. I think the Venus de' Medici[2] much more beautiful as a female form; nevertheless, this Eve is renowned among sculptors, and I doubt not justly. Of the way in which she is sustained by the angels I do not think we can speak too highly as a mathematical design. Assume that Eve is heavy and must be held up, and you can't do it more beautifully. But a sculptor of the Æsthetic school—and I'll show you one in a minute[3]—wouldn't have thought she needed holding up when God was making her.

86. The circle of witnessing angels above is perfect again in perspective and pretty placing—each is delightfully in its own little stall at the opera; but a sculptor of the Æsthetic school would instantly have thought, "Can those angels at the back all see?" And he would have given up all his symmetries, and never minded the box-keeper's tickets a bit. If Botticelli or Tintoret had drawn that group the cherubs would have been huddling over one another as close as they could squeeze; in Tintoret's Adoration of the Magi,[4] indeed, there is one quite naughty angel who pushes another's head out of the way because he can't see through it. Well, having got your pretty Eve well made for all time, what happens in consequence, thinks Ghiberti, really doesn't much matter. Flattened far back in the left-hand corner you can just make out the serpent and the apple-eating. It really is great nonsense, thinks mathematical Ghiberti; here is the woman in Florence, as pretty as ever—that's a mathematical fact—and so some day she must have

[1] [In one of the bas-reliefs on the cathedral; Andrea's—executed probably from Giotto's design—is on Giotto's Tower.]

[2] [For other references to this statue, see Vol. V. p. 98, and Vol. VI. p. 143.]

[3] [See below, § 88, p. 247.]

[4] [In the Scuola di San Rocco; the picture is described (though this detail is not there noticed) in Vol. XI. p. 406.]

been made somewhere—that's a logical conclusion; but as to serpent's talking or apple-eating being forbidden, the more out of the way all *that* is, the better.

87. However, for the casting out of Paradise—certainly, we are not all in it to-day, so that will be worth showing, and he does that really with some grandeur—Tintoret copied it;[1] but Eve receiving her judgment is turned to you that you may have another good look at the bodily shape of her. That is the gist of the business, thinks Ghiberti.

[The MS. becomes fragmentary at this point, but the lecturer next described another of Ghiberti's panels—"Cain and Abel"; the lower panel on Plate XXI. here.]

On the left, Cain ploughing; above, Abel keeping the sheep; on top of the mountain, the sacrifice. Abel praying happily on the left, Cain bowed on the right; you go down on the right, Cain is killing Abel; you go quite to the bottom on the right, Cain is being cursed, but receives the curse quite tranquilly, to all appearance only with graceful expostulation. Kensington symmetry, you see, up you go, down you go, and are ornamented all the way.

Beautiful composition, diagonal cleavage across the hills, Cain in a magnificent attitude, and Abel—what would Abel do under the circumstances? thinks mathematical Ghiberti. Put his hand to his head, of course; so that's all he does do.

Now, this Cain and Abel are quite splendid types of the Mathematical school in its intensity; attitude is everything. Ghiberti is the Correggio of sculpture.

[Here, again, the MS. passes into memoranda only, thus:—

"Then Madonnas—æsthetic, romantic, and mathematic.

"Then correspondent change in architecture. And, finally, nineteenth century. We can't carve an æsthetic Madonna, nor even a Madonna in an attitude; but we can at all events supply the Madonna with a new oil lamp, and our nobler selves with gas, and here you have the nineteenth century.

"All in nutshell, from eight centuries before Christ to nineteen after Him, 2500 years."]

[1] [Mr. Wedderburn's notes have "Tintoret copies from Ghiberti, as Titian from Giotto": for the latter point, see *Mornings in Florence*, § 25 (below, p. 321).]

88. Now in opposition to this Kensington dogma I will show you to-day a piece of ornament of the purely Æsthetic school which is new, for the most part, to English eyes. In the gates of the Baptistery you have the school of decorative pleasure; every English traveller pauses before them, but opposite—at the bases of the Tower of Giotto, I have never seen one pause.

Giotto puts his story of Creation on the foot of his tower. He is an old man now, and has thought for himself through a long life, and he is to relate this tale, on the foundation of his greatest work, in his own city.

He will tell it as truly as he can.[1]

Note now the succession of subject. (1) The creation of Adam, (2) the creation of Eve. And next, (3) Adam digging, Eve spinning. Actually no Fall of Man. Worse than Ghiberti, and long before him. Ghiberti only says, "I don't think it can be true; I'm shy of talking loudly about it." But Giotto frankly, boldly, says, "I know nothing about it, never saw it. I know man is here, and God made him; woman is here, God made her. I know they must dig and spin, dig and spin they shall; but as for Eden, or the serpent, or the gate of it, or original or aboriginal sin, I can say nothing of all that."

Well, what next?—(4) a tent and a shepherd sitting in it, the father of such as dwell in tents and have cattle.[2]

Why, he has gone down six generations at a bound—no Cain and Abel, no Enoch, no Irad. All the sacrificing, murdering, cursing, missed out. "I know nothing of all that. I know sheep must be fed, and shepherds live in tents." And hence, on the exact centre of his tower he carves his own early life.

And then after Jabal, (5) Jubal and (6) Tubal-Cain, and then (7) Noah, dead drunk, the whole Deluge coolly missed out, if you please. Here's a pretty piece of theology for

[1] [Compare with these descriptions *Mornings in Florence*, §§ 124 *seq.* (below, pp. 416 *seq.*). Of the subjects here noticed, (1), (2) and (3) are on Plate XLIII.; (4) to (7), on Plate XLIV.]

[2] [Genesis iv. 20.]

you. Deluge and Ark, and beasts and dove and raven, all. "I know nothing about that," says Giotto, "but that Noah got drunk when he first planted a vineyard. I've no doubt about that, and very pleasant for him too; we'll put that in by all means." Noah, but no betraying Ham or sorrowful Shem and Japheth. No sin nor sorrow, says Giotto, inflicted on us by God, nor tale of them, needful to our belief in Him. He hath made us; we are His people, and the sheep of His pasture.[1] What! should I speak of murder, or exile, or unfilial shame on the foundation of the sacred tower of my city? not I. Some of us under the good vines may indeed roll flat at vintage time, but there's not much harm in that, if one knows no better.

[1] [Psalms xcv. 7 (Prayer-book version).]

LECTURE VII[1]

ANGELICO

89. I MUCH regret having been compelled in my former lectures to use continually the apparently affected, but the only accurate, expressions—æsthetic and mathematic—to express the separate characters of the schools of 1300 and 1400 in Italy. I may now quit myself of them, for these words are only distinctive, not descriptive. The 1300 school is specially sensitive, the 1400 specially demonstrative; but they had other characters than these, and I wish you always in future to think of them in their wholeness as Christian Faithful and Christian Classic. The first—awaking, as Adam in that sculpture of Giotto, the first on the base of his tower—awaking to the sight of heaven and God; the second, accepting and writing down the certain laws of both—certain, enduring, inevitable—in all arts and acts of men. To the school of Perception—that which depends on its instinctive sight and sense—belongs necessarily the foundational discovery of the existence and true nature of things; while to the demonstrative, instructive, or mathematic school belongs the comparison, discipline, arrangement, and correction of impressions received by the senses. I call the former school "Christian Faithful," because faith—the evidence of things not seen—is the highest æsthetic. "We walk by Faith, not by sight"[2] means "we walk by spiritual sight, not bodily." I call the second school "Christian Classic" as that which ascertains what is right, and determines it, by law.

[1] [Delivered on December 1.]
[2] [Hebrews xi. 1; 2 Corinthians v. 7.]

90.[1] It would be the most ludicrous, if it were not also the most terrible, error in the thoughts of modern days to raise this correction and tutorial function of the Reason above the princely dignity of the power which its duty is to defend and enthrone.[2] Princely I have called it, observe, not in vague magnifying, but in close definition, of the functions of the Senses, bodily and moral. Princely—Initial, that is to say,[3] as well as authoritative; discovering the unalterable Principle and essences of things, both in matter and life. Discerning the initial, eternal difference between darkness and light, which a crystal cannot, cut it into what perfect form of lens you may; discerning the initial, eternal difference between right and wrong, which a beast cannot, however you may direct for your amusement its rage, or for your comfort its affections. And destitute of this established vision, failing in the Princedom of Judgment, vainly you will describe by analysis what you cannot see, and fortify by definition what you cannot feel. Not by "mathesis," not by deduction or construction, not by measuring, or searching, canst thou find out God,[4] but only by the faithful cry from the roadside of the world as He passes—"Open Thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of Thy law."[5]

91. In that prayer you have literally expressed to you, not in any wise as we too carelessly assume metaphorically, the two functions of the exercised senses, of which you have so often, I fear incredulously, heard me affirm the

[1] [Here, it will be seen, comes a digression (§§ 90, 91) on the superiority of the Faithful over the Classic school.]

[2] [The MS. at this point contains a cutting from the *Daily Telegraph*, which Ruskin heads "The Advantage of Education":—

> "Each then tells a long story; and, almost without exception, each speaks with a fluency, a coherence, a precision, and a force which form a marvellous contrast to the halting rhetoric of our own uneducated countrymen."

The extract in question is from the account of a murder trial in France.]

[3] [On this sense of "princely," compare *Munera Pulveris*, § 105 (Vol. XVII. p. 229).]

[4] [Job xi. 7.]

[5] [Psalms cxix. 18.]

necessary connection — the discerning of what is beautiful and of what is right. "Wondrous things out of Thy law." Wondrous, not as to the uneducated senses they are in terror, but wondrous to the educated senses in gentleness and delight; so that while to the modern demonstrator of the laws of Nature they become mysterious as dreadful in their tyranny, to the ancient perceiver of the laws of Heaven they became lovely no less than wondrous: in the tenderness and the voice of the Borgo Allegri,[1] at the feet of the Mother of Christ, was joy no less of allegiance than wonder—"Oh, how love I Thy law."[2]

92. And therefore at the same instant when the new heavens and new earth[3] were revealed to the gaze of Florence by her full recognition of the Christian faith, she perceived also with divine astronomy that they were belted by the zodiac and balanced by the equator of Christian virtue, and that every eye was too dim for the receiving of beauty, which was not too pure for the beholding of iniquity.

So that as the rectitude of inviolable geometric law was applied by her to the discipline of her physical sense and materially constructive energy, gathering the discordant stones of her war towers into the fitted courses of her dome, at the same moment necessarily the inviolable ethic law was applied to the discipline of her moral sense and spiritually constructive energy; and the art which we vainly and ignobly think of as the amusement of her idleness, or the investiture of her pride, became to her the tutor of her life and the prophet of her immortality.

93. The third school, on the examination of which we enter to-day, formed by the galaxy of perfect painters, who wrought centrally in the Sistine Chapel, and belonging to

[1] [For the reference to the rejoicings at Cimabue's picture of the Madonna, see above, p. 202, and below, p. 330.]
[2] [Psalms cxix. 97.]
[3] [Revelation xxi. 1.]

this epoch of 1500, you heard me call,[1] and may best remember as, the Christian Romantic group. Thus:—

1300. Christian Faithful.
1400. Christian Classic.
1500. Christian Romantic.

But in calling this third school so, I don't mean that Faith and Knowledge together necessarily issue in Romance, but that the progress of mind in other directions had rendered it necessary that the junction of faith with knowledge should take a Romantic form; and by Romantic I mean the pure state of imagination dependent on Chivalry.[2]

94. The perfect Christian schools of art are the junction of faith with knowledge under the political state of Chivalry. (Perfect Christianity is the Christianity of Sir Philip Sidney and George Herbert, not of John Knox or Calvin.) The intense worship of womanhood expresses itself in the central power of the Madonna; its soldierly courage in the central power of St. Michael and St. George; and its grace and courtesy and happiness in making the brightness of all intellect gentle, and the pride of all decoration holy. It unites all the delights of the enlightened eyes, all the severities of the determining intellect, and all the passions of the pure and burning heart. Perugino is the captain of this school:[3]—

"Gather what we may of great from Pagan chisel or Pagan dream, and set it beside the orderer of Christian warfare, Michael the Archangel: not Milton's 'with hostile brow and visage all inflamed'; not even Milton's in kingly treading of the hills of Paradise; not Raffaelle's with the expanded wings and brandished spear; but Perugino's with his triple crest of traceless plume unshaken in heaven, his hand fallen on his crossleted sword, the truth girdle binding his undinted armour; God has put His power upon him; resistless radiance is on his limbs; no lines are there of

[1] [See above, § 2, p. 186.]
[2] [Compare p. 121, above, and for the influence of chivalry, Vol. XX. pp. 363 *seq.*]
[3] [Here the MS. note is "Read my Perugino, St. Michael"—*i.e.*, the passage from *Modern Painters*, vol. ii. (Vol. IV. p. 330) here given. Another memorandum shows that the lecturer intended also to refer particularly to the Perugino in the National Gallery, No. 288:—

"The extreme of refinement and of truth, the Raphael with Tobit in our Gallery—the romantic story, the exquisite refinement of colour, and the true painting."

For other references to this picture, see Vol. XV. p. 170 *n.*, and Vol. XIX. p. 444.]

earthly strength, no trace on the divine features of earthly anger; trustful, and thoughtful, fearless, but full of love, incapable except of the repose of eternal conquest, vessel and instrument of Omnipotence, filled like a cloud with the victor light, the dust of principalities and powers beneath his feet, the murmur of hell against him heard by his spiritual ear like the winding of a shell on the far-off sea-shore."

95. Pure Christianity in this chivalric period divided itself practically into two great collateral powers—domestic and monastic;—the virtue of the Home and of the Desert.

The Virtue, I say—not ignorant, I, to my sorrow, of the histories which delight in recording the vices of Christians, or the hypocrisy of those who were not Christian. But we have nothing to do with the vices of the Home or the Desert, with treachery in the household or sensuality in the cloister. The Home which was violated by hatred, the monastery which was seclusion of sin, do not come under our judgment, for they bring nothing to be judged. It is the chief privilege of the study of Christian art that we know in an instant where the deed is, there the truth was; no false lover ever painted beauty, no false monk, divinity. I mean, therefore, by domestic and monastic only the power of true love, and true sacrifice of love, when that was needful. And these two glories of Christianity were, as I told you, understood to the full together only by one man—Giotto;[1] while, taught always by him—his children in the school of chivalry—the two unmatched masters in painting of the romantic Christianity, Angelico and Botticelli, taught to Florence, one the happiness of Heaven, and the other the Holiness of Earth.

You may wonder, then, why I did not put Angelico among masters you were to study.[2] His weaknesses are great; but his strength, unmatchable.[3]

[1] [In the lecture on him: see now *Mornings in Florence*, § 36 (below, p. 331).]

[2] [That is, in the list in *Ariadne Florentina:* see above, p. 157.]

[3] [Mr. Wedderburn's notes show that this passage was expanded in oral delivery:—

"Notice that though Ghiberti has a want of feeling, all that he possesses is free from error; he lacks something, but is perfect in what he has. Angelico, on the contrary, has many weaknesses, in which he paints, and therefore I have not made him one of the masters for you specially to study. (N.B.—*Modern Painters*, vol. ii., was written by me when quite under Angelico's influence.)"]

96. Now, I have nothing to do with any ecclesiastical questions, I give you only the historical facts; or, if not facts, the tradition accepted for such by the painters you have to study. And I tell you next the physical facts which those painters knew, and which we also may all of us know. There is no dispute about these possible, no doubt about them possible, namely, that by subduing the body by temperance certain states of beautiful feeling and imagination are attainable by minds capable of them, and that by intemperance certain states of abominable feeling and imagination must be brought on in all minds whatsoever. The beautiful feelings and imaginations, mind you, are not produced by mere fasting or pain, but by fasting and pain endured by a noble person. Starve Ugolino to death, he dreams but of the wolf in the mountains.[1] Stone Achan to death with the accursed wedge in his hand, he will not see heaven opened like St. Stephen.[2] All the temperance in this world and all the tortures will put no sanctification on a mean soul; but for a noble soul assuredly there are bright conditions of emotion and perception produced by bodily distress and mental sorrow, which are not granted to bodily peace and mental joy.

97. And it is necessary, at least for the understanding of Christian art, and I think also not disadvantageous to your understanding of human life, that you should learn the piece of elementary theology written for you in the picture which of all others became most renowned as the work of man's hand in the Church—Raphael's Transfiguration.[3] That picture represents, above, the strength; underneath,

[1] [See Count Ugolino's description of his dream in *Inferno*, xxxiii. 26 *seq.*; and compare *Proserpina*, i. ch. i. § 16 *n.*]

[2] [Acts vii. 56. For the story of Achan, who stole the wedge of gold, see Joshua vii. Achan is met with in *Purgatorio*, xx. 108, where "yet he seems by Joshua's ire pursued."]

[3] [The "Transfiguration" was ordered by Giulio de' Medici for the principal church at Narbonne, of which place he was bishop. Raphael had just finished the commission when he was attacked by fever and died, and it was decided to keep the picture in Rome; it is now in the Vatican gallery. The work is too well known for a reproduction to be necessary here; at the foot of the mountain, it will be remembered, the father of the lunatic boy has entered the presence of the nine

the weakness of apostolic power. That Raphael chose rather to dwell on the agony of the demoniac than the glory of the vision on the Mount, was the evil of his day. Take at least the final good of his life in the interpretation of the picture from which his hand sank to the grave. The vision on Mount Tabor is of Christ transfigured from the flesh into presence in His own Person, the Holy One of God—the Christ, the Anointed King and Priest for ever—sanctifying the Kingly law of the Body, the Priestly law of the Spirit. Speaking with Him, Moses and Elijah, law-givers of the Body and the Spirit. Both of them, in their deaths, taken straight to their Master; but the one buried by Him where no man knoweth, the other taken up where no man seeth.[1]

Underneath them on the Mount were Cephas, James the Great, and his brother. Observe that the Power of Elijah—desert prophet—passes into that of the Baptist (the Elias who indeed was come, and they had done to him what indeed they listed[2]), and completes itself in the prophet of the Apocalypse. James the Great, his brother, begins the apostolic line of Kings and Priests, continued at his martyrdom in James the Less, the Bishop of Jerusalem; while Cephas, named from the earth, is the teacher of Domestic law—the law of the Dominus and Domina, and of their house, dome, duomo, built on the rock,[3] not sand, —"lungo-i-fundamenti."[4] So that here in the Transfiguration—as afterwards in the first organization of Church discipline—you have the οἱ δοκοῦντες of Galatians—James, Cephas, and John—who seemed to be pillars;[5] and in all

remaining disciples, one of whom rises and points with uplifted arm to the mountain from which help shall come. Ruskin here confines himself to the theological scheme which may be found in the picture; elsewhere he criticises the treatment as theatrical, with "kicking gracefulnesses": see Vol. V. pp. 82–83 *n.*]

[1] [Deuteronomy xxxiv. 6; 2 Kings ii. 11.]

[2] [Matthew xvii. 12.]

[3] [Matthew vii. 24.]

[4] [See above, in Vasari's account of Arnolfo's foundations for the Duomo at Florence, p. 193.]

[5] [Galatians ii. 9: "And when James, Cephas, and John, who seemed to be pillars (οἱ δοκοῦντες στύλοι εἶναι) . . ."]

the disciplined and noble epochs of nations, you have the divinely sane lawgiver of the laws of Earth,—Domestic; and the divinely *in*sane Sibyl, prophet or seer,—lawgiver of laws of heaven. And above them, the King, elder, or priest for ever after the order of Melchisedeck,[1] ruling the offices of both. And the entire catastrophe of the authority of the Church in Europe has been caused, not by priests desiring to be Kings, but by Kings forgetting that they were Priests.

98. Read now the Epistle of Peter, with its code of domestic teaching; then read with it St. John's message to the Seven Churches,[2] and you will not afterwards, unless through coldness of heart, misunderstand the relations of sacred labour and sacred rest, of sacred companionship with men and sacred seclusion from them, and all questions, which we uncharitably or unwisely ask as to the office or use of the monastic patience and pain, will receive their answer from the lips of Christ. He gives us our domestic and home charge as He did to Cephas—"Feed My sheep."[3] We complain that to the one whom He loved most He has seemingly given no charge; you ask wonderingly, "Lord, and what shall this man do?"

"If I will that he tarry till I come, what is that to thee. Follow thou Me."[4]

99. Hitherto I have been speaking of the two orders of men visibly in the world, and visibly withdrawn from the world.

But there is a deeper distinction than this in the Universal Monasticism, which was taught by St. Francis and interpreted by Giotto, as required of all men, not of the monk only—the Renunciation of the world even by those who live in the midst of it—the Baptismal renunciation of it, and of its works and ways.

[1] [Psalms cx. 4. Compare *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 76, § 14.]
[2] [Revelation i. 4, 6, etc.: "From Jesus Christ . . . who hath made us kings and priests," etc.]
[3] [John xxi. 16.
[4] [John xxi. 21, 22.]

In the Chapel of Santa Croce (into which I asked you, in the outset of these lectures, to come with me[1]), as in the Lower Church of Assisi, Giotto has painted on the roof the symbols of the three Franciscan virtues — Temperance or Chastity, Poverty, Obedience. And his first picture in this life of St. Francis, painted beneath, is his Disobedience to his own father.[2] . . .

100. That is St. Francis's Disobedience, and Giotto's monasticism, not necessarily flight to the desert, but necessarily renunciation of the world;—that renunciation, which, promised for us in the Baptisteries of our native land, we have been all nominally confirmed to fulfil in our after years. Which only in fulfilling we can know the truths of the heavenly world, or receive the inheritance of it. Renunciation, not necessarily by abandoning the world, but by holding the government of it in the name and for the cause of our Master. Among all the neglected and despised passages of the New Testament—those messages of Christ which we treat as the husbandman treated his messengers (we catch them and kill them, and send them away empty[3]) —there is no one more weighty than the brief order, "If ye have been unfaithful in that which is another's, who shall give you that which is your own?"[4] Does it not strike you as strange—put shortly to you thus? You would have thought, would you not, the verse should have run, "If ye have not been faithful in that which is your own, who shall trust you with that which is another's?" If you think over it a while you will desire to know the context, and that is stranger still. "If ye have not been faithful in the unrighteous mammon, who shall trust you with the righteous?"[5]

[1] [See above, § 12, p. 192.]

[2] [Here some pages of the MS. are missing. They were used in *Mornings in Florence*, §§ 47–50, where Ruskin discusses the meaning of St. Francis's Disobedience: see below, pp. 343–345.]

[3] [See Mark xii. 3–5. Compare what Ruskin says elsewhere of the abuse of Bible texts (Vol. XVIII. p. 275).]

[4] [Luke xvi. 12.]

[5] [Luke xvi. 11: *εἰ οὖν ἐν τῷ ἀδίκῳ μαμωνᾷ πιστοὶ οὐκ ἐγένεσθε, τὸ ἀληθινὸν, τίς ὑμῖν πιστεύσει*; *κ. τ. λ.* Both the Authorised and the Revised versions translate "if therefore ye have not been faithful in the unrighteous mammon, who will commit to your trust the true riches." Ruskin objects to this translation as obscuring the

There is no message that has been more mangled out of its life than that verse—the translators have beaten it about the head, *ἐκεφαλαίωσαν αὐτόν*.[1] They have thought it expedient to explain away Christ's frank direct opposition. The Unjust Mammon, and the Just. The Unjust Treasure, that which has in its worship all iniquity—the Riches of this world—is another's. The Just Treasure, that which has in its worship all equity, is your own. Then, of that which is another's, the Master says to you, "Occupy till I come." But at His coming, "Thou hast been faithful in a few things, not thine, I will make thee ruler over many things for ever, thine own; enter thou into the joy of Thy Lord."[2] The universal monasticism, the divine surrender of this world, is simply renouncing it for oneself, holding it in trust for others. That is Giotto's Poverty and Obedience in one.

101. And now add, to complete your monastic Theology, one text more, another messenger—*κεφαλαιώμενος*—wounded in the head: "There is no man that hath left houses, or wife, or children, or lands for My sake, and the gospel's, but he shall receive an hundred-fold in this present life, houses, and children, and lands, with persecutions; and in the world to come life everlasting."[3] Have any of us ever seriously believed that text for an instant? Have you ever tried whether it is true? It is as true as steel; once surrender the riches of this world utterly, and they will be given back tenfold, only the difficulty of proving that is that if you surrender in the expectation of getting back,

point, and says that it should be ". . . unrighteous mammon, . . . righteous mammon." The English versions substitute "riches" in translating *τὸ ἀληθινόν*, because they take *μαμωνᾷ* to be masculine (see Alford's note on the passage); but the word nowhere occurs in such circumstances as to show whether the writers regarded it as masculine or neuter. The verse "who can serve God and mammon" suggests personification, and some commentators interpret Mammon as an Oriental divinity; others, however, declare it to be a Syrian and Phœnician word, meaning "money." It may be added that *πλοῦτος* in the Greek Testament is neuter as well as masculine. Ruskin's criticism of the English translation seems, therefore, to be valid; though it is curious that he should translate *ἀδίκῳ* and *ἀληθινόν* ("unrighteous" and "true") "unrighteous" and "righteous," thereby taking the same kind of liberty that he censures in the translators of the Bible.]

[1] [See Mark xii. 4.]

[2] [Luke xix. 13; Matthew xxv. 23.]

[3] [See Mark x. 29, 30.]

it is not surrender. The common language of the Church is—invest in this celestial company for the sake of the terrestrial dividend. But it must not be investment, but casting into the sea—thy bread upon the waters.[1]

But the text, as I say, is as true as steel, only the dividend may be a different thing from what you expected. Whoso leaves house, or land, or children, shall get house, and land, and child. Yes, but not in Job's poor way[2]—only two new houses for an old one, and two living children for one dead one—but in the power of his heart to accept all earthly good as his own and for its utmost, without craving, without lust, without pride; for him then, all fields bloom, and all harvests whiten; then, are not all the beasts of the forest his? then, the cattle upon a thousand hills?[3] with no spirit any more in him lusting to envy,[4] is not the fame of all his country—noble, dead, or in life—dear to him, and triumphant as his own? with no insolent curiosity after things too hard for him, are not all the paths of wisdom made pleasant and peaceful to his feet?[5] with no vain pride in his own thoughts, are not the treasures of the wisdom of his race lighted round his palace like Aladdin's windows of jewellery? with heaven's charity in his heart, shall child or wife be wanting to him who is a Father to the fatherless, a husband to the widow?[6] and if not in word only, but in face of truth, he undoes the deed of Cain and becomes truly his brother's keeper,[7] shall not he be able to say of many an earthly friend: "Very pleasant hast thou been unto me; thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of women."[8]

102. Now I have only time to exemplify the literal fulfilment of this in one instance, and I will take the most material character of Angelico's work.

Faithfullest of the Faithful, he is the painter of the felicities of heaven, down to the least things. Before him Simon Memmi had given the gate of Paradise with the

[1] [Ecclesiastes xi. 1.]
[2] [See Job xlii. 10.]
[3] [Psalms l. 10.]
[4] [James iv. 4.]
[5] [Proverbs iii. 17.]
[6] [See Psalms lxviii. 5; and Jeremiah xlix.]
[7] [Genesis iv. 9.]
[8] [2 Samuel i. 26.]

children entering it hand in hand;[1] it was for Angelico to make them enter *celestemente ballando, per la porta del Paradiso.*[2] But the notablest literal fulfilment of joy in him is that all nature becomes transfigured into the colours of blossoming for him. You know for these twenty years back I have been teaching the sacredness of colour[3]—that a rose or a violet is not less divine than its leaves, but more divine. Well, to Angelico all nature becomes literally *couleur de rose;* so that architecture itself, trees, ground, all become rainbow-coloured to him. The joy of his heart makes it like a crystal cut in the faith of the Trinity, and making all heaven's light seven-zoned.[4]

103. All the true monastic painters delight in like manner in the most splendid dress, and the most worldly flesh painters of the body habitually sneer at them for trying to make fine, say they, what they cannot make lovely. But the instinct is an entirely noble and right one; only you must distinguish always between the men who only want to show they can paint jewels, and those who rejoice in the real beauty of the jewel. The Dutchmen, even in their sacred schools, always lose themselves in showing their skill, even the stupendously perfect work of Van Eyck is definitely more jewel and metal than humanity; the lower men paint gems on their saints, and dewdrops on their flowers,[5] merely to show you how well they can cheat.

[1] [See the picture in the Spanish Chapel (below, pp. 412, 451).]

[2] [Vasari's description of Angelico's picture in the Accademia at Florence; the words are quoted also in *Lectures on Art,* § 103 (Vol. XX. p. 99). For other references to the picture, see Vol. V. p. 86 *n.*]

[3] [See Vol. VII. p. 417 *n.*, and the other passages there noted.]

[4] [Here the MS. contains some additional memoranda which were doubtless developed in delivery:—

"Vatican chapel—borders of flowers all by his own hand, leaves all purple and sun-flecked through.

"Well, with all this brightness can he still keep the earthly delight subordinate? That is just the main question, and a most vital one.

"Then Fasting is to produce quiet, not misery."

"Vatican chapel" means the chapel of Nicholas V., painted by Angelico; for references to it, see Vol. XV. p. 421 *n.*, and Vol. XVI. p. 272. Mr. Wedderburn's notes indicate, again, how the memoranda were expanded in oral delivery: "Angelico most perfect in fineness of colour and joy of heart, and in joyousness of dress, yet always making the face predominant. Not so pleasure painters: the moment lust comes in the brightness of colour goes. We see it in Tintoret."]

[5] [On this point, see *Notes on Prout and Hunt* (Vol. XIV. pp. 379–380).]

The glass case of birds, which all the world admired so much in the Royal Academy three years ago, is the consummation of such teaching.[1]

104. But if you want really to see what jewel painting for love is, nay for divine love, you must do as I bid you at Florence. You will all, when there, give an hour or two at least to the Academy of Fine Arts. You may learn much more there than you can in the Uffizii. On your right hand, just after you enter the first room, you will see the large Taking down from the Cross, by Angelico, No. 34,[2] of which you are told in this catalogue, "l'auteur a exécuté avec tant de soin ce tableau, qu'on peut le considérer comme son chef d'œuvre."[3]

Now that picture has been entirely repainted, and so horribly that I should think no more ridiculous, more glaring, or detestable piece of work could be found in the most impudent dealer's hands of London or Florence. But the two little figures at the border of it are still genuine, and by looking alternately from them to the repainted centre you may learn, once for all, what repainting means, and something of what Angelico's hand is.

105. Having examined and compared these portions, leave that room, and ask for the Gallery of the Old Pictures, and nearly at the farther end of that you will see, on your right, No. 20,[4] a picture very sad and dingy at first glance, and in great part rubbed quite out. It is nevertheless the most precious Angelico in Florence, and, as far as I know, in the world. It represents Our Lady enthroned, with the infant Christ. St. Cosmo and Damian kneel before the throne. On the Madonna's left hand, St. Dominic, St. Francis, and St. Peter Martyr; on her right, St. Mark,

[1] [The editors are unable to identify the picture either from the catalogue of the Summer Exhibition in 1871 or from that of the Old Masters.]

[2] [Now No. 166 in the "First Room of the Tuscan Masters." Ruskin refers to the "glazing, pumicing, painting, and varnishing" of this picture in *Modern Painters*, vol. ii. (Vol. IV. p. 326).]

[3] [*Description des Objets d'Arts de la Royale Académie des Beaux-Arts de Florence*, 1869, p. 10. That catalogue has now been superseded by an excellent one by Signor Eugenio Pieraccini.]

[4] [Now No. 281 in the "Second Room of Angelico." Plate XXII. here.]

St. John the Evangelist, and St. Lawrence—in the guide-book called St. Stephen, though his name is written on the nimbus.

The picture has been wrought by Angelico with the most extreme care I have ever seen him give. He has intended it to be his masterpiece. And Angelico differs from nearly all other great painters in this, that he can't be too careful. The more he endeavours the more he achieves. All his work prospers in his hands.

St. Lawrence is dressed in the following manner. He has a rose-coloured tunic studded with golden stars, each star centred by a turquoise. On his breast is a large square scroll of gold, with an arabesque of pearls upon it, and his sleeves are embroidered with silver.

Now I said in the second volume of *Modern Painters*[1] that Angelico did not paint real jewels but only abstract ornaments. I was utterly wrong. It is true that in his ordinary work he does a great deal with mere engraving in the gold in lines and dots, and with spots of colour. But here we have him doing his best; and every turquoise and pearl is painted to a point beyond everything else in art. Chinese, Indian, American, old Spanish, Venetian, German, what you will,—no gold and pearls were ever designed or done in the world like these. Van Eyck, Memling, Mantegna, even Botticelli, are nowhere in comparison.

106. Now what is the meaning of this? It is the old Etruscan faculty—Fésole faculty—of jewellery, with Christian passion in it. Every pearl is painted as if he had sold all that he had to buy it;[2] but what do you think the result will be on St. Lawrence? A very fine St. Lawrence you think perhaps he will be, and nothing else. Yes; in the hands of any other painter that would have been so. In his pearly affluence St. Lawrence would only have reminded you of the principal dish at the Princess Parizade's dinner—cucumbers stuffed with pearls.[3] With Angelico it

[1] [See Vol. IV. p. 324.]

[2] [Matthew xiii. 46.]

[3] [See in the *Arabian Nights* the story of the sisters who envied their younger sister.]

The Madonna and Child, with St. Lawrence and other Saints

is the exact reverse. By the entirely passionate and perfect painting of them the jewels become divine; they become worthy of the saint in their own supreme perfectness; their beauty is so great that it becomes beauty of holiness;[1] and instead of feeling as if they disguised St. Lawrence, you feel as if he could have been dressed no otherwise, nay, had I not told you to look at his breastplate of pearl, you never would have looked at it. Quercia withdraws all ornament from the statue of Ilaria that you may see her face; but Angelico pours out every earthly treasure around his St. Lawrence, and forces you to look only at the face still—the highest visible expression of religious life yet, as far as I know, achieved by man.

107. I have allowed myself to-day to dwell, to the displeasing perhaps of many of my hearers, on the distinctive characters of that religious and spiritual life, because I find the true science of it not only neglected in England and here, but denied to be a science, the physicians and naturalists of the body recognizing not even the brotherhood, far less the necessary and inseparable power, of the physicians and naturalists of the soul. For the characters and passions of men descend and proceed from each other as trees do from graft or seed; there is a botany, a science, of the growth of the mind which lets you see either intellect or conscience unfolding, first the blade, then the ear, after that, the full corn in the ear.[2] Parallel with these mental changes there are changes in our body and in the nervous substance of the brain; so that an Etruscan brain would differ from a Gothic one, and Quercia's from Ghiberti's, in entirely physical particulars. And modern science is arriving at a perfection of analysis in which it is prepared to assign to every particle of matter its separate power in the formation of spirit or thought.

108. Precisely in the same manner the salts, earths, and manures of the field are absolutely necessary to the production

[1] [1 Chronicles xvi. 29.]
[2] [Mark iv. 28.]

of plants; so that for every olive leaf on this branch[1] there is a root down in the field dependent for its existence on certain particles of a given earth or manure, so that a wise earthworm, cognizant of all qualities and processes of earth, would be able to pronounce with precision, by the motion, say, of a certain atom of ammonia, the quantity of olive leaf which would be caused or derived therefrom, and would fearlessly announce in any social science meeting of earthworms that ammonia was the final cause and origin of olive leaves.

109. On the other hand, supposing that you were to endow with similar social powers and investigating wishes the birds who built their nests in the tree, they would recognize the goodness of the olive, and the relation of death to life in the succeeding trees, and they would delight themselves in describing the strength of branches and the pleasantness of blossom, but would entirely surrender all attempt to discern the final origin of olive trees, and regard the earth as indeed protected by their shade and adorned by their grace, and in some sort necessary to their being, but by no means the maker of them.

110. The two sciences of the spirit and of the body of man are connected in the same manner. Flesh science, sure of its facts, able to count them, to reason from them; satisfied with its results, calling itself the only science. But the science of spirit, not sure of half its facts, not able to count the thousandth part of them, not having its happy kingdom in their presence, life, and peace. And while the Kingdom of Earth in its desolation deepens to the corruption—deeper than of worms that die to that of the worm that dieth not—the Kingdom of Heaven in its harvest is like unto a grain of mustard seed, which indeed is the least of all seeds, but when it is grown it is the greatest among herbs, and becometh a tree, so that the birds of the air lodge in the branches thereof.[2]

[1] [One of the examples which Ruskin again showed in the lecture on Botticelli: see below, p. 270.]

[2] [Mark ix. 44; Matthew xiii. 31, 32.]

LECTURE VIII[1]

BOTTICELLI[2]

111.[3] ALL great artists may be classified under three heads —Colourists, Delineators, Chiaroscurists; that is to say, they all possess one of these three qualities pre-eminently, though they possess all three in a greater or lesser degree, the greatest artists having almost as much of the other two qualities as of their pre-eminent one. Of Chiaroscurists, the chief is Tintoret. He learned of painters only, Titian and Giorgione. He had the pencil or the brush in his hand from his youth; his favourite colours were black and white;[4] he painted with a broad brush. There is no chiaroscuro like Tintoret's; but under it is colour as subtle as Angelico's, though subordinate. Of Colourists, the chief is Angelico. He learned to paint by writing; he was taught by a Dominican illuminator, and is himself the chief illuminator of the world. There is no colour like Angelico's; but under it is chiaroscuro as subtle as Tintoret's, though subordinate. His jewel painting was not enough leaned on;[5] a single amethyst in the robe of the Madonna would have taken me half a day to copy, in the gradations of its transparently flushed purple. Of Delineators, the chief is Botticelli. Taught by a goldsmith, he learnt by gold-beating and engraving, and is himself a master goldsmith

[1] [Delivered on December 4.]

[2] [For the numerous general references to Botticelli, see Index to the Edition. For his life and an account of the scheme of the frescoes in the Sistine Chapel, see *Ariadne Florentina* (Vol. XXII. pp. 425–435, 442); for his life, see also *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 22. For pictures by him in the Uffizi, see, for "Judith" and "Fortitude," *Mornings in Florence* (below, pp. 334–337).]

[3] [§ 105 is put together from memoranda in Ruskin's MS. and Mr. Wedderburn's notes. With it may be compared *Ariadne Florentina*, § 21 (Vol. XXII. p. 311).]

[4] [See Vol. V. p. 346.]

[5] [That is, in the last lecture: see p. 262.]

and engraver. Ghirlandajo is a goldsmith selling plated goods;[1] Botticelli's is pure gold tried in the fire,[2] and engraved as Bezaleel and Aholiab engraved.[3] There is no drawing like Botticelli's; but under it is colour and chiaroscuro as subtle as Angelico's and Tintoret's, but subordinate. He draws first with the point of the brush; but, like all masters who begin with the point, he soon gets a wonderful power with the side of it, and we find leaves drawn by Botticelli with a single stroke,—the point of the brush beginning, and the brush opening out as it goes.[4] Angelico entered a convent at twenty, painting and living only for the poor, and called "Beatus." Botticelli lived amidst the concourse of Florence, admiring all earthly beauty, himself untainted by it. He is in one the most learned theologian, the most perfect artist, and the most kind gentleman whom Florence produced. He knows all that Dante knew of theology, and much more; and he is the only unerring, unfearing, and to this day trustworthy and true preacher of the reformed doctrine of the Church of Christ. As an artist he is incomparable. He has the power of Tintoret, with the virtue of Angelico; and he is such a gentleman that he interprets all things with charity in days of grievous guilt, spends himself and all he has in the passionate service of men and of God, and dies in Florence, having given not half but all his goods to the poor—engraving the triumph of the faith of Savonarola.

112. I trust that this course of lectures, however falling short of what I would fain have said, have yet made clear to you that the art which I wish to place before the students of this University, as a part of their consistent education, is exclusively Christian—conceived and practised—and only

[1] [Compare *Mornings in Florence*, § 18 (below, p. 314).]

[2] [Revelation iii. 18.]

[3] [Exodus xxxv. 30–35, xxxvi. 1: "And Moses said unto the children of Israel, See, the Lord hath called by name Bezaleel . . . and hath filled him with the spirit of God, in wisdom, in understanding, and in knowledge, and in all manner of workmanship. . . . Then wrought Bezaleel and Aholiab." Compare *Val d'Arno*, § 9 (above, p. 15).]

[4] [Compare Vol. XXII. p. 121 *n.*]

capable of being so, by men who believed in the story of Christ, and who obeyed His law. And from the points of history and physical geography which I have laid before you,[1] you will be able now to accept the general statement that this art is rooted when the Western seaman and shepherd meets the Eastern. To the shipmen of Pisa came the same call as to the fishers of Galilee, and to the shepherds of Fésole the same annunciation as to the shepherds of Bethlehem—a race of Greek shepherds then living among the Gentiles in an obscure peace—to them comes the light to lighten the Gentiles;[2] and all their art that follows is simply the expression of their joy when they found and saw the young child with Mary His mother.[3]

113. Greek shepherds they are, mind you, of their mountain home, Arcady of the West, so dark and silent in history that we cannot read so much as a letter of their ancient language, but now, having to speak in praise, they find words in the Roman tongue. And it chanced, happily for me, that the first words I ever saw of their writing were very beautiful, and were actually written on a stone of Fésole, the lintel of the door of their Badia. In the story of the finding of Giotto by Cimabue, you know he is said to have been drawing on a stone;[4] but he was doubtless scratching or engraving on one, imitating the lines which he had seen engraved by these exquisite Etruscan sculptors, most probably imitating those of this very stone.

It is the lintel, as I told you, of the little Badia, or Abbey of Fésole, which is about five hundred yards down the slope of the hills among the olives, under the Convent of St. Dominic, in which was Angelico's cell when a youth of twenty. A little winding road, like an English lane, leads down from one building to the other; in the evening the cloisters of Angelico's convent catch the full light of

[1] [See the previous course on *Val d'Arno*.]
[2] [Luke ii. 32; Matthew ii. 11.]
[3] [Compare the lecture on Cimabue, above, pp. 197, 209.]
[4] [See *Giotto and his Works in Padua*, § 4 (Vol. XXIV. p. 18).]

the setting sun, the tower of the little abbey rises dark beneath against the distant blue of the Val di Nievole. Florence, murmuring round her alders in the mist of Arno, forgets them both. I have named to you already this part of the Abbey of Fésole as the earliest remnant of Etruscan-Christian building near Florence.[1] I show you my drawing of its two pillars again.[2] Above them, is the inscription on the lintel, engraved in lovely, variable letters, contracted or expanded, shortened or raised, as fitted the elevation of the stone:[3]—

"ALL THINGS THAT YOU SEEK IN PRAYER, BELIEVE THAT YOU SHALL RECEIVE THEM, AND THEY SHALL BE FULFILLED TO YOU."

"WHEN YE STAND PRAYING, FORGIVE IF YE HAVE AUGHT AGAINST ANY."[4]

114. The history of Florence begins, historians say, with the murder of Buondelmonte in her streets.[5] But the history of the art of Florence begins with the legend on this stone, which in so few words tells you the first principles of the faith and law by which thenceforward they were to live "through the tender mercy of their God, by which the dayspring from on high had visited them to guide their feet into the way of peace." These words, we perhaps scarcely enough remember always, are those of the father of the Baptist. And Florence had already built her central temple[6] in the name of his son, the precursor of Christ, for baptism in the knowledge of salvation to His people, by the remission of their sins.[7]

[1] [See above, p. 241.]

[2] [This drawing is not in the Oxford Collection; he must have shown it in the lecture on Ghiberti (above, p. 241).]

[3] [Ruskin's drawing of this inscription is No. 13 in the Rudimentary Series at Oxford, and is reproduced as Plate LXI. in Vol. XXI. (p. 266). Compare, below, p. 473.]

[4] [Mark xi. 24, 25.]

[5] [See *Val d'Arno*, § 97 (above, p. 58).]

[6] [That is, the Baptistery (San Giovanni); originally the cathedral of Florence.]

[7] [Luke i. 77, 78, 79.]

115. "Mio bel San Giovanni."[1] Why do you think Dante thought it so beautiful, called it his own? Was it only in Dante's eyes so fair, think you? and that, Dante's fault? He had never seen anything better, our English builders think. It is but fair I should give you one of our own English architects' opinion of it, out of the *Ecclesiologist* for 1861: "I do not think that Arnolfo has any claims to be considered a first-rate architect, much less a genius. . . . . (The Duomo is) the most disappointing building I have ever seen. . . . The whole of the exterior as well as Giotto's Campanile is in the work-box style," etc.[2]

You must not be too hard upon him. These are quite the natural impressions of a man who had never been trained to look at sculpture, and had never done anything with his own hand, and had been taught to sell on commission the labour of others.

116. But to-day you must look once more a little at their early sculpture that you may see the origin of the great painters' power. In my first account to you of Botticelli[3] you perhaps remember how I dwelt on his native classical instinct. I did not in the least know then where he got it; now I know, and can show you. Above this stone in the Badia of Fésole there runs a narrow cornice, which remains, in its profile, the type of all the cornices in Florence in her early palaces. Generally the profile is simple, but here at Fésole it is wrought with apparently the common Greek egg and arrow moulding. Look closer, and instead of the arrows you will find it has two olive leaves, set thus. These olive leaves are the link in the eleventh century between these of classic Etruria and these of Sandro Botticelli. There's no gap and scarcely any difference between these garlands of golden olive of

[1] [*Inferno*, xix. 17. Compare Vol. XXII. p. 343, and below, p. 473.]

[2] ["Florence," by W. Burges, in the *Ecclesiologist*, the journal of the Cambridge Camden Society, vol. xxii. (1861), pp. 155, 158.]

[3] [In *Ariadne Florentina*: see Vol. XXII. pp. 400, 440.]

Etruria before Christ and the utmost beauty of leaf drawing of Ghiberti and Luca della Robbia and Botticelli.[1]

[Here the MS. becomes memoranda, thus:—
"Show
Etruscan book.
Cornice of olive leaves.
Roses of Giotto.
Roses of Botticelli.
Spring of Botticelli; foliage of moss.
Real olive.
"That is the course of the Etruscan school in vegetation. Now, you shall see it in animal life:[2]—
The birds on stone.
Roman birds, no beauty in them, nor life.
Niccola Pisano's Eagle.
"That's the chain in birds; now in beasts:—
Etruscan sculpture; Rabbit, Dürer's, [Giotto's]."]

117. Now this dog[3] is the lowest note in the great religious concord of Giotto's Tower.

Here is Quercia's dog, lowest note in his sweet dirge of human sorrow, Ilaria's chief mourner.[4] You know our noble English dirge of the same meaning, the Old Shepherd's Chief Mourner.[5] And my main subject to-day, though I'm a long while getting to it, is the most sacred picture of humanity, and the law by which it lives, ever produced by the Christian art of Europe.

Well, you shall see the lowest note in the harmony of that.

[Here Ruskin showed "Botticelli's dog in arms"; that is, the dog carried by little Gershom in Botticelli's "Life of Moses."[6]]

[1] [For another reference to Botticelli's leaf-drawing, see *Mornings in Florence*, § 79 (below, p. 373).]

[2] [Mr. Wedderburn's note is: "As for treatment of animal life, the classical school of Italy was founded on the arabesques of Pompeii: they copied the birds in them, so that the Etruscans—*e.g.*, Ghiberti—looking also at nature, produce lovely birds, but those who go only to Rome and Pompeii fail."]

[3] [See, further, the lecture on "Giotto's Pet Puppy" (below, p. 474).]

[4] [See above, § 66, p. 232.]

[5] [By Landseer: see the description of it in *Modern Painters*, vol. i. (Vol. III. p. 88).]

[6] [Ruskin's study of "Gershom's Dog" was presented by him to Mrs. W. Gershom Collingwood; it was No. 113 in the Ruskin Exhibition at the Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours, 1901.]

The picture is of nothing less than the delivery of the Law of Sinai, the law which has been the terror of mankind. Here is a little lawless personage who is entirely unimpressed by it, it seems.

118. The least things, with the greatest,[1] and both drawn with truth and both with love.

Gentlemen, I think I may be able to claim some confidence from you in my asseveration of the principle which you will find has been perfectly steady and unceasing from the first day when I began to teach till now.

The least things, with the greatest, herb of the field and the beast of it, and man lord of both, and what the Maker of both puts in his thoughts concerning Himself.

All things with perfect truth, and all things with perfect love, so that, of the disciple as of his Lord, in word and deed, even the adversary and tempter's witness may be compelled to say, "We know that thou art true and teachest the way of God in truth."[2]

119. Now you know I told you in last lecture[3] that Angelico and Botticelli represented the monastic and domestic life. Angelico is a perfect monk. At twenty, in the prime of youth, he takes the monk's habit, the Dominican vows, in this monastery of Fésole. His own name Guido he changes to John; all who know him call him "blessed"; all that he received for his painting he gives to the poor.

Botticelli is perfect in the life of the nobly natural world. I gave you his biography in a former lecture,[4] but I did not tell you then that he is the only painter of all the religious schools who unites every bodily with every spiritual power and knowledge. He only can delight in every earthly and material beauty and enforce every material law without the least taint passing over him. He only is the interpreter in all things of the mission of the Baptist, to whom the temple

[1] [Compare *Mornings in Florence*, § 26 (below, p. 321).]
[2] [Matthew xxii. 16.]
[3] [See above, § 95, p. 253.]
[4] [See *Ariadne Florentina* (Vol. XXII. pp. 425–435).]

of his Etruscan home was built—as Angelico in the repose of Fésole, so he among the concourse of men in the square of Florence, when the Precursor had guided their feet into the way of peace,[1] and for the first time in the history of nations, in the midst of a world of war, Florence then raised her lily standard in the name of the peace of God;[2] not the narrow Irene of Athens, peace only within her own walls, and prosperity in her own palaces,[3] but peace published with eager foot upon the distant hills,[4] and with shout of the good tidings in the streets of strangers.

120. Peace, but a soldier's peace, not a coward's. Peace, not bought with gold, nor consented to in shame, but proclaimed aloud with the armour of Righteousness upon her breast and the sword of the Spirit in her hand. How often have we, who call ourselves Christians, read that order, to take unto us the whole armour of God? How often has the message fallen on our ears as the tinkling of the last cymbal in a departing music? Disobedient to it, careless of it, contemptuous of it, what smithy have we ever set to forge that iron, what Thetis of our mother seas have we ever prayed to bring it us? For the breastplate of Righteousness, we have asked for a cloak for our sins; and for the sword of the Spirit, seized and sent the darts of hell; and if ever our Missionary feet were shod in name with the preparation of the Gospel of Peace, how from the fiery, not bush, but furnace of our Mammon God came the message to us—"Put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the ground whereon thou standest is accursed."[5]

121. Long ago, when first I tried to show the glory of the schools of Christian chivalry, I closed my history of them with such description as I could give of the St. Michael of Perugino.[6] I never attempt to describe things

[1] [See above, § 114, p. 268.]
[2] [See *Val d'Arno*, § 112 (above, p. 69).]
[3] [Psalms cxxii. 7.]
[4] [See Isaiah lii. 7.]
[5] [The Biblical references in § 120 are to 2 Corinthians vi. 7; Ephesians vi. 13, 14, 17; Exodus iii. 5.]
[6] [See above, § 94, p. 252.]

Photo: Alinari

Allen & Co Sc

The Madonna and Child, with St. Michael and other Saints

From the picture by Botticelli

now, but only to make you look at them and feel them. The St. Michael of Botticelli[1] is far less impressive at the first. He is a simple knight of Florence, standing before the Madonna, and there is no dragon beneath him, and no look of victory in his face. St. Catherine stands opposite him, and in the sweet coronal of holy creatures, you cannot think of her pain any more than of St. Michael's war; you know her by her look, not by her jagged wheel. Her veil falls over it, and St. Michael seems entirely without trophy. Only at last you see that he holds a globe in his hand, the globe of the world, and on its surface the dark seas take the cloudy shape of the dragon. He is the St. Michael of Peace, who stilleth the noise of the crowd and the tumult of the people, who maketh wars to cease in all the world.[2]

122. The picture in which you will find this St. Michael[3] is one of two in the Academy of Florence, by the greatest of all her masters at his greatest time, and alike in pure manual skill and pure mental passion, they are beyond all other work in Italy. Of manual skill especially nothing unites so much as a crowning of the Madonna, the favourite Florentine subject. She is surrounded by a choir of twelve angels, not dancing, nor flying, but carried literally in a whorl, or vortex, whirlwind of the breath of heaven; their wings lie level, interwoven among the clouds, pale sky of intense light, yet darker than the white clouds they pass through, their arms stretched to each other, their hands clasped—it is as if the morning sky had all been changed into marble, and they into living creatures; they are led in their swift wheel by Gabriel, who is opposite to you, between the Christ and the Madonna; a close rain of golden rays falls from the hand of Christ, He placing the crown on

[1] [See Plate XXIII. here. A study of the figure of St. Michael alone, by Mr. Fairfax Murray, is in the Ruskin Museum at Sheffield.]

[2] [See Psalms lxv. 7, xlvi. 9 (Prayer-book version).]

[3] [No. 85 in the "Second Room of Botticelli"; known as "The Madonna di S. Barnaba." The other picture—the "Crowning of the Madonna"—is now No. 73 in the "First Room of Botticelli." A reproduction of it may be seen in A. Streeter's *Botticelli* ("Great Masters" Series), p. 118; but no such representation can adequately render the details here described by Ruskin.]

the Virgin's head; and Gabriel is seen through it as a white bird through rain, looking up, seeing the fulfilment of his message. And as I told you that all the delight of Angelico in material things became sacred in its intensity,[1] so the material workmanship of this greater master becomes sacred in its completion. Of this falling golden rain he has burnished every separate ray into enduring perfectness; it is not gilding, but beaten gold, wrought with the inherited Etruscan skill of a thousand years, and able to stand for a thousand years to come.

123. Now observe what he had to do in this way. The main figures are the size of life. The surrounding choir of angels—about one-third the size of life—and the Gabriel is diminished by perspective on the farther side, so that his face is only about two inches wide. Well, across his face, between you and him, fall eight or ten straight bars of this golden rain like the base of a helmet visor. Right down across the face, every edge of them as fine and true as a line of gossamer, but you think the face will be spoiled. It is as perfect as if no line crossed it; you see it as through a veil, tender, infinite in rejoicing, lifted in a light of the spirit brighter than gold.

I never saw such a thing. Fancy what command of his materials, what unstinted care and time, what knowledge of all possibilities of change are involved in doing such a piece of work to stand for four hundred years without one sparkle failing.[2]

124. This, then, is the master's youthful work in the

[1] [See above, § 102, p. 260.]

[2] [Here the MS. has some notes, which were doubtless developed in delivery:—

"Think of our cracked Sir Joshuas.
How are we to do the like?
The law of Florence by St. Thomas Aquinas:
'Optavi et datus est mihi sensus. —Will.
Invocavi et venit in me spiritus sapientiæ } —Prayer.
Et præposui illam regnis et sedibus' }
'She gives up her conquests after her year of victories, but does not name even money—so scornful is she of that.'
The spirit of wisdom—Bezaleel and Aholiab."

For "our cracked Sir Joshuas" in contrast with the enduring work of the early masters, see Vol. XII. p. 286. The "law of Florence by St. Thomas Aquinas" (Book

brightest joy of his life. Now let us look at his aged work, in the deepest thought of it.[1]

. . . . . .

He wrote the life of Moses the Shepherd; hero and deliverer, in his human loving-kindness and meekness. This is the hero of the Christian Greek. To Botticelli, Moses is the Christian knight, as much as the Christian lawgiver. The Florentine Christian is, however, a Greek; and to him quite one of the first conditions of his [Moses'] perfectness was in the being bred by the Princess of Egypt, learned in all wisdom, even of the world he had to leave. His Zipporah[2] is simply the Etruscan Athena, becoming queen of a household in Christian humility. Her spear is changed to a reed and becomes then her sceptre, cloven at the top into the outline of Florentine Fleur-de-lys, and in the cleft she fastens her spindle. Her χιτὼν falls short of the feet, that it may not check her motion, and is lightly embroidered; above, the πέπλος unites with its own character that of the ægis. Where Athena's had the wars of the giants,[3] it is

of Wisdom, vii. 7, 8) is given in the Spanish Chapel: see below, pp. 383, 401. For Florence "giving up her conquests" and "not even naming money," see *Val d'Arno*, § 126 (above, pp. 76, 77). For Bezaleel and Aholiab, see above, § 111, p. 266.]

[1] [Here in the MS. the connexion breaks off. Probably Ruskin continued with some such account of Botticelli's later work as may now be found in *Ariadne Florentina*, Vol. XXII. pp. 432–434. The part containing that lecture (VI.), was not published till some months after the delivery of the present course, and very probably some pages originally written for this place were there incorporated. With the notes which here follow on Botticelli's "Scenes from the Life of Moses" in the Sistine Chapel, the reader should compare the general account of the work, and of its relation to others in the same series, in *Ariadne*, § 209 (Vol. XXII. p. 442). The date of the works in the Sistine is known to be 1481–1483 (in which latter year Botticelli was thirty-six); the Barnaba Madonna and the Coronation are by some critics assigned to a somewhat later date. The remainder of § 118 and § 119 are put together from memoranda and detached sentences, which in the existing MS. are in a chaotic state. This may be partly for a reason already suggested; but also it is partly because Ruskin used some portions of this Oxford lecture on Botticelli, and rewrote others, for his Eton lecture (1874) on the same painter, and the two sets of notes were not afterwards sorted out by him; but also because neither this part of the original lecture nor any part of the Eton lecture was fully written out. Ruskin showed some large photographs (now Nos. 108, 109 in the Reference Series) of Botticelli's Life of Moses in the Sistine Chapel, and sentences which seem loosely connected as here set down were expanded and connected, as the lecturer turned from one point to another in explaining and describing the pictures.]

[2] [See the frontispiece; and compare below, p. 478.]

[3] [See Vol. XIX. pp. 306, 375; Vol. XX. pp. 269, 392; and *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 26, § 13.]

embroidered with mystic letters, golden on blue, but it becomes the αἰγὶς θυσσανόεσσα[1] at its edge, where what are only light tassels in the πέπλος become this waving fringe, typical of sacrificial fire, for you know she is a priest's daughter; but when the peplus falls in Greek statues into its κόλπος, sinus, gulph, or lap, the ægis is here replaced by a goatskin satchel, in which the maiden holds lightly with her left hand apples, here taking the character of the Etruscan Pomona, and oak for the strength of life.[2] Her hair is precisely that of the Phidian Athena, only unhelmed, and with three leaves of myrtle in its wreaths.

125. You must remember in the soft trouble of her features that the shepherds had driven the maids away from the well before the Egyptian knight could defend them, that she has watched him stand against and conquer them, and that he is now watering her flock,[3] she looking at the ground, not at him. Jethro is both priest and prince of Midian,[4] and she is at once a priestess and a princess. Moses does obeisance to Jethro, when he himself is in the height of his power, and receives his chief lesson from him in the art of government. Aaron comes to eat bread with him, and Jethro, then first convinced of the power of the God of Israel, at once offers sacrifice to him in the presence of Aaron. And yet remember with this marriage of Zipporah, that of the very same idolatrous nation, came Cozbi, the daughter of the prince of Midian, slain in the day of the plague for Peor's sake by Phinehas, and the last command given to Moses is, "Avenge the children of Israel of the Midianites; afterward shalt thou be gathered unto thy people."

126. "I do not make void the law through Christ; God forbid."[5] It has been the habit of a certain school of

[1] [*Iliad*, xv. 229, xvii. 593, etc.: "tasseled."]
[2] [Compare *Mornings in Florence*, § 124 *n.* (below, p. 417).]
[3] [See Exodus ii. 16, 17.]
[4] [Renel, or Jethro, "the priest of Midian" (Exodus ii. 16). For the other references in § 119, see Exodus xviii. 7, 12, 17 *seq.*; Numbers xxv. 15–18, xxxi. 2.]
[5] [Romans iii. 31.]

Photo Anderson Alinari &

Moses leading his people out of Egypt

From the fresco by Botticelli in the Sistine Chapel

ignorant Christians to oppose the Law to the Gospel. Not the Bible, but Milton's poem, on one side, and Bunyan's prose, on the other, formed the English Puritan mind. And Moses to them is always a judge, never a saviour. And Christ to them is always a Saviour, and never a Judge. Now it is quite true, of course, that Moses received from God and wrote a law, which people find it at first unpleasant to obey, and, at last and conclusively unpleasant, the consequence of not obeying. And they naturally think of Moses as a severe person. But the function of Moses is essentially a Saviour's, not a Judge's. He never judges, but always intercedes. He comes to deliver Israel first, as much as the angel came to St. Peter in prison;[1] he would have led them to the Promised Land at last, but they would no more trust in him then than in Christ afterwards. "Had ye believed Moses ye would have believed me."[2] Again, Christ is indeed a Saviour of those who trust in Him; is it ever written that He is a Saviour of those who do not? Is the Last Judgment, which cast death and hell, and all who have covenanted in lies with either of them, into the lake of fire,[3] a less terrible one than Korah's going down into his narrow pit?[4] And though he that despised Moses's law did indeed die without mercy under two or three witnesses,[5] of how much worse punishment shall he be thought worthy who hath crucified the Son of God afresh?[6]

127. Now Sandro Botticelli was the only man among all the reformers of Europe who fully knew, first, the relation of Gentile to Jew, being himself a Greek of the Greeks, as St. Paul an Hebrew of the Hebrews;[7] and,

[1] [Acts xii. 4 *seq.*]
[2] [John v. 16.]
[3] [Revelation xx. 14.]
[4] [Numbers xvi. 33.]
[5] [Hebrews x. 28, 29, where the reference is to Deuteronomy xvii. 2–13.]
[6] [Hebrews vi. 6.]
[7] [Philippians iii. 5. The other references in § 127 are to Psalms cxxxvi. 16; Isaiah xliii. 2; Psalms lxxviii. 25; Jeremiah ix. 16; Deuteronomy xxxii. 2; Revelation xxi. 3; Galatians iii. 24; Numbers xiv. 29; Exodus iii. 8; Hebrews x. 29.]

secondly, who knew the relations of the deliverance from earthly captivity by Moses, to the deliverance from spiritual captivity by Christ; who saw how the earthly Saviour was the precursor of the heavenly one. He also, shepherd of the flock, led them through the wilderness of the visible world: when they passed through the waters, he was with them; through the rivers, and they did not overflow; he fed them with the food of angels which they knew not, as Christ fed them with the Word of God which they knew not, neither did their fathers know; of the doctrines which they despised, of the law which they broke, he said even at last, "my doctrine shall drop as the rain, and my speech as the dew." And the whole difference between the pilgrimage of the Israel of old and the Israel now is that then the Tabernacle of God was with men, and now, if we will, the tabernacle of men with God, for ever and ever.

If, indeed, we take the law for our schoolmaster to bring us to Christ. There is still no other school in this world —not an unkindly one, mark you; it was for despising the kindness, not for fearing the terror, that the Israelite died without mercy. Their carcases fell in the wilderness, not for failing in the pilgrimage, but for refusing to go up and possess their land flowing with milk and honey. Of how much sorer punishment shall they be thought worthy, who have done despite unto the Spirit of Grace!

128. Despite to the Spirit. What think you we are doing to-day? Every Day of Rest, at least, we nominally receive the benediction: "The Grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the Fellowship of the Holy Spirit be with you."[1] Do we expect it to be with us in the days of business? Are we sure that, instead, the Disgrace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the Hatred of Both God and man, and the Grief of the Holy Spirit do not abide with us?

Gentlemen, the philosophy of your day, you know well,

[1] [Compare *Lectures on Art*, § 125 (Vol. XX. p. 115).]

J Ruskin W Roffe Sc

One of the Graces in Botticelli's "Spring"

is the denial of the Spirit of the Father; and the economy of the day is the denial of the Charity of the Son. I must leave you to discover for yourselves the end of such philosophy—and economy; but I tell you, at the Font of this Florentine Baptistery—centre of the Arts of the world—that no work of human hands was ever established, no joy of human souls ever completed, but in that truth and charity of the Invisible Spirit, which reward the obedience to the visible letter. For the law indeed came by Moses, never to pass away, though, to complete and to crown it, Grace and Truth came by Jesus Christ.[1]

[1] [John i. 17.]

III

MORNINGS IN FLORENCE

(1875–1877)

MORNINGS IN FLORENCE:

BEING

SIMPLE STUDIES

OF

CHRISTIAN ART,

FOR ENGLISH TRAVELLERS.

BY

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GEORGE ALLEN,
SUNNYSIDE, ORPINGTON, KENT.

1875–1877.

[*Bibliographical Note*.—This work was (1) originally published in six separate parts, of which there were various editions; and (2) next in a collected volume, of which, again, there have been several editions.

EDITIONS IN SEPARATE PARTS

First Edition (1875–1877).—The separate parts were issued with continuous pagination. The title-page of each part was as shown here (p. 283), with the addition of the title of the part below the author's name; in Part i., "I. | Santa Croce," with date "1875," and so on, as shown in this table:—

I. Santa Croce, 1875	pp.	1–24
II. The Golden Gate, 1875	,,	25–52
III. Before the Soldan, 1875	,,	53–96[1]
IV. The Vaulted Book, 1875	,,	97–120
V. The Strait Gate, 1876	,,	121–152
VI. The Shepherd's Tower, 1877	,,	153–188

Crown 8vo, pp. 4 (unnumbered), 1 and 2, and 1–188. Pages 1–2, half-title ("Mornings in Florence") with blank reverse; pp. 3–4, title (with imprint at the foot of the blank reverse, "Watson and Hazell, Printers, London and Aylesbury")—in Parts iv.–vi., the imprint was "Hazell, Watson, and Viney, Printers, London and Aylesbury"; these four pages were unnumbered. Then Preface (here p. 293), pp. 1, 2 (after the first edition numbered iii.–iv.). Then the text, as shown above. The headline on the left-hand pages is "Mornings in Florence"; on the right-hand pages it is the title of the several parts.

Issued in red leatherette covers, with the edges cut and gilt. Lettered in gilt upon the front "Mornings in Florence | I. Santa Croce [&c.] | Ruskin." The price of each part was tenpence. Of each part 3000 copies were printed.

Part i. was issued in May 1875; Part ii. in May 1875; Part iii. in October 1875; Part iv. in February 1876; Part v. in March 1876; and Part vi. in July 1877. In December 1877 Mr. Allen advertised "Supplement I. The Visible Church. Shortly. Other Parts in Preparation." These, however, were never issued; but "The Visible Church," which was set up in type, is added in this edition (pp. 436–453).

[1] The half-title and title of this part were included in the pagination (pp. 53–56); they were, of course, cancelled when the six parts were collected in volume form consequently a hiatus there occurred, the pages passing from 52 to 57.

Second Edition (1881–1883).—On the title-pages of this edition the words "Second Edition" appear in each part; the author's description is "Honorary Student of Christ Church, | and Slade Professor of Fine Art, Oxford"; and the words "(*All rights reserved*)" appear below the date, which is "1881" in Parts i. and ii., "1882" in Parts iii.–v., and "1883" in Part vi.

The text of Part i. was revised by Ruskin (see *Variæ Lectiones*, below); that of Parts ii. and iii. remained the same; in Part iv. a few corrections were made on pp. 117–118 of it (see under § 86 in the *Variæ Lectiones*). Part v. was stated on the title-page to be "Revised by the Author," and a prefatory note to that effect was added at the beginning of the text (see here p. 382). For the revisions, see *Variæ Lectiones*.

Issued in red leatherette as before. Of each part 3000 copies were again issued.

Part i. was issued in March 1881; Part ii., in November 1881; Parts iii., iv., and v. in December 1882; Part vi. in November 1883.

Third Edition (1889–1892).—A Third Edition of Part i. was published in December 1889 (2000 copies). The author's description on the title-page was "Honorary Student of Christ Church, Oxford, and Honorary | Fellow of Corpus Christi College." The words "Third Edition" appeared above the publisher's imprint.

A Third Edition (also so described on the title-page) of Part ii. appeared in October 1890 (1550 copies). The author's description was "Honorary Fellow of Christ Church, Oxford, | and Honorary Fellow of Corpus Christi College." The publisher's imprint was "George Allen, | Sunnyside, Orpington, Kent, | and | 8, Bell Yard, Temple Bar, London. | 1890."

A Third Edition of Part iii. was published in April 1891 (1250 copies); of Part iv., in June 1891 (1150); of Part v., in June 1891 (1150); and of Part vi. in June 1892 (750).

A *Fourth Edition* of Part i. only was published in December 1894 (50 copies).

Parts i. and iv. are out of print in separate form. Of Parts iii., v., and vi., the *second* edition is still (1906) current; and of Part ii., the *third*.

EDITIONS IN VOLUME FORM

First Edition (1885).—This was made up from the sheets of the Second Edition of the several parts, and the title-page thus bears the words "Second Edition."

Issued in cloth boards (some copies green, others brown), with paper label lettered "Ruskin. | Mornings | in Florence. | I.–VI." Price 4s.

Second Edition (1889).—This was made up from the sheets of the Third Edition of Part i., and of the Second Edition of the other parts. As no new title-page was printed, the title-page of the volume reads "Third Edition." Price and binding as in the preceding edition.

"*New Complete Edition*" (1894).—This edition is uniform with the other small editions of Ruskin's books. The title-page is :—

> Mornings in Florence | Being | Simple Studies of Christian Art | For English Travellers | By | John Ruskin, LL.D. | Honorary Student of Christ Church, Oxford, and Honorary | Fellow of Corpus Christi College | New Complete Edition | London | George Allen, 156, Charing Cross Road | 1894 | [*All Rights Reserved*].

Crown 8vo, pp. viii.+207. Preface, pp. v., vi.; Contents, p. vii.; Text, pp. 1–183; Index (by Mr. Wedderburn), pp. 187–207. Imprint at the foot of the last page, "Printed by Ballantyne, Hanson & Co. | Edinburgh and London."

Issued in December 1894 (2000 copies), in brown or green cloth, lettered on the back "Ruskin | Mornings | in | Florence." Price 4s. (reduced in July 1900 to 3s.).

In this edition the paragraphs were numbered.

It was electrotyped and *reprinted*, with the necessary alterations on the title-page, in December 1899 ("Eleventh Thousand"); June 1901 ("Twelfth Thousand"); and June 1903 ("Thirteenth Thousand"). In this form it is still current.

Pocket Edition (1904).—This is printed from the electrotype plates of the "New Complete Edition," with the following title-page :—

> Mornings in Florence | By | John Ruskin | London: George Allen.

Issued in July 1904 (4000 copies) uniform with other volumes of the Pocket Edition (see Vol. XV. p. 6).

Reissued in September 1905 (2000 copies: "Nineteenth Thousand").

Illustrated Edition.—The Brothers Alinari, the Florentine photographers, sell an illustrated copy of *Mornings in Florence*, made up from sheets of the "Thirteenth Thousand," with the following illustrations (by half-tone process) inserted on inset pages: "St. Francis by Cimabue," "Dante by Giotto," "Birth of the Virgin" and "Meeting of Joachim and Anna at the Golden Gate" (both by Giotto), "Madonna by Cimabue," "Death of St. Francis" and "St. Francis before the Soldan," "Duomo of Florence" (interior) and "Spanish Chapel," "St. Thomas Aquinas in Spanish Chapel" and "Philosophical Allegory in Spanish Chapel," "Giotto's Campanile" and "Creation of Man" and "Nomad Pastoral Life." (Price 5 francs.)

Unauthorised American Editions of the six parts in collected form speedily appeared, and obtained a ready sale in Florence (American price, 50 cents).

There has been no authorised American Edition.

German Translation (1901).—The title-page is as follows :—

> Sechs Morgen in Florenz. | Einfache Studien | chriſtlicher Kunſt für Reiſende. | Von | John Ruſkin. | [*Coat of Arms*] | Straßburg, | J. H. Ed. Heitz (Heitz und Mündel).

Crown 8vo, pp. xvi.+220. An introduction by the editor occupies pp. vii.–xiv.; and Ruskin's Preface, pp. xv., xvi. The editor adds a few notes to the text.

Variæ Lectiones.—The following is a complete list of the variations between different editions, other than those already described, and with the omission of minor matters of spelling, etc. :—

In the Preface and in Part i. ("Santa Croce") Ruskin made the following alterations on revising in 1881 :—

Preface, line 13, Ruskin italicised "all," and in the last line but one, inserted "will ever" before "know." In later editions these words were through some error enclosed in square brackets.

§ 1, line 1, Ruskin corrected "is" to "be," and in line 12, "some" to "others."

§ 2, line 14, he inserted "in such business" after "supposed"; and in line 18, altered "painted" to "niched."

§ 7, line 4, he corrected "the only" to "a."

§ 12, lines 22, 23, the present reading was substituted for ". . . vaults; we found our four-square type of Franciscan law coloured on one of them."

§ 13, line 22, he altered "to enter in" to "within." In the quotation from Rogers the word "in" before "grave-clothes" was omitted in ed. 1 (Parts).

§ 16, ten lines from end, Ruskin substituted "such a" for "this."

In §§ 41, 60, 67, 78, "Cavalcasella" in all previous editions has here been corrected to "Cavalcaselle."

§ 53, line 9, for a misprint in all previous editions, see p. 348 *n.*

§ 67, p. 361 *n.*, in the second quotation from Lord Lindsay "an" is here corrected to "the"; p. 362 *n.*, in the quotation from Crowe and Cavalcaselle, "Sarzana" is corrected to "Gargano."

In Part iv. ("The Vaulted Book"), § 86, the lists of the Sciences were differently arranged in ed. 1, thus :—

". . . Captain-teacher to the world.

"I had better perhaps give you the names of this entire series of figures from left to right at once. You will see presently why they are numbered in a reverse order.

	BENEATH WHOM
8. Civil Law.	The Emperor Justinian.
9. Canon Law.	Pope Clement V.
10. Practical Theology.	Peter Lombard.
11. Contemplative Theology.	Dionysius the Areopagite.
12. Dogmatic Theology.	Boethius.
13. Mystic Theology.	St. John Damascene.
14. Polemic Theology.	St. Augustine.
7. Arithmetic.	Pythagoras.
6. Geometry.	Euclid.
5. Astronomy.	Zoroaster.
4. Music.	Tubal-cain.
3. Logic.	Aristotle.
2. Rhetoric.	Cicero.
1. Grammar.	Priscian."

In Part v. ("The Strait Gate") Ruskin made in 1882 numerous alterations and added several notes. The Notes are in this edition distinguished by the addition of the date in square brackets "[1882]"; in previous

editions the notes themselves have been enclosed in square brackets: see §§ 89, 90, 95, 99, 105, 109, 116. Notes added in 1882 by Mr. Collingwood were distinguished (as they are in this edition) by the addition of initials in round brackets "(G. C.)": see §§ 93, 97, 111, 114, 115. The other alterations were as follow:—

§ 85, line 23, in the earlier editions, "on the left,* David . . ."; the footnote* being "I can't find my note of the first one on the left; answering to Solomon, opposite." In the edition of 1894 there was added to this note "It is Job." The insertion is now made in the text.

§ 87, line 28, ed. 1 has "Zoroaster" after "Pythagoras," and so again in § 88, line 7.

§ 90, line 5, the reference to the book of Wisdom is here corrected from "vii. 6" to "vii. 7, 8"; line 20, the words "*resolution*" and "*Volition*" were not italicised in ed. 1.

§ 91, the author's footnote was erroneously put in brackets in 1882, although it had appeared in ed. 1.

§ 92, line 5, "touching" was altered to "attempting"; line 11, ed. 1 reads "massive" before "paint."

§ 93, "Section I." and the two lines of italic under it were not in ed. 1. And so "Section II.," etc., in § 110. § 93, line 15, "and" was inserted.

§ 94, line 2, "*dress*" not italicised in ed. 1.

§ 95, line 17, "*speaking*" not italicised in ed. 1; line 15, "being" was altered to "although."

§ 96, line 19, "mulceo" misprinted "mulcco" in ed. 1; line 26, "*heat*" not italicised in ed. 1.

§ 99, line 3, "*after*" not italicised in ed. 1; line 12, "practically" was altered to "virtually;" and in line 18, "exquisitely" to "absolutely."

§ 100, last line but two, in ed. 1 "pretty nearly."

§ 101, line 18, in ed. 1 "the down slope."

§ 102, line 4, "itself" was added after "harmony"; line 7, "(1874)" was inserted; line 11, Ruskin in his proof for revision altered "damned" to "wrecked," but on a final revise he must have cancelled the correction, as the former word remained; line 18, ed. 1, "says and knows Simon Memmi."

§ 103, line 3, "and" inserted before "nothing."

§ 104, line 1, ed. 1 reads "Astronomy. Properly Astro-logy, as (Theology), the knowledge . . ."

§ 105, line 16, "also" inserted after "restorer"; line 17, ed. 1 has "Zoroaster" for "Atlas"; "lain," which occurs in later editions, is a misprint for "laid."

§ 106, line 6, "body of" before "dress" omitted; last word, ed. 1 reads "a reed" for "a style."

§ 107, line 8, "that you" omitted before "have properly"; line 12, ed. 1, "This is properly the science of all laws . . ."

§ 108, line 14, "accursed" altered to "unhappy."

§ 109, line 1, ed. 1 reads "So in all the affairs of life, the arithmetical part of the business is the dominant one"; line 9, "putting" altered to "reckoning."

§ 110, line 9, ed. 1 reads "eternal equity, not erring statute"; five lines lower, the italics here also were not in ed. 1.

§ 111, line 4, "rough" was inserted before "equity," and, in the next line, "law" was altered to "discriminate compassion"; line 15, "indicates" was altered to "signifies"; line 20, the words "and of the" were inserted before "firmer."

§ 112, line 8, "following" was inserted after "now."

§ 113, see p. 403 *n*. Line 12, ed. 1 reads:—

> ". . . Arab arch in hair. Under her, Dionysius . . . (as in § 114) not a preacher.
>
> "The medallion, on the other hand, is as ingenious. A mother lifting her hands in delight at her child's beginning to take notice."

So in line 17, ed. 1 was different:—

> ". . . genuine, the lower one almost entirely so. The painting of the red book is quite exemplary in fresco style."

§ 114. Similarly here ed. 1 reads:—

> "Beneath her, Boethius.
>
> Under St. Mark.
>
> Medallion, female figure, laying hands on breast.
>
> *Technical Points.*—The Boethius entirely genuine, and the painting of his black book, as of the red one beside it, again worth notice, showing how pleasant and interesting the commonest things become, when well painted.
>
> I have not examined the upper figure."

§ 115, line 11, "misuse" was altered to "misconception"; line 20, "indicates" was altered to "may perhaps indicate."

§ 116, line 9, "Divine" was altered to "Heavenly"; line 23, "to fight for it" was altered to "to *fight*,—or to die for it."

§ 116, author's first footnote was added in 1882, though not included in brackets.

§ 117, line 14, ed. 1 reads "terrestrial" for "earthly."

§ 118, "Cousins" in all editions hitherto is here corrected to "Cozens."

§ 121, line 2, "1872" hitherto, a slip for "1874."

§ 127 (end). In previous editions "(25)" was erroneously called Music, and "(26)," Logic.]

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PREFACE

TO THE FIRST EDITION

It seems to me that the real duty involved in my Oxford professorship cannot be completely done by giving lectures in Oxford only, but that I ought also to give what guidance I may to travellers in Italy.

The following letters are written as I would write to any of my friends who asked me what they ought preferably to study in limited time; and I hope they may be found of use if read in the places which they describe, or before the pictures to which they refer. But in the outset let me give my readers one piece of practical advice. If you can afford it, pay your custode or sacristan well. You may think it an injustice to the next comer; but your paying him ill is an injustice to *all* comers, for the necessary result of your doing so is that he will lock up or cover whatever he can, that he may get his penny fee for showing it; and that, thus exacting a small tax from everybody, he is thankful to none, and gets into a sullen passion if you stay more than a quarter of a minute to look at the object after it is uncovered. And you will not find it possible to examine anything properly under these circumstances. Pay your sacristan well, and make friends with him: in nine cases out of ten an Italian is really grateful for the money, and more than grateful for human courtesy; and will give you some true zeal and kindly feeling in return for a franc and a pleasant look. How very horrid of him to be grateful for money, you think! Well, I can only tell you that I know fifty people who will write me letters full of tender

sentiment, for one who will give me tenpence; and I shall be very much obliged to you if you will give me tenpence for each of these letters of mine, though I have done more work than you will ever know of, to make them good ten-penny-worths to you.

MORNINGS IN FLORENCE

THE FIRST MORNING

SANTA CROCE

1. If there be one artist, more than another, whose work it is desirable that you should examine in Florence, supposing that you care for old art at all, it is Giotto. You can, indeed, also see work of his at Assisi; but it is not likely you will stop there, to any purpose. At Padua there is much;[1] but only of one period. At Florence, which is his birthplace, you can see pictures by him of every date, and every kind. But you had surely better see, first, what is of his best time and of the best kind. He painted very small pictures and very large—painted from the age of twelve to sixty—painted some subjects carelessly which he had little interest in—others, carefully with all his heart. You would surely like, and it would certainly be wise, to see him first in his strong and earnest work,—to see a painting by him, if possible, of large size, and wrought with his full strength, and of a subject pleasing to him. And if it were, also, a subject interesting to you yourself,—better still.

2. Now, if indeed you are interested in old art, you cannot but know the power of the thirteenth century.[2] You know that the character of it was concentrated in, and to the full expressed by, its best king, St. Louis.[3] You know St. Louis was a Franciscan; and that the Franciscans,

[1] [See Ruskin's account of *Giotto and his Works in Padua* (Vol. XXIV.).]

[2] [Compare Vol. XIX. p. 462.]

[3] [For St. Louis in this sense, compare Vol. V. p. 416, and Vol. XII. p. 138. See also *Val d'Arno* (above, pp. 36, 57).]

for whom Giotto was continually painting under Dante's advice, were prouder of him than of any other of their royal brethren or sisters. If Giotto ever would imagine anybody with care and delight, it would be St. Louis, if it chanced that anywhere he had St. Louis to paint.

Also, you know that he was appointed to build the Campanile of the Duomo, because he was then the best master of sculpture, painting, and architecture in Florence, and supposed in such business to be without superior in the world.* And that this commission was given him late in life (of course he could not have designed the Campanile when he was a boy); so therefore, if you find any of his figures niched under pure campanile architecture, and the architecture by his hand, you know, without other evidence, that the painting must be of his strongest time.

So if one wanted to find anything of his to begin with, specially, and could choose what it should be, one would say, "A fresco, life size, with campanile architecture behind it, painted in an important place: and if one might choose one's subject, perhaps the most interesting saint of all saints —for *him* to do for us—would be St. Louis."

3. Wait then for an entirely bright morning; rise with the sun, and go to Santa Croce, with a good opera-glass in your pocket, with which you shall for once, at any rate, see an "opus"; and, if you have time, several opera. Walk straight to the chapel on the right of the choir ("k" in your Murray's Guide[1]). When you first get into it, you will see nothing but a modern window of glaring glass, with a red-hot cardinal in one pane—which piece of modern manufacture takes away at least seven-eighths of the light (little enough before) by which you might have seen what

* "Cum in universo orbe non reperiri dicatur quenquam qui sufficientior sit in his et aliis multis artibus magistro Giotto Bondonis de Florentiâ pictore, et accipiendus sit in patriâ, velut magnus magister."—(Decree of his appointment, quoted by Lord Lindsay, vol. ii. p. 247.)

[1] [Applicable only to the old editions of Murray. The chapel is on the (spectator's) right of the choir, the Cappella dei Bardi.]

is worth sight. Wait patiently till you get used to the gloom. Then, guarding your eyes from the accursed modern window as best you may, take your opera-glass, and look to the right, at the uppermost of the two figures beside it. It is St. Louis, under campanile architecture, painted by—Giotto? or the last Florentine painter who wanted a job—over Giotto? That is the first question you have to determine; as you will have henceforward, in every case in which you look at a fresco.

Sometimes there will be no question at all. These two grey frescoes at the bottom of the walls on your right and left, for instance, have been entirely got up for your better satisfaction, in the last year or two—over Giotto's half-effaced lines. But that St. Louis? Re-painted or not, it is a lovely thing,—there can be no question about that; and we must look at it, after some preliminary knowledge gained, not inattentively.

4. Your Murray's Guide tells you that this chapel of the Bardi della Libertà, in which you stand, is covered with frescoes by Giotto; that they were whitewashed, and only laid bare in 1853; that they were painted between 1296 and 1304;[1] that they represent scenes in the life of St. Francis;[2] and that on each side of the window are paintings of St. Louis of Toulouse, St. Louis, king of France, St. Elizabeth of Hungary, and St. Claire,—"all much restored and repainted." Under such recommendation, the frescoes are not likely to be much sought after; and accordingly, as I was at work in the chapel this morning, Sunday, 6th September, 1874, two nice-looking Englishmen, under guard of their valet de place, passed the chapel without so much as looking in.

You will perhaps stay a little longer in it with me, good reader, and find out gradually where you are. Namely, in the most interesting and perfect little Gothic chapel in all

[1] [See below, § 8, p. 301.]

[2] [See the further account of the frescoes, below, § 51, p. 347; and, for their positions, p. 337 *n.*]

Italy—so far as I know or can hear. There is no other of the great time which has all its frescoes in their place. The Arena, though far larger, is of earlier date—not pure Gothic, nor showing Giotto's full force. The lower chapel at Assisi is not Gothic at all, and is still only of Giotto's middle time. You have here, developed Gothic, with Giotto in his consummate strength, and nothing lost, in form, of the complete design.

By restoration—judicious restoration, as Mr. Murray usually calls it[1]—there is no saying how much you have lost. Putting the question of restoration out of your mind, however, for a while, think where you are, and what you have got to look at.

5. You are in the chapel next the high altar of the great Franciscan church of Florence.[2] A few hundred yards west of you, within ten minutes' walk, is the Baptistery of Florence. And five minutes' walk west of that, is the great Dominican church of Florence, Santa Maria Novella.

Get this little bit of geography, and architectural fact, well into your mind. There is the little octagon Baptistery in the middle; here, ten minutes' walk east of it, the Franciscan church of Holy Cross; there, five minutes' walk west of it, the Dominican church of St. Mary.

Now, that little octagon Baptistery stood where it now stands (and was finished, though the roof has been altered since) in the eighth century. It is the central building of Etrurian Christianity,—of European Christianity.[3]

From the day it was finished, Christianity went on doing her best, in Etruria and elsewhere, for four hundred years,—and her best seemed to have come to very little,—when there rose up two men who vowed to God it should come to more. And they made it come to more, forthwith; of which the immediate sign in Florence was

[1] ["Restored with much skill and judgment" is the expression, in this case, in the edition of 1864; but after Ruskin's criticism the praise was omitted.]

[2] [The substance of §§ 5, 6 had been delivered in the lecture on Arnolfo: see above, pp. 192 *seq.*]

[3] [Compare below, § 120, p. 413.]

that she resolved to have a fine new cross-shaped cathedral instead of her quaint old little octagon one; and a tower beside it that should beat Babel:—which two buildings you have also within sight.

6. But your business is not at present with them; but with these two earlier churches of Holy Cross and St. Mary. The two men who were the effectual builders of these were the two great religious Powers and Reformers of the thirteenth century;—St. Francis, who taught Christian men how they should behave, and St. Dominic, who taught Christian men what they should think.[1] In brief, one the Apostle of Works; the other of Faith. Each sent his little company of disciples to teach and preach in Florence: St. Francis in 1212; St. Dominic in 1220.

The little companies were settled—one, ten minutes' walk east of the old Baptistery; the other, five minutes' walk west of it. And after they had stayed quietly in such lodgings as were given them, preaching and teaching through most of the century; and had got Florence, as it were, heated through, she burst out into Christian poetry and architecture, of which you have heard much talk:—burst into bloom of Arnolfo, Giotto, Dante, Orcagna, and the like persons, whose works you profess to have come to Florence that you may see and understand.

Florence then, thus heated through, first helped her teachers to build finer churches. The Dominicans, or White Friars, the Teachers of Faith, began their church of St. Mary's in 1279. The Franciscans, or Black Friars, the Teachers of Works, laid the first stone of this church of the Holy Cross in 1294. And the whole city laid the foundations of its new cathedral in 1298. The Dominicans designed their own building; but for the Franciscans and the town worked the first great master of Gothic art, Arnolfo; with Giotto at his side, and Dante looking on, and whispering sometimes a word to both.

[1] [For Ruskin's other references to St. Francis, see Vol. VI. p. 428 *n.*, and the General Index; for St. Dominic, *ibid.* See also below, §§ 73–74, 119 (pp. 367, 411).]

7. And here you stand beside the high altar of the Franciscans' church, under a vault of Arnolfo's building, with at least some of Giotto's colour on it still fresh; and in front of you, over the little altar, is a reportedly authentic portrait of St. Francis, taken from life by Giotto's master.[1] Yet I can hardly blame my two English friends for never looking in. Except in the early morning light, not one touch of all this art can be seen. And in any light, unless you understand the relations of Giotto to St. Francis, and of St. Francis to humanity, it will be of little interest.

Observe, then, the special character of Giotto among the great painters of Italy is his being a practical person. Whatever other men dreamed of, he did. He could work in mosaic; he could work in marble; he could paint; and he could build; and all thoroughly: a man of supreme faculty, supreme common-sense. Accordingly, he ranges himself at once among the disciples of the Apostle of Works, and spends most of his time in the same apostleship.

Now the gospel of Works, according to St. Francis, lay in three things. You must work without money, and be poor. You must work without pleasure, and be chaste. You must work according to orders, and be obedient.

Those are St. Francis's three Articles of Italian opera. By which grew the many pretty things you have come to see here.

8. And now if you will take your opera-glass and look up to the roof above Arnolfo's building, you will see it is a pretty Gothic cross vault, in four quarters, each with a circular medallion, painted by Giotto. That over the altar has the picture of St. Francis himself. The three others, of his Commanding Angels. In front of him, over the

[1] [The picture is the one described in Vasari's *Life of Cimabue:* "He painted a small picture of St. Francis, in panel, on a gold ground, drawing it, a new thing in those times, from nature, with such means as he could obtain, and placing around it the whole history of the saint in twenty small pictures, full of minute figures, on a ground of gold" (Bohn, vol. i. p. 36); for another reference to the picture, see *The Æsthetic and Mathematic Schools of Florence,* § 27 (above, p. 204). The picture is now more commonly ascribed to Margaritone.]

entrance arch, Poverty. On his right hand, Obedience. On his left, Chastity.

Poverty, in a red patched dress, with grey wings, and a square nimbus of glory above her head, is flying from a black hound, whose head is seen at the corner of the medallion.

Chastity, veiled, is imprisoned in a tower, while angels watch her.

Obedience bears a yoke on her shoulders, and lays her hand on a book.

Now, this same quatrefoil, of St. Francis and his three Commanding Angels, was also painted, but much more elaborately, by Giotto, on the cross vault of the lower church of Assisi,[1] and it is a question of interest which of the two roofs was painted first.

Your Murray's Guide tells you the frescoes in this chapel were painted between 1296 and 1304.[2] But as they represent, among other personages, St. Louis of Toulouse, who was not canonized till 1317, that statement is not altogether tenable. Also, as the first stone of the church was only laid in 1294, when Giotto was a youth of eighteen, it is little likely that either it would have been ready to be painted, or he ready with his scheme of practical divinity, two years later.

Farther, Arnolfo, the builder of the main body of the church, died in 1310. And as St. Louis of Toulouse was not a saint till seven years afterwards, and the frescoes therefore beside the window not painted in Arnolfo's day, it becomes another question whether Arnolfo left the chapels or the church at all, in their present form.

9. On which point—now that I have shown you where Giotto's St. Louis is—I will ask you to think a while, until you are interested; and then I will try to satisfy your curiosity.[3] Therefore, please leave the little chapel for the

[1] [See the Introduction, above, p. xliii.; and compare Vol. XXII. p. 392.]

[2] [See *Handbook for Travellers in Central Italy*, 8th edition, 1874, p. 28. Ruskin's correction was adopted in later editions of the Guide.]

[3] [For the description of the painting, see below, pp. 354 *seq.*]

moment, and walk down the nave, till you come to two sepulchral slabs near the west end, and then look about you and see what sort of a church Santa Croce is.

Without looking about you at all, you may find, in your Murray, the useful information that it is a church which "consists of a very wide nave and lateral aisles, separated by seven fine pointed arches." And as you will be—under ordinary conditions of tourist hurry—glad to learn so much, *without* looking, it is little likely to occur to you that this nave and two rich aisles required also, for your complete present comfort, walls at both ends, and a roof on the top. It is just possible, indeed, you may have been struck, on entering, by the curious disposition of painted glass at the east end;—more remotely possible that, in returning down the nave, you may this moment have noticed the extremely small circular window at the west end; but the chances are a thousand to one that, after being pulled from tomb to tomb round the aisles and chapels, you should take so extraordinary an additional amount of pains as to look up at the roof,—unless you do it now, quietly. It will have had its effect upon you, even if you don't, without your knowledge. You will return home with a general impression that Santa Croce is, somehow, the ugliest Gothic church you ever were in. Well—that is really so; and now, will you take the pains to see why?

10. There are two features, on which, more than on any others, the grace and delight of a fine Gothic building depends; one is the springing of its vaultings, the other the proportion and fantasy of its traceries. *This* church of Santa Croce has no vaultings at all, but the roof of a farm-house barn. And its windows are all of the same pattern,—the exceedingly prosaic one of two pointed arches, with a round hole above, between them.

And to make the simplicity of the roof more conspicuous, the aisles are successive sheds, built at every arch. In the aisles of the Campo Santo of Pisa, the unbroken

flat roof leaves the eye free to look to the traceries;[1] but here, a succession of up-and-down sloping beam and lath gives the impression of a line of stabling rather than a church aisle. And lastly, while, in fine Gothic buildings, the entire perspective concludes itself gloriously in the high and distant apse, here the nave is cut across sharply by a line of ten chapels, the apse being only a tall recess in the midst of them, so that, strictly speaking, the church is not of the form of a cross, but of a letter T.

Can this clumsy and ungraceful arrangement be indeed the design of the renowned Arnolfo?

Yes, this is purest Arnolfo-Gothic; not beautiful by any means; but deserving, nevertheless, our thoughtfullest examination. We will trace its complete character another day: just now we are only concerned with this pre-Christian form of the letter T, insisted upon in the lines of chapels.

11. Respecting which you are to observe, that the first Christian churches in the catacombs took the form of a blunt cross naturally; a square chamber having a vaulted recess on each side; then the Byzantine churches were structurally built in the form of an equal cross; while the heraldic and other ornamental equal-armed crosses are partly signs of glory and victory, partly of light, and divine spiritual presence.*

But the Franciscans and Dominicans saw in the cross no sign of triumph, but of trial.† The wounds of their

* See, on this subject generally, Mr. R. St. J. Tyrwhitt's *Art-Teaching of the Primitive Church*. S.P.C.K., 1874.

† I have never obtained time for any right study of early Christian church-discipline,—nor am I sure to how many other causes the choice of the form of the basilica may be occasionally attributed, or by what other communities it may be made. Symbolism, for instance, has most power with the Franciscans, and convenience for preaching with the Dominicans;[2] but in all cases, and in all places, the transition from the close tribune to the brightly-lighted apse, indicates the change in Christian feeling between regarding a church as a place for public judgment or teaching, or a place

[1] [See *Val d'Arno*, § 36 (above, p. 28), and Fig. 1.]

[2] [Compare "The Cavalli Monuments," § 6 (Vol. XXIV. p. 130).]

Master were to be their inheritance. So their first aim was to make what likeness to the cross their church might present, distinctly that of the actual instrument of death.

And they did this most effectually by using the form of the letter T, that of the Furca or Gibbet,—not the sign of peace.

Also, their churches were meant for use; not show, nor self-glorification, nor town-glorification. They wanted places for preaching, prayer, sacrifice, burial; and had no intention of showing how high they could build towers, or how widely they could arch vaults. Strong walls, and the roof of a barn,—these your Franciscan asks of his Arnolfo. These Arnolfo gives,—thoroughly and wisely built; the successions of gable roof being a new device for strength, much praised in its day.[1]

12. This stern humour did not last long. Arnolfo himself had other notions; much more Cimabue and Giotto; most of all, Nature and Heaven. Something else had to

for private prayer and congregational praise. The following passage from the Dean of Westminster's perfect history of his Abbey ought to be read also in the Florentine church:—"The nearest approach to Westminster Abbey in this aspect is the church of Santa Croce at Florence. There, as here, the present destination of the building was no part of the original design, but was the result of various converging causes. As the church of one of the two great preaching orders, it had a nave large beyond all proportion to its choir. That order being the Franciscan, bound by vows of poverty, the simplicity of the worship preserved the whole space clear from any adventitious ornaments. The popularity of the Franciscans, especially in a convent hallowed by a visit from St. Francis himself, drew to it not only the chief civic festivals, but also the numerous families who gave alms to the friars, and whose connexion with their church was, for this reason, in turn encouraged by them. In those graves, piled with standards and achievements of the noble families of Florence, were successively interred—not because of their eminence, but as members or friends of those families—some of the most illustrious personages of the fifteenth century. Thus it came to pass, as if by accident, that in the vault of the Buonarotti was laid Michael Angelo; in the vault of the Viviani the preceptor of one of their house, Galileo. From those two burials the church gradually became the recognized shrine of Italian genius."[2]

[1] [See the passage from Vasari, quoted in *The Æsthetic and Mathematic Schools of Florence*, § 13 (above, p. 193).]

[2] [*Historical Memorials of Westminster Abbey*, by A. P. Stanley, ch. iv. p. 175 (1882 edition).]

be taught about Christ than that He was wounded to death. Nevertheless, look how grand this stern form would be, restored to its simplicity. It is not the old church which is in itself unimpressive. It is the old church defaced by Vasari, by Michael Angelo, and by modern Florence.[1] See those huge tombs on your right hand and left, at the sides of the aisles, with their alternate gable and round tops, and their paltriest of all possible sculpture, trying to be grand by bigness, and pathetic by expense. Tear them all down in your imagination; fancy the vast hall with its massive pillars,—not painted calomel-pill colour, as now, but of their native stone, with the rough, true wood for roof,—and a people praying beneath them, strong in abiding, and pure in life, as their rocks and olive forests. That was Arnolfo's Santa Croce. Nor did his work remain long without grace.

That very line of chapels in which we found our St. Louis, shows signs of change in temper. *They* have no penthouse roofs, but true Gothic vaults: our four-square code of Franciscan Law coloured on one of them.

It is probable, then, that these chapels may be later than the rest—even in their stonework. In their decoration, they are so, assuredly; belonging already to the time when the story of St. Francis was becoming a passionate tradition, told and painted everywhere with delight.

And that high recess, taking the place of apse, in the centre,—see how noble it is in the coloured shade surrounding and joining the glow of its windows, though their form be so simple. You are not to be amused here by mere patterns in balanced stone, as a French or English architect would amuse you, says Arnolfo. "You are to read and think, under these severe walls of mine; immortal hands will write upon them." We will go back, therefore, into this line of manuscript chapels presently; but first,

[1] [The eastern end of the church was altered, and the chapels along the whole length of the nave were added by Vasari after the church had been injured by storm in 1512 and a flood in 1557. Michael Angelo had given advice upon the placing of some of the monuments added in his time.]

look at the two sepulchral slabs by which you are standing. That farther of the two from the west end is one of the most beautiful pieces of fourteenth-century sculpture in this world:[1] and it contains simple elements of excellence, by your understanding of which you may test your power of understanding the more difficult ones you will have to deal with presently.

13. It represents an old man, in the high deeply-folded cap worn by scholars and gentlemen in Florence from 1300 to 1500, lying dead, with a book on his breast, over which his hands are folded. At his feet is this inscription: "Temporibus hic suis phylosophye atq. medicine culmen fuit[2] Galileus de Galileis olim Bonajutis qui etiam summo in magistratu miro quodam modo rempublicam dilexit, cujus sancte memorie bene acte vite pie benedictus filius hunc tumulum patri sibi suisq. posteris edidit."

Mr. Murray tells you that the effigies "in low relief" (alas, yes, low enough now—worn mostly into flat stones, with a trace only of the deeper lines left, but originally in very bold relief) with which the floor of Santa Croce is inlaid, of which this by which you stand is characteristic, are "interesting from the costume," but that, "except in the case of John Ketterick, Bishop of St. David's, few of the other names have any interest beyond the walls of Florence."[3] As, however, you are at present within the walls of Florence, you may perhaps condescend to take some interest in this ancestor or relation of the Galileo whom Florence indeed left to be externally interesting, and would not allow within her walls.*

* "Seven years a prisoner at the city gate,
Let in but in his grave-clothes."
—ROGERS'S *Italy*.

[1] [Plate XXVI. here; it is reproduced from a drawing of the monument by Mr. A. H. Mackmurdo; of which Ruskin had photographs made and placed on sale to illustrate *Mornings in Florence*.]

[2] [Ruskin here omits the words "et magister."]

[3] [The quotations are from the edition of 1864. In issues subsequent to Ruskin's book the passage was altered. John Ketterick, successively Bishop of St. David's, Lichfield and Coventry, and Exeter, had died at Florence in 1419.]

I am not sure if I rightly place or construe the phrase in the above inscription, "cujus sancte memorie bene acte"; but, in main purport, the legend runs thus: "This Galileo of the Galilei was, in his times, the head of philosophy and medicine; who also in the highest magistracy loved the republic marvellously; whose son, blessed in inheritance of his holy memory and well-passed and pious life, appointed this tomb for his father, for himself, and for his posterity."

There is no date; but the slab immediately behind it, near the western door, is of the same style, but of later and inferior work, and bears date—I forget now of what early year in the fifteenth century.[1]

But Florence was still in her pride; and you may observe, in this epitaph, on what it was based. That her philosophy was studied *together with useful arts*, and as a part of them; that the masters in these became naturally the masters in public affairs; that in such magistracy, they loved the State, and neither cringed to it nor robbed it; that the sons honoured their fathers, and received their fathers' honour as the most blessed inheritance. Remember the phrase "vite pie benedictus filius," to be compared with the "nos nequiores"[2] of the declining days of all states,—chiefly now in Florence, France, and England.

14. Thus much for the local interest of name. Next for the universal interest of the art of this tomb.

It is the crowning virtue of all great art that, however little is left of it by the injuries of time, that little will be lovely. As long as you can see anything, you can see—almost all;—so much the hand of the master will suggest of his soul.

And here you are well quit, for once, of restoration. No one cares for this sculpture; and if Florence would only thus put all her old sculpture and painting under her

[1] [It is the slab of Augustino Sanctucio, died 1468.]

[2] [Horace, *Odes* iii. 6, 47:—

"Ætas parentum peior avis tulit
Nos nequiores, mox daturos
Progeniem vitiosiorem."]

feet, and simply use them for gravestones and oilcloth, she would be more merciful to them than she is now. Here, at least, what little is left is true.

And, if you look long, you will find it is not so little. That worn face is still a perfect portrait of the old man, though like one struck out at a venture, with a few rough touches of a master's chisel. And that falling drapery of his cap is, in its few lines, faultless, and subtle beyond description.

And now, here is a simple but most useful test of your capacity for understanding Florentine sculpture or painting. If you can see that the lines of that cap are both right, and lovely; that the choice of the folds is exquisite in its ornamental relations of line; and that the softness and ease of them is complete,—though only sketched with a few dark touches,—then you can understand Giotto's drawing, and Botticelli's;—Donatello's carving, and Luca's. But if you see nothing in *this* sculpture, you will see nothing in theirs, *of* theirs. Where they choose to imitate flesh, or silk, or to play any vulgar modern trick with marble—(and they often do)—whatever, in a word, is French, or American, or Cockney, in their work, you can see; but what is Florentine, and for ever great—unless you can see also the beauty of this old man in his citizen's cap,—you will see never.

15. There is more in this sculpture, however, than its simple portraiture and noble drapery. The old man lies on a piece of embroidered carpet; and, protected by the higher relief, many of the finer lines of this are almost uninjured; in particular, its exquisitely wrought fringe and tassels are nearly perfect. And if you will kneel down and look long at the tassels of the cushion under the head, and the way they fill the angles of the stone, you will —or may—know, from this example alone, what noble decorative sculpture is, and was, and must be, from the days of earliest Greece to those of latest Italy.

"Exquisitely sculptured fringe!" and you have just been

Sepulchral Slab of Galileus de Galileis in Santa Croce

abusing sculptors who play tricks with marble! Yes, and you cannot find a better example, in all the museums of Europe, of the work of a man who does *not* play tricks with it—than this tomb. Try to understand the difference: it is a point of quite cardinal importance to all your future study of sculpture.

I *told* you, observe, that the old Galileo was lying on a piece of embroidered carpet. I don't think, if I had not told you, that you would have found it out for yourself. It is not so like a carpet as all that comes to.

But had it been a modern trick-sculpture, the moment you came to the tomb you would have said, "Dear me! how wonderfully that carpet is done,—it doesn't look like stone in the least,—one longs to take it up and beat it, to get the dust off."

Now whenever you feel inclined to speak so of a sculptured drapery, be assured, without more ado, the sculpture is base, and bad. You will merely waste your time and corrupt your taste by looking at it. Nothing is so easy as to imitate drapery in marble. You may cast a piece any day; and carve it with such subtlety that the marble shall be an absolute image of the folds. But that is not sculpture. That is mechanical manufacture.

No great sculptor, from the beginning of art to the end of it, has ever carved, or ever will, a deceptive drapery. He has neither time nor will to do it. His mason's lad may do that, if he likes. A man who can carve a limb or a face never finishes inferior parts, but either with a hasty and scornful chisel, or with such grave and strict selection of their lines as you know at once to be imaginative, not imitative.

16. But if, as in this case, he wants to oppose the simplicity of his central subject with a rich background,—a labyrinth of ornamental lines to relieve the severity of expressive ones,—he will carve you a carpet, or a tree, or a rose thicket, with their fringes and leaves and thorns, elaborated as richly as natural ones; but always for the

sake of the ornamental form, never of the imitation; yet, seizing the natural character in the lines he gives, with twenty times the precision and clearness of sight that the mere imitator has. Examine the tassels of the cushion, and the way they blend with the fringe, thoroughly; you cannot possibly see finer ornamental sculpture. Then, look at the same tassels in the same place of the slab next the west end of the church, and you will see a scholar's rude imitation of a master's hand, though in a fine school. (Notice, however, the folds of the drapery at the feet of this figure: they are cut so as to show the hem of the robe within as well as without, and are fine.) Then, as you go back to Giotto's chapel, keep to the left, and just beyond the north door in the aisle is the much-celebrated tomb of C. Marsuppini, by Desiderio of Settignano.[1] It is very fine of its kind; but there the drapery is chiefly done to cheat you, and chased delicately to show how finely the sculptor could chisel it. It is wholly vulgar and mean in cast of fold. Under your feet, as you look at it, you will tread another tomb of the fine time,[2] which, looking last at, you will recognize the difference between false and true art, as far as there is capacity in you at present to do so. And if you really and honestly like the low-lying stones, and see more beauty in them, you have also the power of enjoying Giotto, into whose chapel we will return to-morrow;—not to-day, for the light must have left it by this time; and now that you have been looking at these sculptures on the floor, you had better traverse nave and aisle across and across, and get some idea of that sacred field of stone. In the north transept you will find a beautiful knight, the finest in chiselling of all these tombs, except one by the same hand in the south aisle just where it enters the south transept.[3] Examine the lines of the

[1] [The tomb of Marsuppini (1399–1453), chancellor or secretary of the republic of Florence.]

[2] [Not inscribed.]

[3] [The slab-tomb in the north transept is of Thomas de Sacbettis: "migravit ad dominum anno domini MCCCV." That in the south transept is to a knight of Asti, who died 1396.]

Gothic niches traced above them; and what is left of arabesque on their armour. They are far more beautiful and tender in chivalric conception than Donatello's St. George,[1] which is merely a piece of vigorous naturalism founded on these older tombs. If you will drive in the evening to the Chartreuse in Val d'Ema, you may see there an uninjured example of such a slab-tomb by Donatello himself;[2] very beautiful; but not so perfect as the earlier ones on which it is founded. And you may see some fading light and shade of monastic life, among which if you stay till the fire-flies come out in the twilight, and thus get to sleep when you come home, you will be better prepared for to-morrow morning's walk—if you will take another with me—than if you go to a party, to talk sentiment about Italy, and hear the last news from London and New York.

[1] [Compare "Modern Art," § 10 (Vol. XIX. p. 203). The original work of Donatello is now in the Museo Nazionale (Bargello), its place in one of the niches of Or San Michele being filled by a cast.]

[2] [In front of the altar of the church—the tomb of Cardinal Angelo Acciaoli, Bishop of Ostia (died 1409); the border of fruit and flowers, which surrounds the principal figure, was added long after by Giuliano di San Gallo.]

THE SECOND MORNING

THE GOLDEN GATE

17. To-day, as early as you please, and at all events before doing anything else, let us go to Giotto's own parish-church, Santa Maria Novella. If, walking from the Strozzi Palace, you look on your right for the "Way of the Beautiful Ladies," it will take you quickly there.

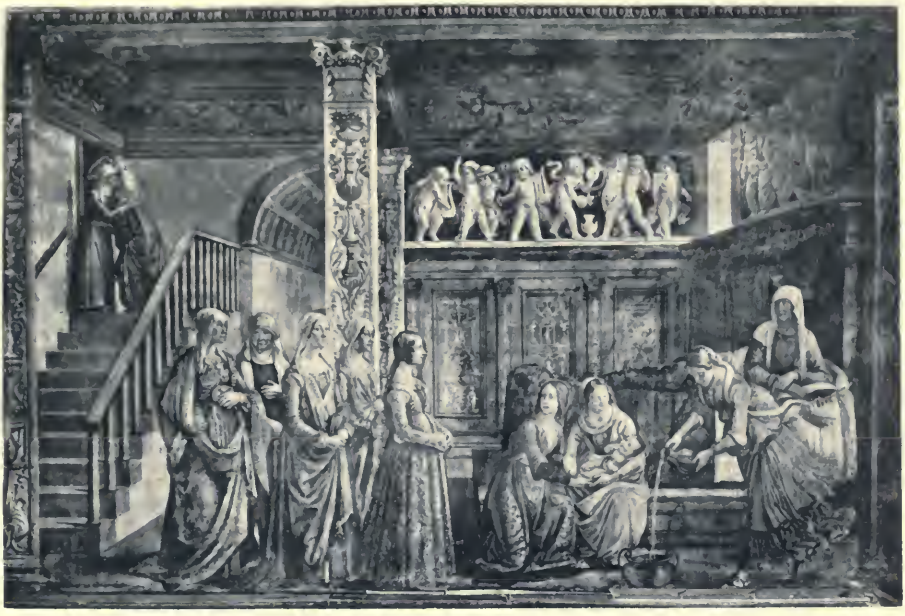
Do not let anything in the way of acquaintance, sacristan, or chance sight, stop you in doing what I tell you. Walk straight up the church, into the apse of it;—(you may let your eyes rest, as you walk, on the glow of its glass, only mind the step, half-way;)—and lift the curtain; and go in behind the grand marble altar, giving anybody who follows you anything they want, to hold their tongues, or go away.

You know, most probably, already, that the frescoes on each side of you are Ghirlandajo's. You have been told they are very fine, and if you know anything of painting, you know the portraits in them are so. Nevertheless, somehow, you don't really enjoy these frescoes, nor come often here, do you?

The reason of which is, that if you are a nice person, they are not nice enough for you; and if a vulgar person, not vulgar enough. But, if you are a nice person, I want you to look carefully, to-day, at the two lowest, next the windows, for a few minutes, that you may better feel the art you are really to study, by its contrast with these.

On your left hand is represented the birth of the Virgin. On your right, her meeting with Elizabeth.[1]

[1] [See Plate XXVII. For an earlier and more appreciative reference to these frescoes by Ghirlandajo, see *Modern Painters*, vol. i. (Vol. III. pp. 202–203).]



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The Birth of the Virgin

The Salutation

(From the frescoes by Ghirlandaio)

18. You can't easily see better pieces—(nowhere more pompous pieces)—of flat goldsmith's work. Ghirlandajo was to the end of his life a mere goldsmith, with a gift of portraiture. And here he has done his best, and has put a long wall in wonderful perspective, and the whole city of Florence behind Elizabeth's house in the hill-country; and a splendid bas-relief, in the style of Luca della Robbia, in St. Anne's bedroom; and he has carved all the pilasters, and embroidered all the dresses, and flourished and trumpeted into every corner; and it is all done, within just a point, as well as it can be done; and quite as well as Ghirlandajo could do it. But the point in which it *just* misses being as well as it can be done, is the vital point. And it is all simply—good for nothing.

Extricate yourself from the goldsmith's rubbish of it, and look full at the Salutation. You will say, perhaps, at first, "What grand and graceful figures!" Are you sure they are graceful? Look again, and you will see their draperies hang from them exactly as they would from two clothes-pegs. Now, fine drapery, really well drawn, as it hangs from a clothes-peg, is always rather impressive, especially if it be disposed in large breadths and deep folds; but that is the only grace of their figures.

Secondly. Look at the Madonna, carefully. You will find she is not the least meek—only stupid,—as all the other women in the picture are.

"St. Elizabeth, you think, is nice"? Yes. "And she says, 'Whence is this to me, that the mother of my Lord should come to me?'[1] really with a great deal of serious feeling"? Yes, with a great deal. Well, you have looked enough at those two. Now—just for another minute—look at the birth of the Virgin. "A most graceful group (your Murray's Guide tells you), in the attendant servants."[2] Extremely so. Also, the one holding the child is rather

[1] [Luke i. 43.]

[2] [Quoted (not textually, however) from the old editions (p. 133 in that of 1864); in recent editions the passage has been omitted.]

pretty. Also, the servant pouring out the water does it from a great height, without splashing, most cleverly. Also, the lady coming to ask for St. Anne, and see the baby, walks majestically, and is very finely dressed. And as for that bas-relief in the style of Luca della Robbia, you might really almost think it *was* Luca! The very best plated goods, Master Ghirlandajo, no doubt—always on hand, at your shop.

19. Well, now you must ask for the Sacristan, who is civil and nice enough; and get him to let you into the green cloister, and then into the less cloister opening out of it on the right, as you go down the steps;[1] and you must ask for the tomb of the Marchesa Strozzi Ridolfi; and in the recess behind the Marchesa's tomb—very close to the ground, and in excellent light, if the day is fine, —you will see two small frescoes, only about four feet wide each, in odd-shaped bits of wall—quarters of circles; representing—that on the left, the Meeting of Joachim and Anna at the Golden Gate; and that on the right, the Birth of the Virgin.[2]

No flourish of trumpets here, at any rate, you think! No gold on the gate; and, for the birth of the Virgin—is this all! Goodness!—nothing to be seen, whatever, of bas-reliefs, nor fine dresses, nor graceful pourings out of water, nor processions of visitors?

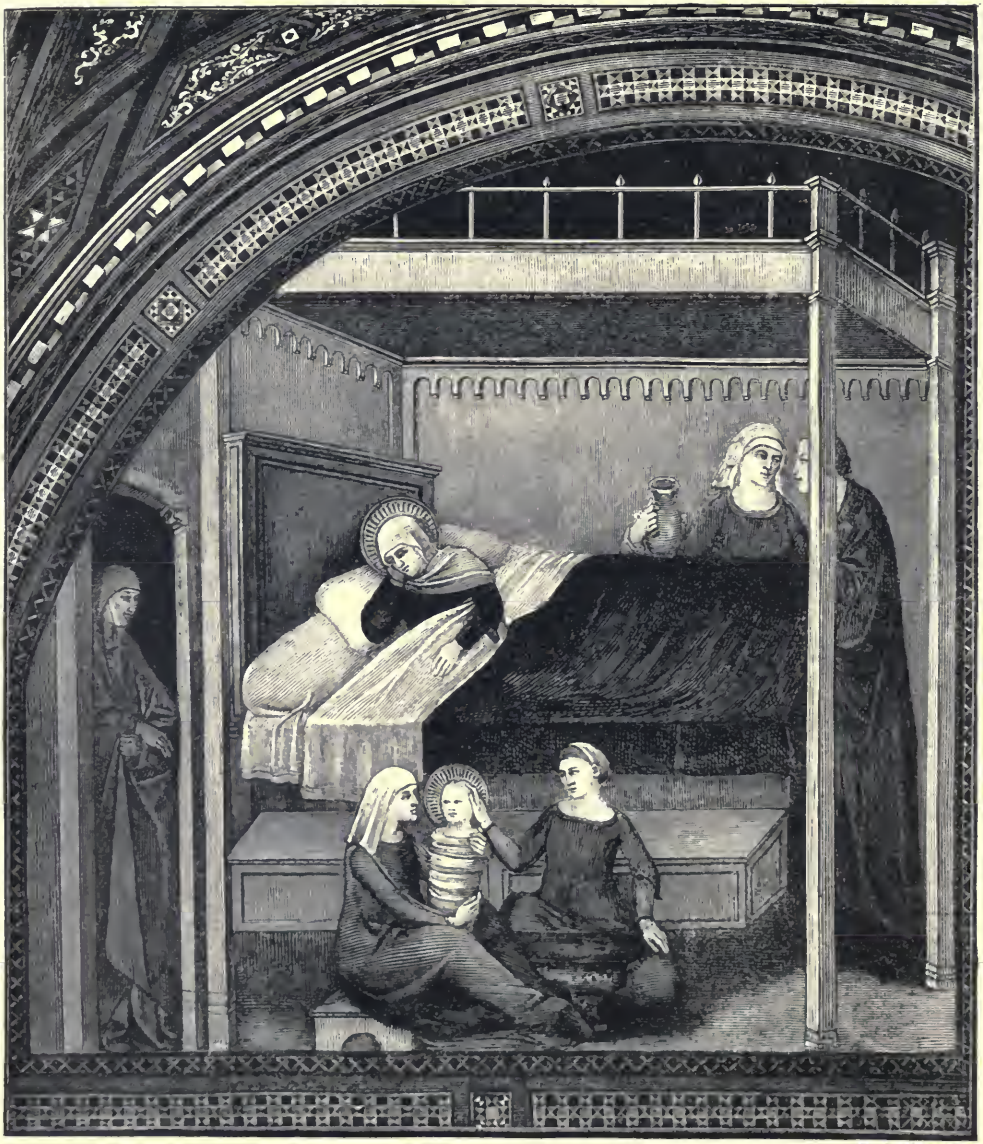
No. But there's one thing you can see, here, which you didn't in Ghirlandajo's fresco, unless you were very clever and looked hard for it—the Baby! And you are never likely to see a more true piece of Giotto's work in this world.

A round-faced, small-eyed little thing, tied up in a bundle!

Yes, Giotto was of opinion she must have appeared really

[1] [There is, however, a door in the church, generally open, immediately on the right of the Strozzi Chapel, which leads direct into the smaller cloister. Immediately on the right, as one has descended the steps, is the tomb of the Marchesa. The larger "Green Cloister" was so called, it may be noted, from the prevailing tint in the frescoes with which its walls were painted: see above, Introduction, p. lxiii.]

[2] [See Plate XXVIII.; a woodcut from the fresco.]



H. S. Uhlrich sc

The Birth of the Virgin

From the Fresco by Giotto in S. Maria Novella

not much else than that. But look at the servant who has just finished dressing her;—awestruck, full of love and wonder, putting her hand softly on the child's head, who has never cried. The nurse, who has just taken her, is—the nurse, and no more: tidy in the extreme, and greatly proud and pleased; but would be as much so with any other child.

Ghirlandajo's St. Anne (I ought to have told you to notice that,—you can, afterwards) is sitting strongly up in bed, watching, if not directing, all that is going on.[1] Giotto's, lying down on the pillow, leans her face on her hand; partly exhausted, partly in deep thought. She knows that all will be well done for the child, either by the servants or God; she need not look after anything.

At the foot of the bed is the midwife, and a servant who has brought drink for St. Anne. The servant stops, seeing her so quiet; asking the midwife, "Shall I give it her now?" The midwife, her hands lifted under her robe, in the attitude of thanksgiving (with Giotto distinguishable always, though one doesn't know how, from that of prayer), answers, with her look, "Let be—she does not want anything."

At the door a single acquaintance is coming in, to see the child. Of ornament, there is only the entirely simple outline of the vase which the servant carries; of colour, two or three masses of sober red, and pure white, with brown and grey.

That is all. And if you can be pleased with this, you can see Florence. But if not,—by all means amuse yourself there, if you find it amusing, as long as you like; you can never see it.

20. But if indeed you are pleased, ever so little, with this fresco, think what that pleasure means. I brought you, on purpose, round, through the richest overture, and farrago of tweedledum and tweedledee, I could find in Florence;

[1] [So also, it may be remarked, is Giotto's St. Anne in the Arena Chapel: see the seventh subject in the woodcuts (Vol. XXIV.).]

and here is a tune of four notes, on a shepherd's pipe, played by the picture of nobody; and yet you like it! You know what music is, then. Here is another little tune, by the same player, and sweeter. I let you hear the simplest first.

The fresco on the left hand, with the bright blue sky, and the rosy figures! Why, anybody might like that![1]

Yes; but, alas, all the blue sky is repainted. It *was* blue always, however, and bright too; and I dare say, when the fresco was first done, anybody *did* like it.

You know the story of Joachim and Anna, I hope? Not that I do, myself, quite in the ins and outs; and if you don't, I'm not going to keep you waiting while I tell it.[2] All you need know, and you scarcely, before this fresco, need know so much, is, that here are an old husband and old wife, meeting again by surprise, after losing each other, and being each in great fear;—meeting at the place where they were told by God each to go, without knowing what was to happen there.

"So they rushed into one another's arms, and kissed each other."

No, says Giotto,—not that.

"They advanced to meet, in a manner conformable to the strictest laws of composition; and with their draperies cast into folds which no one until Raphael could have arranged better."

No, says Giotto,—not that.

St. Anne has moved quickest; her dress just falls into folds sloping backwards enough to tell you so much. She has caught St. Joachim by his mantle, and draws him to her, softly, by that. St. Joachim lays his hand under her arm, seeing she is like to faint, and holds her up. They do not kiss each other—only look into each other's eyes. And God's angel lays his hand on their heads.

[1] [See Plate XXIX.; a woodcut from the fresco.]

[2] [The story may be read in *Giotto and his Works in Padua* (subjects i.–vi.). See also Mrs. Jameson's *Legends of the Madonna*, pp. 137–141.]

H. S. Uhlrich sc.

The Meeting of Joachim and Anna

From the Fresco by Giotto in S. Maria Novella

21. Behind them, there are two rough figures, busied with their own affairs,—two of Joachim's shepherds; one, bare-headed, the other wearing the wide Florentine cap with the falling point behind, which is exactly like the tube of a larkspur or violet; both carrying game, and talking to each other about—Greasy Joan and her pot,[1] or the like. Not at all the sort of persons whom you would have thought in harmony with the scene;—by the laws of the drama, according to Racine or Voltaire.

No, but according to Shakespeare, or Giotto, these are just the kind of persons likely to be there: as much as the angel is likely to be there also, though you will be told nowadays that Giotto was absurd for putting *him* into the sky, of which an apothecary can always produce the similar blue, in a bottle.[2] And now that you have had Shakespeare, and sundry other men of head and heart, following the track of this shepherd lad, *you* can forgive him his grotesques in the corner. But that he should have forgiven them to himself, after the training he had had, this is the wonder! *We* have seen simple pictures enough in our day; and therefore we think that of course shepherd boys will sketch shepherds: what wonder is there in that?

22. I can show you how in *this* shepherd boy it was very wonderful indeed, if you will walk for five minutes back into the church with me, and up into the chapel at the end of the south transept,—at least if the day is bright, and you get the sacristan to undraw the window-curtain in the transept itself. For then the light of it will be enough to show you the entirely authentic and most renowned work of Giotto's master; and you will see through what schooling the lad had gone.[3]

[1] [The phrase has its origin in the scandal of the Royalists, who used to call the Protector's wife "Joan Cromwell," and declare that she exchanged the kitchen-stuff of the palace for tallow candles; hence Joan's tub, or pot, became a term for kitchen "perquisites."]

[2] [Compare Preface to *Queen of the Air* (Vol. XIX. p. 292).]

[3] [The Madonna by Cimabue in the Cappella dei Rucellai—the picture of which the story is told of the public rejoicings: see p. 330.]

A good and brave master he was, if ever boy had one; and, as you will find when you know really who the great men are, the master is half their life; and well they know it — always naming themselves from their master, rather than their families. See then what kind of work Giotto had been first put to. There is, literally, not a square inch of all that panel—some ten feet high by six or seven wide—which is not wrought in gold and colour with the fineness of a Greek manuscript. There is not such an elaborate piece of ornamentation in the first page of any Gothic king's missal, as you will find in that Madonna's throne;—the Madonna herself is meant to be grave and noble only; and to be attended only by angels.

And here is this saucy imp of a lad declares his people must do without gold, and without thrones; nay, that the Golden Gate itself shall have no gilding, that St. Joachim and St. Anne shall have only one angel between them; and their servants shall have their joke, and nobody say them nay!

23. It is most wonderful! and would have been impossible, had Cimabue been a common man, though ever so great in his own way. Nor could I in any of my former thinking understand how it was, till I saw Cimabue's own work at Assisi;[1] in which he shows himself, at heart, as independent of his gold as Giotto,—even more intense, capable of higher things than Giotto, though of none, perhaps, so keen or sweet. But to this day, among all the Mater Dolorosas of Christianity, Cimabue's at Assisi is the noblest;[2] nor did any painter after him add one link to the chain of thought with which he summed the creation of the earth, and preached its redemption.

He evidently never checked the boy, from the first day he found him. Showed him all he knew: talked with him of many things he felt himself unable to paint: made him

[1] [In 1874: see the Introduction, above, p. xlii.]

[2] [An engraving of Ruskin's study of this Madonna is the frontispiece to *The Bible of Amiens*. Compare above, p. 209.]

a workman and a gentleman,—above all, a Christian,—yet left him—a shepherd. And Heaven had made him such a painter, that, at his height, the words of his epitaph are in nowise overwrought: "Ille ego sum, per quem pictura extincta revixit."[1]

24. A word or two, now, about the repainting by which *this* pictura extincta has been revived to meet existing taste. The sky is entirely daubed over with fresh blue; yet it leaves with unusual care the original outline of the descending angel, and of the white clouds about his body. This idea of the angel laying his hands on the two heads—(as a bishop at Confirmation does, in a hurry; and I've seen one sweep four together, like Arnold de Winkelried[2]),—partly in blessing, partly as a symbol of their being brought together to the same place by God,—was afterwards repeated again and again: there is one beautiful little echo of it among the old pictures in the schools of Oxford.[3] This is the first occurrence of it that I know in pure Italian painting; but the idea is Etruscan-Greek, and is used by the Etruscan sculptors of the door of the Baptistery of Pisa, of the *evil* angel, who "lays the heads together"[4] of two very different persons from these—Herodias and her daughter.

Joachim, and the shepherd with the larkspur cap, are both quite safe; the other shepherd a little reinforced: the black bunches of grass, hanging about, are retouches. They were once bunches of plants drawn with perfect delicacy and care;—you may see one left, faint, with heart-shaped leaves, on the highest ridge of rock above the shepherds. The whole landscape is, however, quite undecipherably changed and spoiled.

[1] [Compare *The Æsthetic and Mathematic Schools of Florence*, § 17 (above, p. 196).]

[2] [For other allusions to the hero (who at the battle of Sempach opened a way in the enemy's ranks by seizing at one time several of their spears and directing them at his breast), see Vol. VII. p. 231 *n.*]

[3] [No. 12 in the University Galleries—"The Meeting of Joachim and Anna"—formerly attributed to Pesello, but now to Fra Filippo Lippi (on Morelli's authority): see his *Kunstkritische Studien: die Galerien zu München und Dresden*, 1891, p. 124.]

[4] [See *Val d'Arno*, § 290 (above, p. 170).]

25. You will be apt to think, at first, that if anything has been restored, surely the ugly shepherd's uglier feet have. No, not at all. Restored feet are always drawn with entirely orthodox and academical toes, like the Apollo Belvidere's. You would have admired them very much. These are Giotto's own doing, every bit; and a precious business he has had of it, trying again and again—in vain. Even hands were difficult enough to him, at this time; but feet, and bare legs! Well, he'll have a try, he thinks, and gets really a fair line at last, when you are close to it; but, laying the light on the ground afterwards, he dare not touch this precious and dear-bought outline. Stops all round it, a quarter of an inch off,* with such effect as you see. But if you want to know what sort of legs and feet he *can* draw, look at our *lambs*, in the corner of the fresco under the arch on your left![1]

And there is yet one on your right, though more repainted—the little Virgin presenting herself at the Temple,—about which I could also say much.[2] The stooping figure, kissing the hem of her robe without her knowing, is, as far as I remember, first in this fresco; the origin, itself, of the main design in all the others you know so well (and with its steps, by the way, in better perspective already than most of them).

* Perhaps it is only the restorer's white on the ground that stops; but I think a restorer would never have been so wise, but have gone right up to the outline, and spoiled all.

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[1] [Now much defaced.]

[2] [See the outline of the composition here given (Plate XXX.). The following is the note upon the fresco in Ruskin's diary at Florence (1874):—

"She has her book in left hand, extends right hand towards the high priest, who stretches both his to her. Her foot, which divided the hem of her dress, is effaced; the high priest is nearly safe from top to toe. St. Joseph and her mother look on, quiet, scarcely wondering, deeply serious. Two less interested spectators behind, one a beautiful face, which, to be so beautiful as it is, must have been modernized with more care than these frescoes could, I think, have received. I believe, but don't vouch for it, that it is a marvellous effort of the boy from some youth whom he persuaded to let himself be painted. In the full front a man kneels to kiss the hem of her robe, she not seeing—wholly separating incident, exciting here alone."]

H. S. Uhlrich sc.

The Presentation of the Virgin

From the Fresco by Giotto in S. Maria Novella

"*This* the original one!" you will be inclined to exclaim, if you have any general knowledge of subsequent art. "*This* Giotto! why, it's a cheap rechauffé of Titian!"[1] No, my friend. The boy who tried so hard to draw those steps in perspective had been carried down others, to his grave, two hundred years before Titian ran alone at Cadore. But, as surely as Venice looks on the sea, Titian looked upon this, and caught the reflected light of it for ever.

26. What kind of boy is this, think you, who can make Titian his copyist,—Dante his friend? What new power is here which is to change the heart of Italy?—can you see it, feel it, writing before you these words on the faded wall?

"You shall see things—as they Are."

"And the least with the greatest, because God made them."[2]

"And the greatest with the least, because God made *you*, and gave you eyes and a heart."

I. You shall see things—as they Are. So easy a matter that, you think? So much more difficult and sublime to paint grand processions and golden thrones, than St. Anne faint on her pillow, and her servants at pause?

Easy or not, it is all the sight that is required of you in this world,—to see things, and men, and yourself,—as they are.

II. And the least with the greatest, because God made them,—shepherd, and flock, and grass of the field, no less than the Golden Gate.

III. But also the golden gate of Heaven itself, open, and the angels of God coming down from it.[3]

These three things Giotto taught, and men believed, in his day. Of which Faith you shall next see brighter work; only, before we leave the cloister, I want to sum for you

[1] [For a notice of Titian's well-known picture in the Academy at Venice, see Ruskin's Guide to that collection (Vol. XXIV.).]

[2] [Compare *Eagle's Nest*, § 220 (Vol. XXII. p. 273).]

[3] [Compare Genesis xxviii. 12.]

one or two of the instant and evident technical changes produced in the school of Florence by this teaching.

27. One of quite the first results of Giotto's simply looking at things as they were, was his finding out that a red thing was red, and a brown thing brown, and a white thing white—all over.[1]

The Greeks had painted anything anyhow,—gods black, horses red, lips and cheeks white; and when the Etruscan vase expanded into a Cimabue picture, or a Tafi mosaic,[2] still—except that the Madonna was to have a blue dress, and everything else as much gold on it as could be managed,—there was very little advance in notions of colour. Suddenly, Giotto threw aside all the glitter, and all the conventionalism; and declared that he saw the sky blue, the tablecloth white, and angels, when he dreamed of them, rosy. And he simply founded the schools of colour in Italy—Venetian and all, as I will show you to-morrow morning,[3] if it is fine. And what is more, nobody discovered much about colour after him.

But a deeper result of his resolve to look at things as they were, was his getting so heartily interested in them that he couldn't miss their decisive *moment*. There is a decisive instant in all matters; and if you look languidly, you are sure to miss it. Nature seems always, somehow, trying to make you miss it. "I will see that through," you must say, "without turning my head"; or you won't see the trick of it at all. And the most significant thing in all his work, you will find hereafter, is his choice of moments. I will give you at once two instances in a picture which, for other reasons, you should quickly compare with these frescoes. Return by the Via delle Belle Donne; keep the Casa Strozzi on your right; and go straight on, through

[1] [On Giotto's colour-gift, see Vol. XIII. p. 527.]

[2] [Andrea Tafi (1213–1294). "As the works of Cimabue awakened no small admiration in the men of his time, so the works in mosaic of Andrea Tafi, who belonged to the same period, were also greatly admired, and himself considered an excellent, nay, a divine artist" (Vasari, vol. i. p. 77, Bohn's edition).]

[3] [See below, p. 350.]

the market. The Florentines think themselves so civilized, forsooth, for building a nuovo Lung-Arno, and three manufactory chimneys opposite it; and yet sell butcher's meat, dripping red, peaches, and anchovies, side by side: it is a sight to be seen.[1] Much more, Luca della Robbia's Madonna in the circle above the chapel door. Never pass near the market without looking at it; and glance from the vegetables underneath to Luca's leaves and lilies, that you may see how honestly he was trying to make his clay like the garden-stuff. But to-day, you may pass quickly on to the Uffizii, which will be just open; and when you enter the great gallery, turn to the right, and there, the first picture you come at will be No. 6, Giotto's "Agony in the Garden."[2]

28. I used to think it so dull, that I could not believe it was Giotto's. That is partly from its dead colour, which is the boy's way of telling you it is night:—more, from the subject being one quite beyond his age, and which he felt no pleasure in trying at. You may see he was still a boy, for he not only cannot draw feet yet, in the least, and scrupulously hides them therefore; but is very hard put to it for the hands, being obliged to draw them mostly in the same position,—all the four fingers together. But in the careful bunches of grass and weeds you will see what the fresco foregrounds were, before they got spoiled; and there are some things he can understand already, even about that Agony, thinking of it in his own fixed way. Some things,—not altogether to be explained by the old symbol of the angel with the cup. He will try if he cannot explain them better in those two little pictures below; which nobody ever looks at; the great Roman sarcophagus being put in

[1] [To be seen no longer, for the Mercato Vecchio and adjoining buildings have since been pulled down, the site being now occupied by the very commonplace Piazza Vittorio Emanuele. The church of S. Pier Buonconsiglio, over the door of which was Luca della Robbia's Madonna, was among the buildings destroyed. The "Madonna" is now No. 29 in the Bargello; for another reference to it, see *Art of England*, § 68.]

[2] [Now (1906) No. 8 in the First Corridor, and ascribed to Lorenzo Monaco: see below, § 118, p. 410.]

front of them, and the light glancing on the new varnish so that you must twist about like a lizard to see anything. Nevertheless, you may make out what Giotto meant.

"The cup which my Father hath given me, shall I not drink it?"[1] "In what was its bitterness?"—thought the boy. "Crucifixion?—Well, it hurts, doubtless; but the thieves had to bear it too, and many poor human wretches have to bear worse, on our battlefields. But"—and he thinks, and thinks, and then he paints his two little pictures, for the predella.

29. They represent, of course, the sequence of the time in Gethsemane; but see what choice the youth made of his moments, having two panels to fill. Plenty of choice for him—in pain. The Flagellation—the Mocking—the Bearing the Cross;—all habitually given by the Margheritones,[2] and their school, as extremes of pain.

"No," thinks Giotto. "There was worse than all that. Many a good man has been mocked, spitefully entreated, spitted on, slain. But who was ever so betrayed? Who ever saw such a sword thrust in his mother's heart?"

He paints, first, the laying hands on Him in the garden, but with only two principal figures,—Judas and Peter, of course; Judas and Peter were always principal in the old Byzantine composition,—Judas giving the kiss—Peter cutting off the servant's ear.[3] But the two are here, not merely principal, but almost alone in sight, all the other figures thrown back; and Peter is not at all concerned about the servant, or his struggle with him. He has got him down,—but looks back suddenly at Judas giving the kiss. What!—*you* are the traitor, then—you!

"Yes," says Giotto; "and you, also, in an hour more."

The other picture is more deeply felt, still.[4] It is of Christ brought to the foot of the cross. There is no wringing

[1] [John xviii. 11.]
[2] [Compare Vol. XIII. p. 241.]
[3] [As, for instance, in the picture by Ugolino of Siena, No. 1188 in the National Gallery.]
[4] [Compare *The Æsthetic and Mathematic Schools*, § 53 (above, p. 226).]

of hands or lamenting crowd—no haggard signs of fainting or pain in His body. Scourging or fainting, feeble knee and torn wound,—he thinks scorn of all that, this shepherd boy. One executioner is hammering the wedges of the cross harder down. The other—not ungently—is taking Christ's red robe off His shoulders. And St. John, a few yards off, is keeping His mother from coming nearer. She looks *down*, not at Christ; but tries to come.

30. And now you may go on for your day's seeings through the rest of the gallery, if you will—Fornarina, and the wonderful cobbler,[1] and all the rest of it. I don't want you any more, till to-morrow morning.

But if, meantime, you will sit down,—say, before Sandro Botticelli's "Fortitude," which I shall want you to look at, one of these days[2] (No. 1299, innermost room from the Tribune), and there read this following piece of one of my Oxford lectures on the relation of Cimabue to Giotto,[3] you will be better prepared for our work to-morrow morning in Santa Croce; and may find something to consider of, in the room you are in. Where, by the way, observe that No. 1288 is a most true early Leonardo,[4] of extreme interest; and the savants who doubt it are——never mind what; but sit down at present at the feet of Fortitude; and read.

31. Those of my readers who have been unfortunate enough to interest themselves in that most profitless of studies—the Philosophy of art—have been at various times

[1] [The Fornarina (baker's daughter)—the well-known portrait in the Tribune at the Uffizi—traditionally ascribed to Raphael, is now attributed to Sebastino del Piombo. It is not clear to what work Ruskin refers as "the wonderful cobbler": possibly the sculpture in the Tribune of the slave, whetting his knife, commonly known as the Knife-Grinder—a famous work which Ruskin pronounced "a vulgar nuisance" (*Præterita*, ii. § 29).]

[2] [See below, § 38, p. 334; and compare *Ariadne Florentina*, § 190 (Vol. XXII. p. 429).]

[3] [The following passages, §§ 31–37, were here adapted from the lectures on Cimabue and Giotto, in the course entitled *The Æsthetic and Mathematic Schools of Florence:* see above, p. 205.]

[4] ["The Annunciation"; ascribed by Crowe and Cavalcaselle to Ridolfo Ghirlandajo (see Eugène Müntz: *Leonardo da Vinci*, vol. i. p. 50).]

teased or amused by disputes respecting the relative dignity of the contemplative and dramatic schools.

Contemplative, of course, being the term attached to the system of painting things only for the sake of their own niceness—a lady because she is pretty, or a lion because he is strong: and the dramatic school being that which cannot be satisfied unless it sees something going on; which can't paint a pretty lady unless she is being made love to, or being murdered; and can't paint a stag or a lion, unless they are being hunted, or shot, or the one eating the other.

You have always heard me—or, if not, will expect by the very tone of this sentence to hear me, now, on the whole recommend you to prefer the Contemplative school. But the comparison is always an imperfect and unjust one, unless quite other terms are introduced.

The real greatness or smallness of schools is not in their preference of inactivity to action, nor of action to inactivity. It is in their preference of worthy things to unworthy, in rest; and of kind action to unkind, in business.

A Dutchman can be just as solemnly and entirely contemplative of a lemon pip and a cheese paring, as an Italian of the Virgin in Glory. An English squire has pictures, purely contemplative, of his favourite horse—and a Parisian lady, pictures, purely contemplative, of the back and front of the last dress proposed to her in La Mode Artistique. All these works belong to the same school of silent admiration;—the vital question concerning them is, "What do you admire?"[1]

[1] [The MS. of the lecture on Cimabue here contains the following additional passage:—

"Again, the scene which occupies the eastern side of the Spanish chapel at Florence—the entrance of the human souls, which have become as little children, into the Paradise prepared for them; St. Peter, just outside the door, in his delight to see them; and St. Agnes waiting eagerly to make pets of them with her lamb, as soon as they get inside—this scene is in all respects as dramatic as the subject which I saw pictorially advertised for the theatrical entertainment of the evening, when I landed last on the quay of Naples—of the discovery of a body of police coming up through a trap-door in cocked hats and feathers, of an amiable couple who lived

32. Now therefore, when you hear me so often saying that the Northern races—Norman and Lombard,—are active, or dramatic, in their art; and that the Southern races—Greek and Arabian—are contemplative, you ought instantly to ask farther, Active in what? Contemplative of what? And the answer is, The active art—Lombardic,—rejoices in hunting and fighting; the contemplative art—Byzantine,—contemplates the mysteries of the Christian faith.

And at first, on such answer, one would be apt at once to conclude—All grossness must be in the Lombard; all good in the Byzantine. But again we should be wrong,—and extremely wrong. For the hunting and fighting did practically produce strong, and often virtuous, men; while the perpetual and inactive contemplation of what it was impossible to understand, did not on the whole render the contemplative persons stronger, wiser, or even more amiable. So that, in the twelfth century, while the Northern art was only in need of direction, the Southern was in need of life. The North was indeed spending its valour and virtue on ignoble objects; but the South disgracing the noblest objects by its want of valour and virtue.

Central stood Etruscan Florence—her root in the earth, bound with iron and brass—wet with the dew of heaven. Agricultural in occupation, religious in thought, she accepted, like good ground, the good; refused, like the Rock of Fésole,

by chopping up children and boiling them, and who were interrupted in the very crisis of putting some large pieces into the pot.

"And again, the scene on the north side of the Spanish chapel—the descent of Christ into Hades; the fall of its gates before Him; and the light of His presence first shining on the face of the imprisoned spirits, who had waited for Him since death came into this world—is drama every whit as intense as the scene of Michael Angelo's so-called Judgment—the pronouncing of the irrevocable sentence of damnation upon vile souls in vile despair. The question of relative dignity in the two pictures depends on your determining for yourself whether it will please and teach you most to behold, in their crisis, the Redemption, or the Perdition, of your race."

"The scene which occupies the eastern side" is the fresco of "The Visible Church": see below, §§ 169, 170, and Plate XXXIX. For the theatrical entertainment at Naples, compare *Ariadne Florentina*, § 166 (Vol. XXII. pp. 410–411). "The Descent of Christ into Hades" is the subject of the painting on the right of the altar, as one faces it.]

the evil; directed the industry of the Northman into the arts of peace; kindled the dreams of the Byzantine with the fire of charity. Child of her peace, and exponent of her passion, her Cimabue became the interpreter to mankind of the meaning of the Birth of Christ.

33. We hear constantly, and think naturally, of him as of a man whose peculiar genius in painting suddenly reformed its principles; who suddenly painted, out of his own gifted imagination, beautiful instead of rude pictures; and taught his scholar Giotto to carry on the impulse; which we suppose thenceforward to have enlarged the resources and bettered the achievements of painting continually, up to our own time,—when the triumphs of art having been completed, and its uses ended, something higher is offered to the ambition of mankind; and Watt and Faraday initiate the Age of Manufacture and Science, as Cimabue and Giotto instituted that of Art and Imagination.

In this conception of the History of Mental and Physical culture, we much overrate the influence, though we cannot overrate the power, of the men by whom the change seems to have been effected. We cannot overrate their power,—for the greatest men of any age, those who become its leaders when there is a great march to be begun, are indeed separated from the average intellects of their day by a distance which is immeasurable in any ordinary terms of wonder.

But we far overrate their influence; because the apparently sudden result of their labour or invention is only the manifested fruit of the toil and thought of many who preceded them, and of whose names we have never heard.[1] The skill of Cimabue cannot be extolled too highly; but no Madonna by his hand could ever have rejoiced the soul of Italy, unless for a thousand years before, many a nameless Greek and nameless Goth had adorned the traditions, and lived in the love, of the Virgin.

[1] [Compare the lecture on Cimabue, above, p. 197.]

34. In like manner, it is impossible to overrate the sagacity, patience, or precision, of the masters in modern mechanical and scientific discovery. But their sudden triumph, and the unbalancing of all the world by their words, may not in any wise be attributed to their own power, or even to that of the facts they have ascertained. They owe their habits and methods of industry to the paternal example, no less than the inherited energy, of men who long ago prosecuted the truths of nature, through the rage of war, and the adversity of superstition; and the universal and overwhelming consequences of the facts which their followers have now proclaimed, indicate only the crisis of a rapture produced by the offering of new objects of curiosity to nations who had nothing to look at; and of the amusement of novel motion and action to nations who had nothing to do.

Nothing to look at! That is indeed—you will find, if you consider of it—our sorrowful case. The vast extent of the advertising frescoes of London, daily refreshed into brighter and larger fresco by its billstickers, cannot somehow sufficiently entertain the popular eyes. The great Mrs. Allen, with her flowing hair, and equally flowing promises,[1] palls upon repetition, and that Madonna of the nineteenth century smiles in vain above many a borgo unrejoiced: even the excitement of the shop-window, with its unattainable splendours, or too easily attainable impostures, cannot maintain itself in the wearying mind of the populace, and I find my charitable friends inviting the children, whom the streets educate only into vicious misery, to entertainments of scientific vision, in microscope or magic lantern; thus giving them something to look at, such as it is;—fleas mostly; and the stomachs of various vermin; and people with their heads cut off and set on again;—still *something*, to look at.

The fame of Cimabue rests, and justly, on a similar

[1] [Compare, again, the lecture on Cimabue, above, p. 207 *n.*]

charity. He gave the populace of his day something to look at; and satisfied their curiosity with science of something they had long desired to know. We have continually imagined in our carelessness, that his triumph consisted only in a new pictorial skill;—recent critical writers,[1] unable to comprehend how any street populace could take pleasure in painting, have ended by denying his triumph altogether, and insisted that he gave no joy to Florence; and that the "Joyful quarter" was accidentally so named—or at least from no other festivity than that of the procession attending Charles of Anjou. I proved to you, in a former lecture, that the old tradition was true, and the delight of the people unquestionable. But that delight was not merely in the revelation of an art they had not known how to practise; it was delight in the revelation of a Madonna whom they had not known how to love.

35. Again; what was revelation to *them*, we suppose farther, and as unwisely, to have been only art in *him;* that in better laying of colours,—in better tracing of perspectives—in recovery of principles of classic composition—he had manufactured, as our Gothic Firms now manufacture to order, a Madonna—in whom he believed no more than they.

Not so. First of the Florentines, first of European men—he attained in thought, and saw with spiritual eyes, exercised to discern good from evil,—the face of her who was blessed among women;[2] and with his following hand, made visible the Magnificat of his heart.

He magnified the Maid; and Florence rejoiced in her Queen. But it was left for Giotto to make the queenship better beloved, in its sweet humiliation.

[1] [See Crowe and Cavalcaselle's *New History of Painting*, vol. i. p. 203, who refer to the notes—from Cinelli, Schorn, Rumohr—appended to various editions of Vasari. For Vasari's own statement, see above, p. 202. Ruskin's "proof in a former lecture that the old tradition was true" must have been given in some extempore passage in the lecture on Cimabue, in which he read that passage from Vasari. For other allusions to the tradition, see above, pp. 251, 317; Vol. III. p. 644; Vol. IV. p. xxxii.; Vol. XII. p. 98; Vol. XIV. p. 26; Vol. XIX. p. 28; and Vol. XX. p. 299.]

[2] [Luke i. 28.]

You had the Etruscan stock in Florence—Christian, or at least semi-Christian; the statue of Mars still in its streets, but with its central temple built for Baptism in the name of Christ. It was a race living by agriculture: gentle, thoughtful, and exquisitely fine in handiwork. The straw bonnet of Tuscany—the Leghorn—is pure Etruscan art, young ladies:—only plaited gold of God's harvest, instead of the plaited gold of His earth.

You had then the Norman and Lombard races coming down on this: kings, and hunters—splendid in war—insatiable of action. You had the Greek and Arabian races flowing from the east, bringing with them the law of the City, and the dream of the Desert.

Cimabue—Etruscan born, gave, we saw, the life of the Norman to the tradition of the Greek: eager action to holy contemplation. And what more is left for his favourite shepherd boy Giotto to do, than this, except to paint with ever-increasing skill? We fancy he only surpassed Cimabue —eclipsed by greater brightness.

36. Not so. The sudden and new applause of Italy would never have been won by mere increase of the already kindled light. Giotto had wholly another work to do. The meeting of the Norman race with the Byzantine is not merely that of action with repose—not merely that of war with religion,—it is the meeting of *domestic* life with *monastic*, and of practical household sense with unpractical Desert insanity.[1]

I have no other word to use than this last. I use it reverently, meaning a very noble thing; I do not know how far I ought to say—even a divine thing. Decide that for yourselves. Compare the Northern farmer with St. Francis; the palm hardened by stubbing Thornaby waste,[2] with the palm softened by the imagination of the wounds of Christ. To my own thoughts, both are divine: decide that for yourselves; but assuredly, and without possibility

[1] [Compare the lecture on Botticelli, above, p. 212.]
[2] [See Vol. XX. p. 87.]

of other decision, one is, humanly speaking, healthy; the other *un*healthy: one sane, the other—insane.

To reconcile Drama with Dream, Cimabue's task was comparatively an easy one. But to reconcile Sense with—I still use even this following word reverently—Non-sense, is not so easy; and he who did it first,—no wonder he has a name in the world.

I must lean, however, still more distinctly on the word "domestic." For it is not Rationalism and commercial competition—Mr. Stuart Mill's "other career for woman than that of wife and mother"[1]—which are reconcilable, by Giotto, or by anybody else, with divine vision. But household wisdom, labour of love, toil upon earth according to the law of Heaven—*these* are reconcilable, in one code of glory, with revelation in cave or island, with the endurance of desolate and loveless days, with the repose of folded hands that wait Heaven's time.

Domestic and monastic. He was the first of Italians—the first of Christians—who *equally* knew the virtue of both lives; and who was able to show it in the sight of men of all ranks,—from the prince to the shepherd; and of all powers,—from the wisest philosopher to the simplest child.

37. For, note the way in which the new gift of painting, bequeathed to him by his great master, strengthened his hands. Before Cimabue, no beautiful rendering of human form was possible; and the rude or formal types of the Lombard and Byzantine, though they would serve in the tumult of the chase, or as the recognized symbols of creed, could not represent personal and domestic character. Faces with goggling eyes and rigid lips might be endured with ready help of imagination, for gods, angels, saints, or hunters—or for anybody else in scenes of recognized legend; but would not serve for pleasant portraiture of one's own self—or of the incidents of gentle, actual life.

[1] [For the reference here, see Vol. XVI. p. 166 *n.*]

And even Cimabue did not venture to leave the sphere of conventionally reverenced dignity. He still painted—though beautifully—only the Madonna, and the St. Joseph, and the Christ. These he made living,—Florence asked no more: and "Credette Cimabue nella pintura tener lo campo."

But Giotto came from the field; and saw with his simple eyes a lowlier worth. And he painted—the Madonna, and St. Joseph, and the Christ,—yes, by all means, if you choose to call them so, but essentially,—Mamma, Papa, and the Baby. And all Italy threw up its cap,—"Ora ha Giotto il grido."[1]

For he defines, explains, and exalts every sweet incident of human nature; and makes dear to daily life every mystic imagination of natures greater than our own. He reconciles, while he intensifies, every virtue of domestic and monastic thought. He makes the simplest household duties sacred; and the highest religious passions, serviceable, and just.

[1] [For this quotation from Dante, see above, p. 202.]

THE THIRD MORNING

BEFORE THE SOLDAN

38. I PROMISED some note of Sandro's Fortitude,[1] before whom I asked you to sit and read the end of my last letter; and I've lost my own notes about her, and forget, now, whether she has a sword, or a mace;—it does not matter. What is chiefly notable in her is—that you would not, if you had to guess who she was, take her for Fortitude at all. Everybody else's Fortitudes announce themselves clearly and proudly. They have tower-like shields, and lion-like helmets—and stand firm astride on their legs,—and are confidently ready for all comers.

Yes;—that is your common Fortitude. Very grand, though common. But not the highest, by any means.

Ready for all comers, and a match for them,—thinks the universal Fortitude;—no thanks to her for standing so steady, then!

But Botticelli's Fortitude is no match, it may be, for any that are coming. Worn, somewhat; and not a little weary, instead of standing ready for all comers, she is sitting,—apparently in reverie, her fingers playing restlessly and idly—nay, I think—even nervously, about the hilt of her sword.

For her battle is not to begin to-day; nor did it begin yesterday. Many a morn and eve have passed since it began; and now—is this to be the ending day of it? And if this—by what manner of end?

That is what Sandro's Fortitude is thinking, and the playing fingers about the sword-hilt would fain let it fall, if

[1] [Above, § 30, p. 325; and compare *Ariadne Florentina*, § 190 (Vol. XXII. p. 429). See Plate XXXI. here.]

Judith

(From the picture by Botticelli)

Allen & Co. Sc.

Fortitude

(From the picture by Botticelli)

it might be: and yet, how swiftly and gladly will they close on it, when the far-off trumpet blows, which she will hear through all her reverie!

39. There is yet another picture of Sandro's here, which you must look at before going back to Giotto: the small Judith[1] in the room next the Tribune, as you return from this outer one. It is just under Leonardo's Medusa.[2] She is returning to the camp of her Israel, followed by her maid carrying the head of Holofernes. And she walks in one of Botticelli's light dancing actions, her drapery all on flutter, and her hand, like Fortitude's, light on the sword-hilt, but daintily—not nervously, the little finger laid over the cross of it.

And at the first glance—you will think the figure merely a piece of fifteenth-century affectation. "Judith, indeed! —say rather the daughter of Herodias, at her mincingest."

Well, yes—Botticelli *is* affected, in the way that all men in that century necessarily were. Much euphuism, much studied grace of manner, much formal assertion of scholarship, mingling with his force of imagination. And he likes twisting the fingers of hands about, just as Correggio does. But he never does it like Correggio, without cause.

Look at Judith again,—at her face, not her drapery,— and remember that when a man is base at the heart, he blights his virtues into weaknesses; but when he is true at the heart, he sanctifies his weaknesses into virtues. It is a weakness of Botticelli's, this love of dancing motion and waved drapery; but why has he given it full flight here?

Do you happen to know anything about Judith yourself, except that she cut off Holofernes' head; and has been made the high light of about a million of vile pictures ever since, in which the painters thought they could surely attract the public to the double show of an execution, and a pretty woman,—especially with the added pleasure of hinting at previously ignoble sin?

[1] [No. 1156. See Plate XXXI. here.]
[2] [See Vol. XX. p. 142.]

40. When you go home to-day, take the pains to write out for yourself, in the connection I here place them, the verses underneath numbered from the Book of Judith; you will probably think of their meaning more carefully as you write.

Begin thus:

"Now at that time, Judith heard thereof, which was the daughter of Merari, * * * the son of Simeon, the son of Israel." And then write out consecutively, these pieces—

Chapter viii., verses 2 to 8 (always inclusive), and read the whole chapter.

Chapter ix., verses 1 and 5 to 7, beginning this piece with the previous sentence, "Oh God, oh my God, hear me also, a widow."

Chapter	ix.	verses	11	to	14.
,,	x.	,,	1	,,	5.
,,	xiii.	,,	6	,,	10.
,,	xv.	,,	11	,,	13.
,,	xvi.	,,	1	,,	6.
,,	xvi.	,,	11	,,	15.
,,	xvi.	,,	18	and	19.
,,	xvi.	,,	23	to	25.

Now, as in many other cases of noble history, apocryphal and other, I do not in the least care how far the literal facts are true.[1] The conception of facts, and the idea of Jewish womanhood, are there, grand and real as a marble statue,—possession for all ages. And you will feel, after you have read this piece of history, or epic poetry, with honourable care, that there is somewhat more to be thought of and pictured in Judith, than painters have mostly found it in them to show you: that she is not merely the Jewish Delilah to the Assyrian Samson; but the mightiest, purest, brightest type of high passion in severe womanhood offered to our human memory. Sandro's picture is but slight; but it is true to her, and the only one I know that is; and

[1] [Compare *Ariadne Florentina*, § 211 (Vol. XXII. p. 444).]

after writing out these verses, you will see why he gives her that swift, peaceful motion, while you read in her face only sweet solemnity of dreaming thought. "My people delivered, and by my hand; and God has been gracious to His handmaid!" The triumph of Miriam over a fallen host,[1] the fire of exulting mortal life in an immortal hour, the purity and severity of a guardian angel—all are here; and as her servant follows, carrying indeed the head, but invisible[2]—(a mere thing to be carried—no more to be so much as thought of)—she looks only at her mistress, with intense, servile, watchful love. Faithful, not in these days of fear only, but hitherto in all her life, and afterwards for ever.

41. After you have seen it enough, look also for a little while at Angelico's Marriage and Death of the Virgin, in the same room;[3] you may afterwards associate the three pictures always together in your mind. And, looking at nothing else to-day in the Uffizii, let us go back to Giotto's chapel.[4]

We must begin with this work on our left hand, the Death of St. Francis; for it is the key to all the rest. Let us hear first what Mr. Crowe directs us to think of it. "In the composition of this scene, Giotto produced a masterpiece, which served as a model but too often feebly imitated by his successors. Good arrangement, variety of character and expression in the heads, unity and harmony

[1] [Hardly so: see the plate.]

[2] [See Exodus xv. 20.]

[3] [First Hall of the Tuscan School. Nos. 1178 and 1184.]

[4] [*i.e.*, the Cappella dei Bardi at Santa Croce. Anticipating Ruskin's enumeration in § 51 (p. 347), we may here note the position of the several paintings:—

On the left side of the chapel, as one faces the altar, the subjects are (1) The Spiritual Birth of St. Francis (§§ 44–50); (2) St. Anthony preaching to St. Francis and his Brethren at Arles (§ 67); and (3) The Death of St. Francis (§ 55). These three subjects are given by photogravure on Plate XXXII.

On the right side, (4) St. Francis presenting the Rules of his Order to Pope Honorius III. (§ 51); (5) St. Francis before the Sultan (§§ 52, 55, 58, 59–66); and (6) Vision of St. Francis after death (§§ 57, 67). These three are similarly given on Plate XXXIII.

On the sides of the windows are St. Louis of Toulouse, St. Claire, St. Louis of France, and St. Elizabeth of Hungary (§§ 4, 51, 60). St. Louis of France is shown by a woodcut (Plate XXXIV.).]

in the whole, make this an exceptional work of its kind. As a composition, worthy of the fourteenth century, Ghirlandajo and Benedetto da Majano both imitated, without being able to improve it. No painter ever produced its equal except Raphael; nor could a better be created except in so far as regards improvement in the mere rendering of form."[1]

To these inspiring observations by the rapturous Crowe, more cautious Cavalcaselle* appends a refrigerating note, saying, "The St. Francis in the glory is new, but the angels are in part preserved. The rest has all been more or less retouched; and no judgment can be given as to the colour of this—or any other (!)—of these works."

You are, therefore—instructed reader—called upon to admire a piece of art which no painter ever produced the equal of except Raphael; but it is unhappily deficient, according to Crowe, in the "mere rendering of form"; and, according to Signor Cavalcaselle, "no opinion can be given as to its colour."

42. Warned thus of the extensive places where the ice is dangerous, and forbidden to look here either for form or colour, you are to admire "the variety of character and expression in the heads." I do not myself know how these are to be given without form or colour; but there appears to me, in my innocence, to be only one head in the whole picture, drawn up and down in different positions.

The "unity and harmony" of the whole—which make this an exceptional work of its kind—mean, I suppose, its general look of having been painted out of a scavenger's

* I venture to attribute the wiser note to Signor Cavalcaselle, because I have every reason to put real confidence in his judgment.[2] But it was impossible for any man engaged as he is to go over all the ground covered by so extensive a piece of critical work as these three volumes contain, with effective attention.

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[1] [*A New History of Painting in Italy*, by J. A. Crowe and G. B. Cavalcaselle, vol. i. pp. 306–307.]

[2] [For Ruskin's meeting with Signor Cavalcaselle at Assisi, see the Introduction, above, p. xl.]

cart; and so we are reduced to the last article of our creed according to Crowe,—

"In the composition of this scene Giotto produced a masterpiece."

Well, possibly. The question is, what you mean by "composition." Which, putting modern criticism now out of our way, I will ask the reader to think, in front of this wreck of Giotto, with some care.

Was it, in the first place, to Giotto, think you, the "composition of a scene," or the conception of a fact? You probably, if a fashionable person, have seen the apotheosis of Margaret in *Faust*. You know what care is taken, nightly, in the composition of that scene,—how the draperies are arranged for it; the lights turned off, and on; the fiddlestrings taxed for their utmost tenderness; the bassoons exhorted to a grievous solemnity.

You don't believe, however, that any real soul of a Margaret ever appeared to any mortal in that manner?

Here is an apotheosis also. Composed!—yes; figures high on the right and left, low in the middle, etc., etc., etc.

43. But the important questions seem to me, Was there ever a St. Francis?—*did* he ever receive stigmata?—*did* his soul go up to heaven—did any monk see it rising—and did Giotto mean to tell us so? If you will be good enough to settle these few small points in your mind first, the "composition" will take a wholly different aspect to you, according to your answer.

Nor does it seem doubtful to me what your answer, after investigation made, must be.

There assuredly was a St. Francis, whose life and works you had better study than either to-day's *Galignani*, or whatever, this year, may supply the place of the Tichborne case, in public interest.[1]

His reception of the stigmata is, perhaps, a marvellous instance of the power of imagination over physical conditions;

[1] [For similar allusions to the popular interest in the Tichborne Claimant, see *Val d'Arno*, § 207 (above, p. 112).]

perhaps an equally marvellous instance of the swift change of metaphor into tradition; but assuredly, and beyond dispute, one of the most influential, significant, and instructive traditions possessed by the Church of Christ. And, that, if ever soul rose to heaven from the dead body, his soul did so rise, is equally sure.

And, finally, Giotto believed that all he was called on to represent, concerning St. Francis, really had taken place, just as surely as you, if you are a Christian, believe that Christ died and rose again; and he represents it with all fidelity and passion: but, as I just now said, he is a man of supreme common-sense;—has as much humour and clearness of sight as Chaucer, and as much dislike of falsehood in clergy, or in professedly pious people: and in his gravest moments he will still see and say truly that what is fat, is fat—and what is lean, lean—and what is hollow, empty.

44. His great point, however, in this fresco, is the assertion of the reality of the stigmata against all question. There is not only one St. Thomas to be convinced; there are five;—one to each wound. Of these, four are intent only on satisfying their curiosity, and are peering or probing; one only kisses the hand he has lifted. The rest of the picture never was much more than a grey drawing of a noble burial service; of all concerned in which, one monk, only, is worthy to see the soul taken up to heaven; and he is evidently just the monk whom nobody in the convent thought anything of. (His face is all repainted; but one can gather this much, or little, out of it, yet.)

Of the composition, or "unity and harmony of the whole," as a burial service, we may better judge after we have looked at the brighter picture of St. Francis's Birth —birth spiritual, that is to say, to his native heaven; the uppermost, namely, of the three subjects on this side of the chapel. It is entirely characteristic of Giotto; much of it by his hand—all of it beautiful. All important matters to be known of Giotto you may know from this fresco.

"But we can't see it, even with our opera-glasses, but

Scenes from the Life of St. Francis

all foreshortened and spoiled. What is the use of lecturing us on this?"

That is precisely the first point which is essentially Giottesque in it; its being so out of the way! It is this which makes it a perfect specimen of the master. I will tell you next something about a work of his which you can see perfectly, just behind you on the opposite side of the wall; but that you have half to break your neck to look at this one, is the very first thing I want you to feel.

45. It is a characteristic—(as far as I know, quite a universal one)—of the greatest masters, that they never expect you to look at them;—seem always rather surprised if you want to; and not overpleased.[1] Tell them you are going to hang their picture at the upper end of the table at the next great City dinner, and that Mr. So-and-so will make a speech about it; you produce no impression upon them whatever, or an unfavourable one. The chances are ten to one they send you the most rubbishy thing they can find in their lumber-room. But send for one of them in a hurry, and tell him the rats have gnawed a nasty hole behind the parlour door, and you want it plastered and painted over;—and he does you a masterpiece which the world will peep behind your door to look at for ever.

I have no time to tell you why this is so; nor do I know why, altogether; but so it is.

Giotto, then, is sent for, to paint this high chapel: I am not sure if he chose his own subjects from the life of St. Francis: I think so,—but of course can't reason on the guess securely. At all events, he would have much of his own way in the matter.

46. Now you must observe that painting a Gothic chapel rightly is just the same thing as painting a Greek vase rightly. The chapel is merely the vase turned upside down, and outside in. The principles of decoration are exactly the same. Your decoration is to be proportioned to the size of your vase; to be together delightful when you look at the

[1] [Compare *Giotto and his Works in Padua*, § 7 (Vol. XXIV. p. 21).]

cup, or chapel, as a whole; to be various and entertaining when you turn the cup round (you turn *yourself* round in the chapel); and to bend its heads and necks of figures about, as it best can, over the hollows, and ins and outs, so that anyhow, whether too long or too short—possible or impossible—they may be living, and full of grace. You will also please take it on my word to-day—in another morning walk you shall have proof of it[1]—that Giotto was a pure Etruscan-Greek of the thirteenth century: converted indeed to worship St. Francis instead of Heracles; but as far as vase-painting goes, precisely the Etruscan he was before. This is nothing else than a large, beautiful, coloured Etruscan vase[2] you have got, inverted over your heads like a diving-bell.*

Accordingly, after the quatrefoil ornamentation of the top of the bell, you get two spaces at the sides under

* I observe that recent criticism is engaged in proving all Etruscan vases to be of late manufacture, in imitation of archaic Greek. And I therefore must briefly anticipate a statement which I shall have to enforce in following letters.[3] Etruscan art remains in its own Italian valleys, of the Arno and upper Tiber, in one unbroken series of work, from the seventh century before Christ, to this hour, when the country whitewasher still scratches his plaster in Etruscan patterns. All Florentine work of the finest kind—Luca della Robbia's, Ghiberti's, Donatello's, Filippo Lippi's, Botticelli's, Fra Angelico's—is absolutely pure Etruscan, merely changing its subjects, and representing the Virgin instead of Athena, and Christ instead of Jupiter. Every line of the Florentine chisel in the fifteenth century is based on national principles of art which existed in the seventh century before Christ; and Angelico, in his convent of St. Dominic at the root of the hill of Fésole,[4] is as true an Etruscan as the builder who laid the rude stones of the wall along its crest—of which modern civilization has used the only arch that remained for cheap building stone. Luckily, I sketched it in 1845;[5] but alas, too carelessly,—never conceiving of the brutalities of modern Italy as possible.

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[1] [This, however, was the last "morning" devoted to Giotto's paintings; but see below, § 66, p. 360.]

[2] [Compare what Ruskin says of the Baptistery of St. Mark's, *St. Mark's Rest*, § 95 (Vol. XXIV. p. 283).]

[3] [For other passages in which Ruskin enforces the permanence of the Etruscan element, see below, p. 478 *n.*]

[4] [The convent of S. Domenico, in the Piazza of that name, in Florence, from which the ascent to Fésole begins; not to be confused with the Badia of S. Domenico, just below the town of Fésole.]

[5] [This sketch is not known to the editors.]

arches, very difficult to cramp one's picture into, if it is to be a picture only; but entirely provocative of our old Etruscan instinct of ornament. And, spurred by the difficulty, and pleased by the national character of it, we put our best work into these arches, utterly neglectful of the public below,—who will see the white and red and blue spaces, at any rate, which is all they will want to see, thinks Giotto, if he ever looks down from his scaffold.

47. Take the highest compartment, then, on the left, looking towards the window. It was wholly impossible to get the arch filled with figures, unless they stood on each other's heads; so Giotto ekes it out with a piece of fine architecture. Raphael, in the Sposalizio, does the same, for pleasure.

Then he puts two dainty little white figures, bending, on each flank, to stop up his corners. But he puts the taller inside on the right, and outside on the left. And he puts his Greek chorus of observant and moralizing persons on each side of his main action.

Then he puts one Choragus—or leader of chorus, supporting the main action—on each side. Then he puts the main action in the middle—which is a quarrel about that white bone of contention in the centre. Choragus on the right, who sees that the bishop is going to have the best of it, backs him serenely. Choragus on the left, who sees that his impetuous friend is going to get the worst of it, is pulling him back, and trying to keep him quiet. The subject of the picture, which, after you are quite sure it is good as a decoration, but not till then, you may be allowed to understand, is the following. One of St. Francis's three great virtues being Obedience, he begins his spiritual life by quarrelling with his father. He, I suppose in modern terms I should say, "commercially invests" some of his father's goods in charity. His father objects to that investment; on which St. Francis runs away, taking what he can find about the house along with him. His father follows to claim his property, but finds it is all gone, already; and

that St. Francis has made friends with the Bishop of Assisi. His father flies into an indecent passion, and declares he will disinherit him; on which St. Francis then and there takes all his clothes off, throws them frantically in his father's face, and says he has nothing more to do with clothes or father. The good Bishop, in tears of admiration, embraces St. Francis, and covers him with his own mantle.

48. I have read the picture to you as, if Mr. Spurgeon knew anything about art, Mr. Spurgeon would read it,—that is to say, from the plain, common-sense, Protestant side.[1] If you are content with that view of it, you may leave the chapel, and, as far as any study of history is concerned, Florence also; for you can never know anything either about Giotto, or her.

Yet do not be afraid of my re-reading it to you from the mystic, nonsensical, and Papistical side. I am going to read it to you—if after many and many a year of thought, I am able—as Giotto meant it; Giotto being, as far as we know, then the man of strongest brain and hand in Florence; the best friend of the best religious poet of the world; and widely differing, as his friend did also, in his views of the world, from either Mr. Spurgeon, or Pius IX.

The first duty of a child is to obey its father and mother; as the first duty of a citizen is to obey the laws of his state. And this duty is so strict that I believe the only limits to it are those fixed by Isaac and Iphigenia.[2] On the other hand, the father and mother have also a fixed duty to the child—not to provoke it to wrath.[3] I have never heard this text explained to fathers and mothers from the pulpit, which is curious. For it appears to me that God will expect the parents to understand their duty to

[1] [Ruskin at one time used to sit under Mr. Spurgeon; for references to him, see *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 50; *Fiction, Fair and Foul*, § 31 *n.*; and note to the epilogue to the letters on "The Lord's Prayer and the Church," dated June 1880.]

[2] [On this subject, and on these instances, compare *Sesame and Lilies*, § 61, *Ethics of the Dust*, Preface to ed. 2 (Vol. XVIII. pp. 117, 205), and *Art of England*, § 13; for Iphigenia, see also above, p. 126.]

[3] [Ephesians vi. 4.]

their children, better even than children can be expected to know their duty to their parents.

49. But farther. A *child's* duty is to obey its parents.[1] It is never said anywhere in the Bible, and never was yet said in any good or wise book, that a man's, or woman's, is. *When*, precisely, a child becomes a man or a woman, it can no more be said, than when it should first stand on its legs. But a time assuredly comes when it should. In great states, children are always trying to remain children, and the parents wanting to make men and women of them. In vile states, the children are always wanting to be men and women, and the parents to keep them children. It may be—and happy the house in which it is so—that the father's at least equal intellect, and older experience, may remain to the end of his life a law to his children, not of force, but of perfect guidance, with perfect love. Rarely it is so; not often possible. It is as natural for the old to be prejudiced as for the young to be presumptuous; and, in the change of centuries, each generation has something to judge of for itself.

But this scene, on which Giotto has dwelt with so great force, represents, not the child's assertion of his independence, but his adoption of another Father.

50. You must not confuse the desire of this boy of Assisi to obey God rather than man, with the desire of our young cockney Hopeful to have a latch-key, and a separate allowance. No point of duty has been more miserably warped and perverted by false priests, in all churches, than this duty of the young to choose whom they will serve.[2] But the duty itself does not the less exist; and if there be any truth in Christianity at all, there will come, for all true disciples, a time when they have to take that saying to heart, "He that loveth father or mother more than me, is not worthy of me."[3]

"*Loveth*"—observe. There is no talk of disobeying

[1] [Ephesians vi. 1.]
[2] [John xxiv. 15.]
[3] [Matthew x. 37.]

fathers or mothers whom you do *not* love, or of running away from a home where you would rather not stay. But to leave the home which is your peace, and to be at enmity with those who are most dear to you,—this, if there be meaning in Christ's words, one day or other will be demanded of His true followers.

And there *is* meaning in Christ's words. Whatever misuse may have been made of them,—whatever false prophets—and Heaven knows there have been many—have called the young children to them, not to bless, but to curse, the assured fact remains, that if you will obey God, there will come a moment when the voice of man will be raised, with all its holiest natural authority, against you. The friend and the wise adviser—the brother and the sister—the father and the master—the entire voice of your prudent and keen-sighted acquaintance—the entire weight of the scornful stupidity of the vulgar world—for *once*, they will be against you, all at one. You have to obey God rather than man.[1] The human race, with all its wisdom and love, all its indignation and folly, on one side,—God alone on the other. You have to choose.

That is the meaning of St. Francis's renouncing his inheritance; and it is the beginning of Giotto's gospel of Works. Unless this hardest of deeds be done first,—this inheritance of mammon and the world cast away,—all other deeds are useless. You cannot serve, cannot obey, God and mammon.[2] No charities, no obediences, no self-denials, are of any use, while you are still at heart in conformity with the world. You go to church, because the world goes. You keep Sunday, because your neighbours keep it. But you dress ridiculously, because your neighbours ask it; and you dare not do a rough piece of work, because your neighbours despise it. You must renounce your neighbour, in his riches and pride, and remember him in his distress. That is St. Francis's "disobedience."

[1] [See Acts v. 29.]
[2] [Matthew vi. 24.]

51. And now you can understand the relation of subjects throughout the chapel, and Giotto's choice of them.

The roof has the symbols of the three virtues of labour —Poverty, Chastity, Obedience.

A. Highest on the left side, looking to the window. The life of St. Francis begins in his renunciation of the world.

B. Highest on the right side. His new life is approved and ordained by the authority of the Church.

C. Central on the left side. He preaches to his own disciples.

D. Central on the right side. He preaches to the heathen.

E. Lowest on the left side. His burial.

F. Lowest on the right side. His power after death.

Besides these six subjects, there are, on the sides of the window, the four great Franciscan saints, St. Louis of France, St. Louis of Toulouse, St. Claire, and St. Elizabeth of Hungary.

So that you have in the whole series this much given you to think of: first, the law of St. Francis's conscience; then, his own adoption of it; then, the ratification of it by the Christian Church; then, his preaching it in life; then, his preaching it in death; and then, the fruits of it in his disciples.

52. I have only been able myself to examine, or in any right sense to see, of this code of subjects, the first, second, fourth, and the St. Louis and Elizabeth. I will ask *you* only to look at two more of them, namely, St. Francis before the Soldan, midmost on your right, and St. Louis.

The Soldan, with an ordinary opera-glass, you may see clearly enough; and I think it will be first well to notice some technical points in it.

If the little virgin on the stairs of the temple reminded you of one composition of Titian's,[1] this Soldan should, I think, remind you of all that is greatest in Titian; so

[1] [See above, § 25, p. 321.]

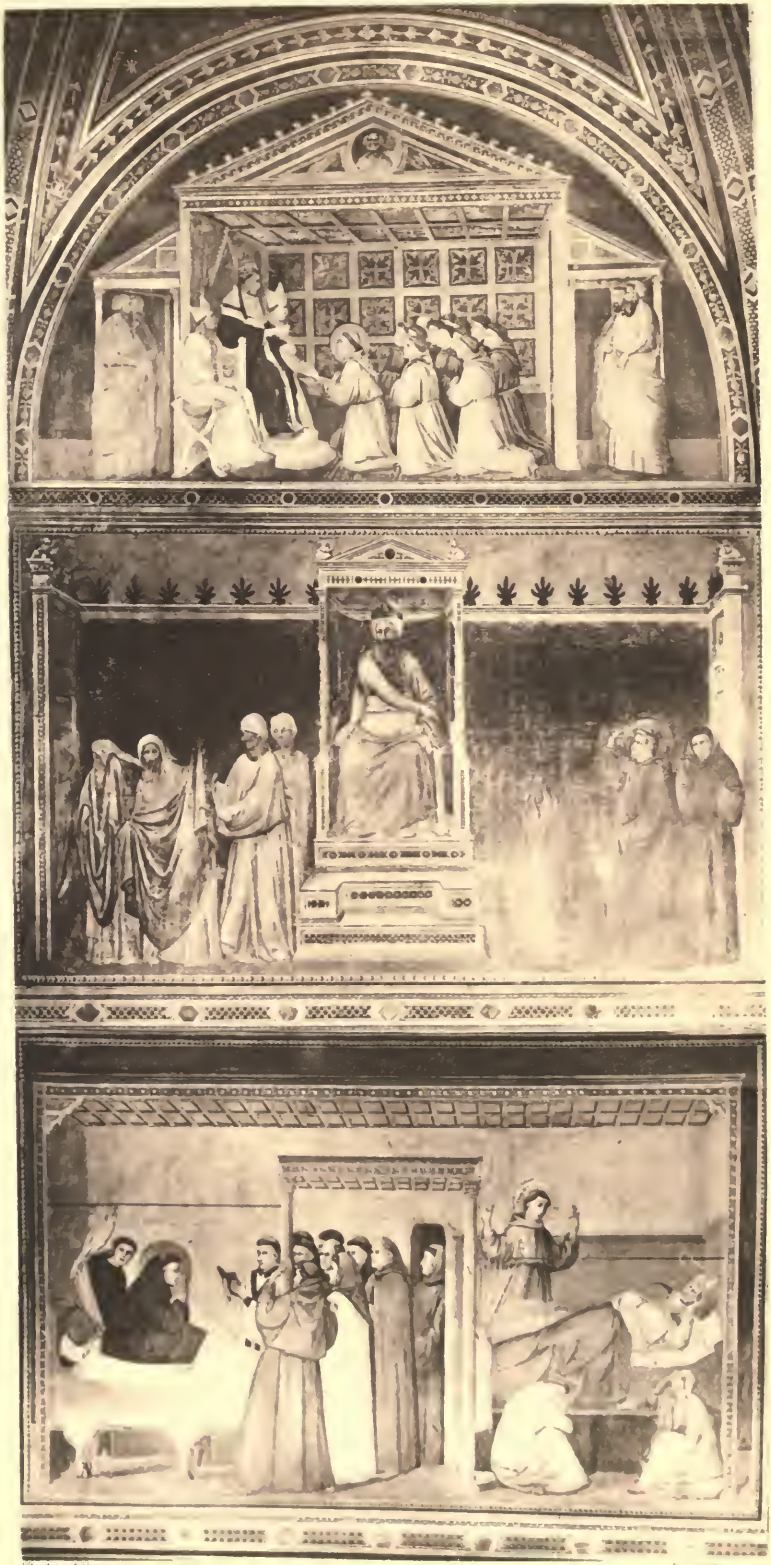
forcibly, indeed, that for my own part, if I had been told that a careful early fresco by Titian had been recovered in Santa Croce, I could have believed both report and my own eyes, more quickly than I have been able to admit that this is indeed by Giotto. It is so great that—had its principles been understood—there was in reality nothing more to be taught of art in Italy; nothing to be invented afterwards, except Dutch effects of light.

That there is no "effect of light" here arrived at, I beg you at once to observe as a most important lesson. The subject is St. Francis challenging the Soldan's Magi, —fire-worshippers—to pass with him through the fire, which is blazing red at his feet. It is so hot that the two Magi on the other side of the throne shield their faces. But it is represented simply as a red mass of writhing forms of flame; and casts no firelight whatever. There is no ruby colour on anybody's nose; there are no black shadows under anybody's chin; there are no Rembrandtesque gradations of gloom, or glitterings of sword-hilt and armour.

53. Is this ignorance, think you, in Giotto, and pure artlessness? He was now a man in middle life, having passed all his days in painting, and professedly, and almost contentiously, painting things as he saw them. Do you suppose he never saw fire cast firelight?—and he the friend of Dante! who of all poets is the most subtle in his sense of every kind of effect of light[1]—though he has been thought by the public to know that of fire only. Again and again, his ghosts wonder that there is shadow cast by Dante's body;[2] and is the poet's friend, *because* a painter, likely,

[1] [See Vol. V. pp. 310–312.]

[2] [The word "no," hitherto inserted before "shadow," must have been a printer's error. The occupants of Purgatory, though they have visible shape and can suffer pain, have no palpable body. See *Purg.*, ii. 79–81 (where Dante tries to embrace Casella in vain); xxi. 131–132 (where Virgil reproves Statius for trying to embrace him), although Virgil and Sordello do embrace each other (*Purg.*, vi. 75). Dante, being living flesh and blood, is thus the only visitant to Purgatory who casts a shadow, and at this the shades wonder (*Purg.*, iii. 88–96), just after (*ibid.*, 16 *seq.*) Dante himself has wondered at Virgil casting no shadow; and again, *ibid.*, v. 25–35. Dante himself refers to the fact in the passage (*Purg.*, xxvi. 7) mentioned in the text, where the shadows from the sunshine make the flames redder.]



Scenes from the Life of St. Francis

therefore, not to have known that mortal substance casts shadow, and terrestrial flame, light? Nay, the passage in the *Purgatorio* where the shadows from the morning sunshine make the flames redder, reaches the accuracy of Newtonian science; and does Giotto, think you, all the while, see nothing of the sort?

The fact was, he saw light so intensely that he never for an instant thought of painting it. He knew that to paint the sun was as impossible as to stop it;[1] and he was no trickster, trying to find out ways of seeming to do what he did not. I can paint a rose,—yes; and I will. I can't paint a red-hot coal; and I won't try to, nor seem to. This was just as natural and certain a process of thinking with *him*, as the honesty of it, and true science, were impossible to the false painters of the sixteenth century.

54. Nevertheless, what his art can honestly do to make you feel as much as he wants you to feel, about this fire, he will do; and that studiously. That the fire be *luminous* or not, is no matter just now. But that the fire is *hot*, he would have you to know. Now, will you notice what colours he has used in the whole picture? First, the blue background, necessary to unite it with the other three subjects, is reduced to the smallest possible space. St. Francis must be in grey, for that is his dress; also the attendant of one of the Magi is in grey; but so warm, that, if you saw it by itself, you would call it brown. The shadow behind the throne, which Giotto knows he *can* paint, and therefore does, is grey also. The rest of the picture* in at least six-sevenths of its area—is either crimson, gold, orange, purple, or white, all as warm as Giotto could paint them; and set off by minute spaces only of intense black, —the Soldan's fillet at the shoulders, his eyes, beard, and the points necessary in the golden pattern behind. And the whole picture is one glow.

* The floor has been repainted; but though its grey is now heavy and cold, it cannot kill the splendour of the rest.

[1] [Compare what Ruskin says of Turner in this respect: Vol. VI. pp. 48 *seq.*]

55. A single glance round at the other subjects will convince you of the special character in this; but you will recognize also that the four upper subjects, in which St. Francis's life and zeal are shown, are all in comparatively warm colours, while the two lower ones—of the death, and the visions after it—have been kept as definitely sad and cold.

Necessarily, you might think, being full of monks' dresses. Not so. Was there any need for Giotto to have put the priest at the foot of the dead body, with the black banner stooped over it in the shape of a grave? Might he not, had he chosen, in either fresco, have made the celestial visions brighter? Might not St. Francis have appeared in the centre of a celestial glory to the dreaming Pope, or his soul been seen of the poor monk, rising through more radiant clouds? Look, however, how radiant, in the small space allowed out of the blue, they are in reality. You cannot anywhere see a lovelier piece of Giottesque colour, though here, you have to mourn over the smallness of the piece, and its isolation. For the face of St. Francis himself is repainted, and all the blue sky; but the clouds and four sustaining angels are hardly retouched at all, and their iridescent and exquisitely graceful wings are left with really very tender and delicate care by the restorer of the sky. And no one but Giotto or Turner could have painted them.

56. For in all his use of opalescent and warm colour, Giotto is exactly like Turner, as, in his swift expressional power, he is like Gainsborough. All the other Italian religious painters work out their expression with toil; he only can give it with a touch. All the other great Italian colourists see only the beauty of colour, but Giotto also its brightness. And none of the others, except Tintoret, understood to the full its symbolic power; but with those —Giotto and Tintoret—there is always, not only a colour harmony, but a colour secret. It is not merely to make the picture glow, but to remind you that St. Francis preaches to a fire-worshipping king, that Giotto covers the wall with purple and scarlet;—and above, in the dispute at Assisi,

the angry father is dressed in red, varying like passion; and the robe with which his protector embraces St. Francis, blue, symbolizing the peace of Heaven. Of course certain conventional colours were traditionally employed by all painters; but only Giotto and Tintoret invent a symbolism of their own for every picture. Thus in Tintoret's picture of the fall of the manna, the figure of God the Father is entirely robed in white, contrary to all received custom: in that of Moses striking the rock, it is surrounded by a rainbow.[1] Of Giotto's symbolism in colour at Assisi, I have given account elsewhere.*

You are not to think, therefore, the difference between the colour of the upper and lower frescoes unintentional. The life of St. Francis was always full of joy and triumph; his death, in great suffering, weariness, and extreme humility. The tradition of him reverses that of Elijah: living, he is seen in the chariot of fire;[2] dying, he submits to more than the common sorrow of death.

57. There is, however, much more than a difference in colour between the upper and lower frescoes. There is a difference in manner which I cannot account for; and above all, a very singular difference in skill,—indicating, it seems to me, that the two lower were done long before the others, and afterwards united and harmonized with them. It is of no interest to the general reader to pursue this question; but one point he can notice quickly, that the lower frescoes depend much on a mere black or brown outline of the features, while the faces above are evenly and completely painted in the most accomplished Venetian manner:—and another, respecting the management of the draperies, contains much interest for us.

Giotto never succeeded, to the very end of his days, in

* *Fors Clavigera* for September, 1874 [Letter 45, § 18].

[1] [See Vol. XI. p. 423, where Ruskin notes the same points in his account of the pictures in the Scuola di San Rocco.]

[2] [2 Kings ii. 11. The apparition of St. Francis in a fiery chariot (as described in Bonaventura's Life) is the subject of one of Giotto's frescoes in the Upper Church at Assisi.]

representing a figure lying down, and at ease. It is one of the most curious points in all his character. Just the thing which he could study from nature without the smallest hindrance, is the thing he never can paint; while subtleties of form and gesture, which depend absolutely on their momentariness, and actions in which no model can stay for an instant, he seizes with infallible accuracy.

Not only has the sleeping Pope, in the right-hand lower fresco, his head laid uncomfortably on his pillow, but all the clothes on him are in awkward angles, even Giotto's instinct for lines of drapery failing him altogether when he has to lay it on a reposing figure. But look at the folds of the Soldan's robe over his knees. None could be more beautiful or right; and it is to me wholly inconceivable that the two paintings should be within even twenty years of each other in date—the skill in the upper one is so supremely greater. We shall find, however, more than mere truth in its casts of drapery, if we examine them.

58. They are so simply right, in the figure of the Soldan, that we do not think of them;—we see him only, not his dress. But we see dress first, in the figures of the discomfited Magi. Very fully draped personages these, indeed,—with trains, it appears, four yards long, and bearers of them.

The one nearest the Soldan has done his devoir as bravely as he could; would fain go up to the fire, but cannot; is forced to shield his face, though he has not turned back. Giotto gives him full sweeping breadth of fold; what dignity he can;—a man faithful to his profession at all events.

The next one has no such courage. Collapsed altogether, he has nothing more to say for himself or his creed. Giotto hangs the cloak upon him, in Ghirlandajo's fashion,[1] as from a peg, but with ludicrous narrowness of fold. Literally, he is a "shut-up" Magus—closed like a fan. He turns his head away, hopelessly. And the last Magus shows nothing but his back, disappearing through the door.

Opposed to them, in a modern work, you would have

[1] [See above, § 18, p. 313.]

had a St. Francis standing as high as he could in his sandals, contemptuous, denunciatory; magnificently showing the Magi the door. No such thing, says Giotto. A somewhat mean man; disappointing enough in presence—even in feature; I do not understand his gesture, pointing to his forehead—perhaps meaning, "my life, or my head, upon the truth of this." The attendant monk behind him is terror-struck; but will follow his master. The dark Moorish servants of the Magi show no emotion—will arrange their masters' trains as usual, and decorously sustain their retreat.

59. Lastly, for the Soldan himself. In a modern work, you would assuredly have had him staring at St. Francis with his eyebrows up, or frowning thundrously at his Magi, with them bent as far down as they would go. Neither of these aspects does he bear, according to Giotto. A perfect gentleman and king, he looks on his Magi with quiet eyes of decision; he is much the noblest person in the room —though an infidel, the true hero of the scene, far more than St. Francis. It is evidently the Soldan whom Giotto wants you to think of mainly, in this picture of Christian missionary work.

He does not altogether take the view of the Heathen which you would get in an Exeter Hall meeting. Does not expatiate on their ignorance, their blackness, or their nakedness. Does not at all think of the Florentine Islington and Pentonville, as inhabited by persons in every respect superior to the kings of the East; nor does he imagine every other religion but his own to be log-worship. Probably the people who really worship logs—whether in Persia or Pentonville—will be left to worship logs to their hearts' content, thinks Giotto. But to those who worship *God*, and who have obeyed the laws of heaven written in their hearts, and numbered the stars of it visible to them,—to these, a nearer star may rise; and a higher God be revealed.

You are to note, therefore, that Giotto's Soldan is the type of all noblest religion and law, in countries where the

name of Christ has not been preached. There was no doubt what king or people should be chosen: the country of the three Magi had already been indicated by the miracle of Bethlehem; and the religion and morality of Zoroaster were the purest, and in spirit the oldest, in the heathen world. Therefore, when Dante, in the nineteenth and twentieth books of the *Paradise*, gives his final interpretation of the law of human and divine justice in relation to the gospel of Christ—the lower and enslaved body of the heathen being represented by St. Philip's convert ("Christians like these the Ethiop shall condemn"[1])—the noblest state of heathenism is at once chosen, as by Giotto: "What may the *Persians* say unto *your* kings?"[2] Compare also Milton,—

> "At the Soldan's chair,
> Defied the best of Paynim chivalry."[3]

60. And now, the time is come for you to look at Giotto's St. Louis, who is the type of a Christian king.[4]

You would, I suppose, never have seen it at all, unless I had dragged you here on purpose. It was enough in the dark originally—is trebly darkened by the modern painted glass—and dismissed to its oblivion contentedly by Mr. Murray's "Four saints, all much restored and repainted,"[5] and Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle's serene "The St. Louis is quite new."[6]

Now, I am the last person to call any restoration whatever, judicious. Of all destructive manias, that of restoration is the frightfulest and foolishest. Nevertheless, what good, in its miserable way, it can bring, the poor art scholar must now apply his common-sense to take; there is no use because a great work has been restored, in now passing it by altogether, not even looking for what instruction we

[1] [*Paradiso*, xix. 109; quoted also in Vol. XVII. p. 76.]
[2] [*Ibid.*, 111.]
[3] [*Paradise Lost*, i. 765.]
[4] [Plate XXXIV. Compare above, § 9, p. 301.]
[5] [At p. 117 of the 1864 edition, afterwards revised.]
[6] [*New History of Painting in Italy*, 1864, vol. i. p. 307 *n.*]

may still find in its design, which will be more intelligible, if the restorer has had any conscience at all, to the ordinary spectator, than it would have been in the faded work. When, indeed, Mr. Murray's Guide tells you that a *building* has been "magnificently restored," you may pass the building by in resigned despair; for *that* means that every bit of the old sculpture has been destroyed, and modern vulgar copies put up in its place. But a restored picture or fresco will often be, to *you*, more useful than a pure one; and in all probability—if an important piece of art—it will have been spared in many places, cautiously completed in others, and still assert itself in a mysterious way—as Leonardo's Cenacolo does[1]—through every phase of reproduction.*

* For a test of your feeling in the matter, having looked well at these two lower frescoes in this chapel, walk round into the next, and examine the lower one on your left hand as you enter that. You will find in your Murray that the frescoes in this chapel "were also, till lately (1862), covered with whitewash"; but I happen to have a long critique of this particular picture written in the year 1845, and I see no change in it since then.[2] Mr. Murray's critic also tells you to observe in it that "the daughter of Herodias playing on a violin is not unlike Perugino's treatment of similar subjects." By which Mr. Murray's critic means that the male musician playing on a violin, whom, without looking either at his dress, or at the rest of the fresco, he took for the daughter of Herodias, has a broad face. Allowing you the full benefit of this criticism,—there is still a point or two more to be observed. This is the only fresco near the ground in which Giotto's work is untouched, at least by the modern restorer. So felicitously safe it is, that you may learn from it at once and for ever, what good fresco painting is—how quiet—how delicately clear—how little coarsely or vulgarly attractive—how capable of the most tender light and shade, and of the most exquisite and enduring colour.

In this latter respect, this fresco stands almost alone among the works of Giotto; the striped curtain behind the table being wrought with a variety and fantasy of playing colour which Paul Veronese could not better at his best.

You will find, without difficulty, in spite of the faint tints, the daughter of Herodias in the middle of the picture—slowly *moving*, not dancing, to

[1] [Compare Vol. XIX. p. 103.]

[2] [The Capella Peruzzi. For the passage in Murray, see p. 118 of the edition of 1864. Ruskin's critique of 1845 (in which he had noted the resemblance to Perugino in the figure mentioned) has been cited in a note to his review of Lord Lindsay (Vol. XII. p. 215).]

61. But I can assure you, in the first place, that the St. Louis is by no means altogether new. I have been up at it, and found most lovely and true colour left in many parts; the crown, which you will find, after our mornings at the Spanish chapel, is of importance, nearly untouched; the lines of the features and hair, though all more or less reproduced, still of definite and notable character; and the junction throughout of added colour so careful, that the harmony of the whole, if not delicate with its old tenderness, is at least, in its coarser way, solemn and unbroken. Such as the figure remains, it still possesses extreme beauty —profoundest interest. And, as you can see it from below with your glass, it leaves little to be desired, and may be dwelt upon with more profit than nine out of ten of the renowned pictures of the Tribune or the Pitti. You will enter into the spirit of it better if I first translate for you a little piece from the *Fioretti di San Francesco.*[1]

62. "*How St. Louis, King of France, went personally in the guise of a pilgrim, to Perugia, to visit the holy Brother Giles.*—St. Louis, King of France, went on pilgrimage to visit the sanctuaries of the world: and hearing the most great fame of the holiness of Brother Giles, who had been among the first companions of St. Francis, put it in his heart, and determined assuredly that he would visit him personally; wherefore he came to Perugia, where was then staying the said brother. And coming to the gate of the place of the Brothers, with few companions, and being

the violin music—she herself playing on a lyre. In the farther corner of the picture, she gives St. John's head to her mother; the face of Herodias is almost entirely faded, which may be a farther guarantee to you of the safety of the rest. The subject of the Apocalypse, highest on the right, is one of the most interesting mythic pictures in Florence; nor do I know any other so completely rendering the meaning of the scene between the woman in the wilderness, and the Dragon enemy.[2] But it cannot be seen from the floor level: and I have no power of showing its beauty in words.

[1] [Capitolo xxxiv.; p. 121 in the edition of Leopoldo Amoni (Rome, 1889).]

[2] [Revelation xii. 6, 13, etc. Ruskin made a study of this fresco in 1874: see the Introduction (above, p. l.).]

H. S. Uhlrich sc.

Saint Louis

From the Fresco by Giotto in S. Croce

unknown, he asked with great earnestness for Brother Giles, telling nothing to the porter who he was that asked. The porter, therefore, goes to Brother Giles, and says that there is a pilgrim asking for him at the gate. And by God it was inspired in him and revealed that it was the King of France; whereupon quickly with great fervour he left his cell and ran to the gate, and without any question asked, or ever having seen each other before, kneeling down together with greatest devotion, they embraced and kissed each other with as much familiarity as if for a long time they had held great friendship; but all the while neither the one nor the other spoke, but stayed, so embraced, with such signs of charitable love, in silence. And so having remained for a great while, they parted from one another, and St. Louis went on his way, and Brother Giles returned to his cell. And the King being gone, one of the brethren asked of his companion who he was, who answered that he was the King of France. Of which the other brothers being told, were in the greatest melancholy because Brother Giles had never said a word to him; and murmuring at it, they said, 'Oh, Brother Giles, wherefore hadst thou so country manners that to so holy a king, who had come from France to see thee and hear from thee some good word, thou hast spoken nothing?'

"Answered Brother Giles: 'Dearest brothers, wonder not ye at this, that neither I to him, nor he to me, could speak a word; for so soon as we had embraced, the light of the divine wisdom revealed and manifested, to me, his heart, and to him, mine; and so by divine operation we looked each in the other's heart on what we would have said to one another, and knew it better far than if we had spoken with the mouth, and with more consolation, because of the defect of the human tongue, which cannot clearly express the secrets of God, and would have been for discomfort rather than comfort. And know, therefore, that the King parted from me marvellously content, and comforted in his mind.'"

63. Of all which story, not a word, of course, is credible by any rational person.

Certainly not: the spirit, nevertheless, which created the story, is an entirely indisputable fact in the history of Italy and of mankind. Whether St. Louis and Brother Giles ever knelt together in the street of Perugia matters not a whit. That a king and a poor monk could be conceived to have thoughts of each other which no words could speak; and that indeed the King's tenderness and humility made such a tale credible to the people,—this is what you have to meditate on here.

Nor is there any better spot in the world,—whencesoever your pilgrim feet may have journeyed to it,—wherein to make up so much mind as you have in you for the making, concerning the nature of Kinghood and Princedom generally; and of the forgeries and mockeries of both which are too often manifested in their room. For it happens that this Christian and this Persian King are better painted here by Giotto than elsewhere by any one, so as to give you the best attainable conception of the Christian and Heathen powers which have both received, in the book which Christians profess to reverence, the same epithet as the King of the Jews Himself; anointed, or Christos:—and as the most perfect Christian Kinghood was exhibited in the life, partly real, partly traditional, of St. Louis, so the most perfect Heathen Kinghood was exemplified in the life, partly real, partly traditional, of Cyrus of Persia, and in the laws for human government and education which had chief force in his dynasty. And before the images of these two Kings I think therefore it will be well that you should read the charge to Cyrus, written by Isaiah. The second clause of it, if not all, will here become memorable to you—literally illustrating, as it does, the very manner of the defeat of the Zoroastrian Magi, on which Giotto founds his Triumph of Faith. I write the leading sentences continuously; what I omit is only their amplification, which you can easily refer to at home. (Isa. xliv. 24 to xlv. 13.)

64. "Thus saith the Lord, thy Redeemer, and he that formed thee from the womb. I the Lord that maketh all; that stretcheth forth the heavens, alone; that spreadeth abroad the earth, alone; *that turneth wise men backward, and maketh their knowledge, foolish; that confirmeth the word of his Servant, and fulfilleth the counsel of his messengers:* that saith of Cyrus, He is my Shepherd, and shall perform all my pleasure, even saying to Jerusalem, 'thou shalt be built,' and to the temple, 'thy foundations shall be laid.'

"Thus saith the Lord to his Christ;—to Cyrus, whose right hand I have holden, to subdue nations before him, and I will loose the loins of Kings.

"I will go before thee, and make the crooked places straight; I will break in pieces the gates of brass, and cut in sunder the bars of iron; and I will give *thee* the treasures of darkness, and hidden riches of secret places, that thou mayest know that I the Lord, which call thee by thy name, am the God of Israel.

"For Jacob my servant's sake, and Israel mine elect, I have even called thee by thy name; I have surnamed thee, though thou hast not known me.

"I am the Lord, and there is none else; there is no God beside me. I girded thee, though thou hast not known me. That they may know, from the *rising of the sun*, and from the west, that there is none beside me; I am the Lord, and there is none else. *I form the light*, and create darkness; I make peace and create evil. I the Lord do all these things.

"I have raised him up in Righteousness, and will direct all his ways; he shall build my city, and let go my captives, not for price nor reward, saith the Lord of Nations."

65. To this last verse, add the ordinance of Cyrus in fulfilling it, that you may understand what is meant by a King's being "raised up in Righteousness," and notice, with respect to the picture under which you stand, the Persian King's thought of the Jewish Temple.

"In the first year of the reign of Cyrus,* King Cyrus commanded that the house of the Lord at Jerusalem should be built again, *where they do service with perpetual fire*" (the italicized sentence is Darius's, quoting Cyrus's decree—the decree itself worded thus); "Thus saith Cyrus, King of Persia:† The Lord God of heaven hath given me all the kingdoms of the earth, and he hath charged me to build him an house at Jerusalem.

"Who is there among you of all his people?—his God be with him, and let him go up to Jerusalem which is in Judah, and let the men of his place help him with silver and with gold, and with goods and with beasts."

Between which "bringing the prisoners out of captivity"[1] and modern liberty, free trade, and anti-slavery eloquence, there is no small interval.

66. To these two ideals of Kinghood, then, the boy has reached, since the day he was drawing the lamb on the stone, as Cimabue passed by.[2] You will not find two other such, that I know of, in the west of Europe; and yet there has been many a try at the painting of crowned heads,—and King George III. and Queen Charlotte, by Sir Joshua Reynolds, are very fine, no doubt. Also your black-muzzled kings of Velasquez, and Vandyck's long-haired and white-handed ones; and Rubens' riders—in those handsome boots. Pass such shadows of them as you can summon, rapidly before your memory—then look at this St. Louis.

His face—gentle, resolute, glacial-pure, thin-cheeked; so sharp at the chin that the entire head is almost of the form of a knight's shield—the hair short on the forehead, falling on each side in the old Greek-Etruscan curves of simplest line, to the neck; I don't know if you can see without being nearer, the difference in the arrangement of it on the two sides—the mass of it on the right shoulder bending inwards, while that on the left falls straight. It is one of

* 1st Esdras vi. 24.

† Ezra i. 3 and 2nd Esdras ii. 3.

[1] [See Isaiah xlii. 7.]

[2] [See *Giotto and his Works in Padua*, § 4 (Vol. XXIV. p. 18).]

the pretty changes which a modern workman would never dream of—and which assures me the restorer has followed the old lines rightly.

He wears a crown formed by an hexagonal pyramid, beaded with pearls on the edges; and walled round, above the brow, with a vertical fortress-parapet, as it were, rising into sharp-pointed spines at the angles: it is chasing of gold with pearl—beautiful in the remaining work of it; the Soldan wears a crown of the same general form; the hexagonal outline signifying all order, strength, and royal economy. We shall see farther symbolism of this kind, soon, by Simon Memmi, in the Spanish chapel.

67. I cannot tell you anything definite of the two other frescoes—for I can only examine one or two pictures in a day; and never begin with one till I have done with another; and I had to leave Florence without looking at these—even so far as to be quite sure of their subjects. The central one on the left is either the twelfth subject of Assisi—St. Francis in Ecstasy;* or the eighteenth—the Apparition of St. Francis at Arles;† while the lowest on the right may admit choice between two subjects in each half of it: my own reading of them would be—that they are the twenty-first and twenty-fifth subjects of Assisi, the Dying Friar‡ and Vision of Pope Gregory IX.;§ but

* "Represented" (next to St. Francis before the Soldan, at Assisi) "as seen one night by the brethren, praying, elevated from the ground, his hands extended like the cross, and surrounded by a shining cloud."—*Lord Lindsay* [*Sketches of the History of Christian Art*, 1847, vol. ii. p. 211].

† "St. Anthony of Padua was preaching at a general chapter of the order, held at Arles, in 1224, when St. Francis appeared in the midst, his arms extended, and in the attitude of benediction."—*Lord Lindsay* [*ibid.* p. 216].

‡ "A brother of the order, lying on his deathbed, saw the spirit of St. Francis rising to heaven, and springing forward, cried, 'Tarry, Father, I come with thee!' and fell back dead."—*Lord Lindsay* [*ibid.* p. 220].

§ "He hesitated, before canonizing St. Francis; doubting the celestial infliction of the stigmata. St. Francis appeared to him in a vision, and with a severe countenance reproving his unbelief, opened his robe, and, exposing the wound in his side, filled a vial with the blood that flowed from it, and gave it to the Pope, who awoke and found it in his hand."—*Lord Lindsay* [*ibid.* p. 221].

Crowe and Cavalcaselle may be right in their different interpretation;* in any case, the meaning of the entire system of work remains unchanged, as I have given it above.

* "As St. Francis was carried on his bed of sickness to St. Maria degli Angeli, he stopped at an hospital on the roadside, and ordering his attendants to turn his head in the direction of Assisi, he rose in his litter and said, 'Blessed be thou amongst cities; may the blessing of God cling to thee, oh holy place, for by thee shall many souls be saved;' and having said this, he lay down and was carried on to St. Maria degli Angeli. On the evening of the 4th of October his death was revealed at the very hour to the bishop of Assisi on Mount Gargano."—*Crowe and Cavalcaselle* [*New History of Painting,* vol. i. p. 306].

The Strait Gate

As early as may be
~~Before we do anything else~~ this morning, let us look
for a minute or two into the ~~nave of the~~ cathedral: ~~a minute~~
~~or two will be really enough for all we have to~~ I was
going to say - entering by one of the side doors; but we
which perhaps might not strike you unless you were thinking specially of it,
can't do anything else, if there are no transept doors; and
wanders round to the desolate ~~hole in the~~
one never ~~thinks of entering by the ugly~~ front
From either of the ~~four~~ side doors, a few paces will bring
you to the middle of the nave - and to the point opposite the middle of the
third arch from the west end: - where you will find
yourself - if ~~accurately central~~ well in the mid-nave, standing on a circular slab of
green porphyry, which marks the former place of the grave of
the bishop Zenobius The large inscription, on the wide
circle of the floor outside of you records the translation
of his body; ~~to the h~~ the smaller one round the ~~slab~~ stone

ultimam." – is a painful truth I suppose – to travellers like ~~the~~ us English who never rest anywhere till we cannot ~~if we can~~ help it.

– I ~~stopping~~ Resting here, at any rate – for a few minutes, look up to the white, washed vaulting of the compartment of the roof next the west end.

~~With little effort of fancy, looking at it friendly~~

You will see nothing whatever in it worth looking at

Nevertheless Look a little longer

But The longer you look – the less you see why I tell you to look? – It is nothing but a whitewashed ceiling vaulted indeed – but – so is ~~a~~ many a tailors garret window for that matter – indeed – now that you have looked steadily for a minute or so – ~~you can easily~~ and are used to the look of the vault it becomes so small that you can almost fancy it ~~very little more than~~ the ceiling of a good sized lumber room in an attic

A Page of the MS of "Mornings in Florence" (§§ 68, 69)

THE FOURTH MORNING

THE VAULTED BOOK

68. As early as may be this morning, let us look for a minute or two into the cathedral:—I was going to say, entering by one of the side doors of the aisles;—but we can't do anything else, which perhaps might not strike you unless you were thinking specially of it. There are no transept doors; and one never wanders round to the desolate front.[1]

From either of the side doors, a few paces will bring you to the middle of the nave, and to the point opposite the middle of the third arch from the west end; where you will find yourself—if well in the mid-nave—standing on a circular slab of green porphyry, which marks the former place of the grave of the bishop Zenobius.[2] The larger inscription, on the wide circle of the floor outside of you, records the translation of his body; the smaller one round the stone at your feet—"quiescimus, domum hanc quum adimus ultimam"—is a painful truth, I suppose, to travellers like us, who never rest anywhere now, if we can help it.

69. Resting here, at any rate, for a few minutes, look up to the whitewashed vaulting of the compartment of the roof next the west end.

You will see nothing whatever in it worth looking at. Nevertheless, look a little longer.

But the longer you look, the less you will understand

[1] [Now completed.]

[2] [The shrine (by Ghiberti) of Zenobius (died 417), the Bishop of Florence whose miracles form the subject of many works of art in the city, is in the central chapel of the apse.]

why I tell you to look. It is nothing but a whitewashed ceiling: vaulted indeed,—but so is many a tailor's garret window, for that matter. Indeed, now that you have looked steadily for a minute or so, and are used to the form of the arch, it seems to become so small that you can almost fancy it the ceiling of a good-sized lumber-room in an attic.

Having attained to this modest conception of it, carry your eyes back to the similar vault of the second compartment, nearer you. Very little further contemplation will reduce that also to the similitude of a moderately-sized attic. And then, resolving to bear, if possible—for it is worth while,—the cramp in your neck for another quarter of a minute, look right up to the third vault, over your head; which, if not, in the said quarter of a minute, reducible in imagination to a tailor's garret, will at least sink, like the two others, into the semblance of a common arched ceiling, of no serious magnitude or majesty.

70. Then, glance quickly down from it to the floor, and round at the space (included between the four pillars) which that vault covers.

It is sixty feet square,*—four hundred square yards of pavement,—and I believe you will have to look up again more than once or twice, before you can convince yourself that the mean-looking roof is swept indeed over all that twelfth part of an acre. And still less, if I mistake not, will you, without slow proof, believe, when you turn yourself round towards the east end, that the narrow niche (it really looks scarcely more than a niche) which occupies, beyond the dome, the position of our northern choirs, is indeed the unnarrowed elongation of the nave, whose breadth extends round you like a frozen lake. From which experiments and comparisons, your conclusion, I think, will be, and I am sure it ought to be, that the most studious

* Approximately. Thinking I could find the dimensions of the Duomo anywhere, I only paced it myself,—and cannot, at this moment, lay my hand on English measurements of it.

ingenuity could not produce a design for the interior of a building which should more completely hide its extent, and throw away every common advantage of its magnitude, than this of the Duomo of Florence.

Having arrived at this, I assure you, quite securely tenable conclusion, we will quit the cathedral by the western door, for once; and, as quickly as we can walk, return to the Green cloister of Sta. Maria Novella;[1] and place ourselves on the south side of it, so as to see as much as we can of the entrance, on the opposite side, to the so-called "Spanish Chapel."[2]

There is, indeed, within the opposite cloister, an arch of entrance, plain enough. But no chapel, whatever, externally manifesting itself as worth entering. No walls, or gable, or dome, raised above the rest of the outbuildings—only two windows with traceries opening into the cloister; and one story of inconspicuous building above. You can't conceive there should be any effect of *magnitude* produced in the interior, however it has been vaulted or decorated. It may be pretty, but it cannot possibly look large.

71. Entering it, nevertheless, you will be surprised at the effect of height, and disposed to fancy that the circular window cannot surely be the same you saw outside, looking so low. I had to go out again, myself, to make sure that it was.

And gradually, as you let the eye follow the sweep of the vaulting arches, from the small central keystone-boss, with the Lamb carved on it, to the broad capitals of the hexagonal pillars at the angles, there will form itself in your mind, I think, some impression not only of vastness in the building, but of great daring in the builder; and at last, after closely following out the lines of a fresco or two, and looking up and up again to the coloured vaults,

[1] [See above, § 19, p. 314.]

[2] [The ancient chapter-house, built in 1350, was afterwards so called because of its use on particular feast-days by the Spaniards, who came to Florence to attend Eleanora of Toledo on her marriage with the Grand Duke Cosimo I.]

it will become to you literally one of the grandest places you ever entered, roofed without a central pillar. You will begin to wonder that human daring ever achieved anything so magnificent.

But just go out again into the cloister, and recover knowledge of the facts. It is nothing like so large as the blank arch which at home we filled with brickbats or leased for a gin-shop under the last railway we made to carry coals to Newcastle. And if you pace the floor it covers, you will find it is three feet less one way, and thirty feet less the other, than that single square of the cathedral which was roofed like a tailor's loft,—accurately, for I did measure here, myself, the floor of the Spanish Chapel is fifty-seven feet by thirty-two.

72. I hope, after this experience, that you will need no farther conviction of the first law of noble building, that grandeur depends on proportion and design—not, except in a quite secondary degree, on magnitude.[1] Mere size has, indeed, under all disadvantage, some definite value; and so has mere splendour. Disappointed as you may be, or at least ought to be, at first, by St. Peter's, in the end you will feel its size,—and its brightness.[2] These are all you *can* feel in it—it is nothing more than the pump-room at Leamington[3] built bigger;—but the bigness tells at last: and Corinthian pillars whose capitals alone are ten feet high, and their acanthus leaves three feet six long, give you a serious conviction of the infallibility of the Pope, and the fallibility of the wretched Corinthians, who invented the style indeed, but built with capitals no bigger than hand-baskets.

Vastness *has* thus its value. But the glory of architecture is to be—whatever you wish it to be,—lovely, or grand, or comfortable,—on such terms as it can easily obtain.

[1] [On this subject see the passages referred to above, p. 218 *n.*]

[2] [For other passages on St. Peter's, see Vol. I. p. 380; Vol. IV. p. 105; Vol. XIV. p. 48; and *Præterita*, ii. § 32.]

[3] [Where Ruskin was in early days under the charge of Dr. Jephson: see *Præterita*, ii. § 59.]

Grand, by proportion—lovely, by imagination—comfortable, by ingenuity—secure, by honesty: with such materials and in such space as you have got to give it.

Grand—by proportion, I said; but ought to have said by *dis*proportion. Beauty is given by the relation of parts —size, by their comparison. The first secret in getting the impression of size in this chapel is the *dis*proportion between pillar and arch. You take the pillar for granted,—it is thick, strong, and fairly high above your head. You look to the vault springing from it—and it soars away, nobody knows where.

73. Another great, but more subtle secret is in the *in*equality and immeasurability of the curved lines; and the hiding of the form by the colour.

To begin, the room, I said, is fifty-seven feet wide, and only thirty-two deep. It is thus nearly one-third larger in the direction across the line of entrance, which gives to every arch, pointed and round, throughout the roof, a different spring from its neighbours.

The vaulting ribs have the simplest of all profiles—that of a chamfered beam. I call it simpler than even that of a square beam; for in barking a log you cheaply get your chamfer, and nobody cares whether the level is alike on each side: but you must take a larger tree, and use much more work to get a square. And it is the same with stone.

And this profile is—fix the conditions of it, therefore, in your mind—venerable in the history of mankind as the origin of all Gothic tracery-mouldings; venerable in the history of the Christian Church as that of the roof ribs, both of the lower church of Assisi, bearing the scroll of the precepts of St. Francis, and here at Florence, bearing the scroll of the faith of St. Dominic. If you cut it out in paper, and cut the corners off farther and farther at every cut, you will produce a sharper profile of rib, connected in architectural use with differently treated styles. But the entirely venerable form is the massive one in which

the angle of the beam is merely, as it were, secured and completed in stability by removing its too sharp edge.

74. Well, the vaulting ribs, as in Giotto's vault, then, have here, under their painting, this rude profile: but do not suppose the vaults are simply the shells cast over them. Look how the ornamental borders fall on the capitals! The plaster receives all sorts of indescribably accommodating shapes—the painter contracting and stopping his design upon it as it happens to be convenient. You can't measure anything; you can't exhaust; you can't grasp,—except one simple ruling idea, which a child can grasp, if it is interested and intelligent: namely, that the room has four sides with four tales told upon them; and the roof four quarters, with another four tales told on those. And each history in the sides has its correspondent history in the roof. Generally, in good Italian decoration, the roof represents constant, or essential facts; the walls, consecutive histories arising out of them, or leading up to them. Thus here, the roof represents in front of you, in its main quarter, the Resurrection—the cardinal fact of Christianity; opposite (above, behind you), the Ascension; on your left hand, the descent of the Holy Spirit; on your right, Christ's perpetual presence with His Church, symbolized by His appearance on the Sea of Galilee to the disciples in the storm.[1]

The correspondent walls represent: under the first quarter (the Resurrection), the story of the Crucifixion; under the second quarter (the Ascension), the preaching after that departure, that Christ will return—symbolized here in the Dominican church by the consecration of St. Dominic; under the third quarter (the Descent of the Holy Spirit), the disciplining power of human virtue and wisdom; under the fourth quarter (St. Peter's Ship), the authority and government of the State and Church.

75. The order of these subjects, chosen by the Dominican

[1] [See the plan of the chapel here given (Plate XXXV.).]

REFERENCES TO THE KEY-PLAN

I. The Resurrection, §§ 74, 82, 83.
II. (not shown in the plan, opposite the Resurrection) The Ascension, §§ 74, 84.
III. The Descent of the Holy Ghost, § 84.
IV. The Church sailing on the Sea of the World, § 84.
a. Christ bearing His Cross.
b. Christ in Limbo, § 82.
V. "The Teaching Power of the Spirit of God," or "The Strait Gate," §§ 85–117.
VI. "The Saving Power of the Christ of God," or "The Visible Church," §§ 85, 119, 146 to end.

monks themselves,[1] was sufficiently comprehensive to leave boundless room for the invention of the painter. The execution of it was first entrusted to Taddeo Gaddi, the best architectural master of Giotto's school, who painted the four quarters of the roof entirely, but with no great brilliancy of invention, and was beginning to go down one of the sides, when, luckily, a man of stronger brain, his friend, came from Siena. Taddeo thankfully yielded the room to him;[2] he joined his own work to that of his less able friend in an exquisitely pretty and complimentary way;[3] throwing his own greater strength into it, not competitively, but gradually and helpfully. When, however, he had once got himself well joined, and softly, to the more simple work, he put his own force on with a will; and produced the most noble piece of pictorial philosophy* and divinity existing in Italy.

This pretty, and, according to all evidence by me attainable, entirely true, tradition has been all but lost, among the ruins of fair old Florence, by the industry of modern mason-critics—who, without exception, labouring under the primal (and necessarily unconscious) disadvantage of not knowing good work from bad, and never, therefore, knowing a man by his hand or his thoughts, would be in any case sorrowfully at the mercy of mistakes in a document;

* There is no philosophy *taught* either by the school of Athens, or Michael Angelo's "Last Judgment"; and the "Disputa" is merely a graceful assemblage of authorities, the effects of such authority not being shown.[4]

[1] [See Vasari's *Life of Taddeo Gaddi* (vol. i. p. 199, Bohn): "The chapter-house of Santa Maria Novella was also painted by Taddeo Gaddi, who received the commission for this work from the Prior, by whom he is said also to have been furnished with the composition of the picture likewise."]

[2] [Here also Ruskin follows Vasari (*ibid.*, pp. 199, 200): "The Prior conceived a wish to entrust Simon with one-half of the undertaking, whereupon he consulted Taddeo respecting the whole affair. He found the latter perfectly willing to accede to this arrangement, Taddeo having a great love for Simon, who had been his fellow-disciple under Giotto, and had ever continued his valued friend and affectionate companion. Oh, truly noble spirits! Ye who without envious emulation or ambition did indeed regard each other with brotherly affection, rejoicing each in the honour and advantage of his friend, as in his own."]

[3] [See below, § 82, p. 374.]

[4] [Compare Vol. XXII. p. 156.]

but are tenfold more deceived by their own vanity, and delight in overthrowing a received idea, if they can.

76. Farther; as every fresco of this early date has been retouched again and again, and often painted half over,—and as, if there has been the least care or respect for the old work in the restorer, he will now and then follow the old lines and match the old colours carefully in some places, while he puts in clearly recognizable work of his own in others,—two critics, of whom one knows the first man's work well, and the other the last's, will contradict each other to almost any extent on the securest grounds. And there is then no safe refuge for an uninitiated person but in the old tradition, which, if not literally true, is founded assuredly on some root of fact which you are likely to get at, if ever, through *it* only. So that my general directions to all young people going to Florence or Rome would be very short: "Know your first volume of Vasari, and your two first books of Livy;[1] look about you, and don't talk, nor listen to talking."

77. On those terms, you may know, entering this chapel, that in Michael Angelo's time, all Florence attributed these frescoes to Taddeo Gaddi and Simon Memmi.[2]

I have studied neither of these artists myself with any speciality of care, and cannot tell you, positively, anything about them or their works. But I know good work from bad, as a cobbler knows leather, and I can tell you positively the quality of these frescoes, and their relation to contemporary panel pictures; whether authentically ascribed to Gaddi, Memmi, or any one else, it is for the Florentine Academy to decide.

The roof, and the north side, down to the feet of the horizontal line[3] of sitting figures, were originally third-rate work of the school of Giotto; the rest of the chapel was originally, and most of it is still, magnificent work of the

[1] [Compare *Eagle's Nest*, § 215 (Vol. XXII. p. 269.).]

[2] [For particulars about Simon Memmi, or more correctly Simon Martini, see below, p. 455.]

[3] [*i.e.*, above the Sciences: see Plate XXXVI.]

school of Siena. The roof and north side have been heavily repainted in many places; the rest is faded and injured, but not destroyed in its most essential qualities. And now, farther, you must bear with just a little bit of tormenting history of painters.

There were two Gaddis, father and son—Taddeo and Angelo. And there were two Memmis, brothers—Simon and Philip.[1]

78. I daresay you will find, in the modern books, that Simon's real name was Peter, and Philip's real name was Bartholomew; and Angelo's real name was Taddeo, and Taddeo's real name was Angelo; and Memmi's real name was Gaddi, and Gaddi's real name was Memmi. You may find out all that at your leisure, afterwards, if you like. What it is important for you to know here, in the Spanish Chapel, is only this much that follows:—There were certainly two persons once called Gaddi, both rather stupid in religious matters and high art; but one of them, I don't know or care which, a true decorative painter of the most exquisite skill, a perfect architect, an amiable person, and a great lover of pretty domestic life. Vasari says this was the father, Taddeo. He built the Ponte Vecchio; and the old stones of it—which if you ever look at anything on the Ponte Vecchio but the shops, you may still see (above those wooden penthouses) with the Florentine shield—were so laid by him that they are unshaken to this day.

He painted an exquisite series of frescoes at Assisi[2] from the Life of Christ; in which,—just to show you what the man's nature is,—when the Madonna has given Christ into Simeon's arms, she can't help holding out her own arms to him, and saying (visibly), "Won't you come back to mamma?" The child laughs his answer—"I love *you*, mamma; but I'm quite happy just now."[3]

[1] [Simon's brother, however, was Donatus; Philip (Lippo) was his brother-in-law: see again below, p. 455.]

[2] [In the north transept of the Lower Church.]

[3] [The same action occurs, as Ruskin notes, in Giotto's treatment of the subject in the Arena Chapel; see *Giotto and his Works in Padua*, Subject XVIII. (Vol. XXIV. p. 76).]

Well; he, or he and his son together, painted these four quarters of the roof of the Spanish Chapel. They were very probably much retouched afterwards by Antonio Veneziano, or whomsoever Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle please;[1] but that architecture in the Descent of the Holy Ghost *is* by the man who painted the north transept of Assisi, and there need be no more talk about the matter, —for you never catch a restorer doing his old architecture right again. And farther, the ornamentation of the vaulting ribs *is* by the man who painted the Entombment, No. 31 in the Galerie des Grands Tableaux, in the catalogue of the Academy for 1874.[2] Whether that picture is Taddeo Gaddi's or not, as stated in the catalogue, I do not know; but I know the vaulting ribs of the Spanish Chapel are painted by the same hand.

79. Again: of the two brothers Memmi, one or other, I don't know or care which, had an ugly way of turning the eyes of his figures up and their mouths down; of which you may see an entirely disgusting example in the four saints attributed to Filippo Memmi on the cross wall of the north (called always in Murray's Guide the south, because he didn't notice the way the church was built[3]) transept of Assisi. You may, however, also see the way the mouth goes down in the much repainted, but still characteristic No. 9 in the Uffizii.*

Now I catch the wring and verjuice of this brother again and again, among the minor heads of the lower frescoes

* This picture bears the inscription (I quote from the French catalogue, not having verified it myself), "Simon Martini, et Lippus Memmi de Senis me pinxerunt." I have no doubt whatever, myself, that the two brothers worked together on these frescoes of the Spanish Chapel: but that most of the Limbo is Philip's, and the Paradise, scarcely with his interference, Simon's.[4]

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[1] [See *New History of Painting in Italy*, vol. i. p. 374.]

[2] [Now No. 116. The picture came from the church of S. Michele in Florence, and is described by Vasari.]

[3] [Compare the lecture on Cimabue, above, p. 206.]

[4] [The Annunciation, now No. 23 (in the First Corridor). The date follows the inscription: "Anno Domini MCCCXXXIII."]

in this Spanish Chapel. The head of the Queen beneath Noah, in the Limbo (see below[1]), is unmistakable.

Farther: one of the two brothers, I don't care which, had a way of painting leaves; of which you may see a notable example in the rod in the hand of Gabriel in that same picture of the Annunciation in the Uffizii. No Florentine painter, or any other, ever painted leaves as well as that, till you get down to Sandro Botticelli, who did them much better.[2] But the man who painted that rod in the hand of Gabriel, painted the rod in the right hand of Logic[3] in the Spanish Chapel,—and nobody else in Florence, or the world, *could.*

80. Farther (and this is the last of the antiquarian business): you see that the frescoes on the roof are, on the whole, dark, with much blue and red in them, the white spaces coming out strongly. This is the characteristic colouring of the partially defunct school of Giotto, becoming merely decorative, and passing into a colourist school which connected itself afterwards with the Venetians. There is an exquisite example of all its specialities in the little Annunciation in the Uffizii, No. 14, attributed to Angelo Gaddi,[4] in which you see the Madonna is stupid, and the angel stupid, but the colour of the whole, as a piece of painted glass, lovely; and the execution exquisite, —at once a painter's and jeweller's; with subtle sense of chiaroscuro underneath (note the delicate shadow of the Madonna's arm across her breast).

The head of this school was (according to Vasari) Taddeo Gaddi; and henceforward, without farther discussion, I shall speak of him as the painter of the roof of the Spanish Chapel,—not without suspicion, however, that his son Angelo may hereafter turn out to have been the better decorator, and the painter of the frescoes from the

[1] [See § 82, p. 385.]
[2] [Compare the lecture on Botticelli, above, p. 270.]
[3] [See Plate XXXVII.]
[4] [Now No. 28 (in the First Corridor).]

life of Christ in the north transept of Assisi,—with such assistance as his son or scholars might give — and such change or destruction as time, Antonio Veneziano, or the last operations of the Tuscan railroad company, may have effected on them.

81. On the other hand, you see that the frescoes on the walls are of paler colours, the blacks coming out of these clearly, rather than the whites; but the pale colours, especially, for instance, the whole of the Duomo of Florence in that on your right, very tender and lovely. Also, you may feel a tendency to express much with outline, and draw, more than paint, in the most interesting parts; while in the duller ones, nasty green and yellow tones come out, which prevent the effect of the whole from being very pleasant. These characteristics belong, on the whole, to the school of Siena; and they indicate here the work *assuredly* of a man of vast power and most refined education, whom I shall call without further discussion, during the rest of this and the following morning's study, Simon Memmi.

82. And of the grace and subtlety with which he joined his work to that of the Gaddis, you may judge at once by comparing the Christ standing on the fallen gate of the Limbo, with the Christ in the Resurrection above.[1] Memmi has retained the dress and imitated the general effect of the figure in the roof so faithfully that you suspect no difference of mastership—nay, he has even raised the foot in the same awkward way: but you will find Memmi's foot delicately drawn—Taddeo's hard and rude: and all the folds of Memmi's drapery cast with unbroken grace and complete gradations of shade, while Taddeo's are rigid and meagre; also in the heads, generally Taddeo's type of face is square in feature, with massive and inelegant clusters or volutes of hair and beard; but Memmi's, delicate and long in feature, with much divided and flowing hair, often arranged with exquisite precision, as in the finest Greek coins. Examine

[1] [See the plan (Plate XXXV.) for the place of these subjects.]

successively in this respect only the heads of Adam, Abel, Methuselah, and Abraham, in the Limbo, and you will not confuse the two designers any more. I have not had time to make out more than the principal figures in the Limbo, of which indeed the entire dramatic power is centred in the Adam and Eve. The latter dressed as a nun, in her fixed gaze on Christ, with her hands clasped, is of extreme beauty: and however feeble the work of any early painter may be, in its decent and grave inoffensiveness it guides the imagination unerringly to a certain point. How far you are yourself capable of filling up what is left untold, and conceiving, as a reality, Eve's first look on this her child, depends on no painter's skill, but on your own understanding. Just above Eve is Abel, bearing the lamb: and behind him, Noah, between his wife and Shem: behind them, Abraham, between Isaac and Ishmael (turning from Ishmael to Isaac); behind these, Moses, between Aaron and David. I have not identified the others, though I find the white-bearded figure behind Eve called Methuselah in my notes: I know not on what authority. Looking up from these groups, however, to the roof painting, you will at once feel the imperfect grouping and ruder features of all the figures; and the greater depth of colour. We will dismiss these comparatively inferior paintings at once.

83. The roof and walls must be read together, each segment of the roof forming an introduction to, or portion of, the subject on the wall below. But the roof must first be looked at alone, as the work of Taddeo Gaddi, for the artistic qualities and failures of it.

(I.) In front, as you enter, is the compartment with the subject of the Resurrection. It is the traditional Byzantine composition: the guards sleeping, and the two angels in white saying to the women, "He is not here,"[1] while Christ is seen rising with the flag of the Cross.

But it would be difficult to find another example of the

[1] [Matthew xxviii. 6.]

subject, so coldly treated—so entirely without passion or action. The faces are expressionless; the gestures powerless. Evidently the painter is not making the slightest effort to conceive what really happened, but merely repeating and spoiling what he could remember of old design, or himself supply of commonplace for immediate need. The "Noli me tangere,"[1] on the right, is spoiled from Giotto, and others before him; a peacock, woefully plumeless and colourless, a fountain, an ill-drawn toy-horse, and two toy-children gathering flowers, are emaciate remains of Greek symbols. He has taken pains with the vegetation, but in vain. Yet Taddeo Gaddi was a true painter, a very beautiful designer, and a very amiable person. How comes he to do that Resurrection so badly?

In the first place, he was probably tired of a subject which was a great strain to his feeble imagination: and gave it up as impossible: doing simply the required figures in the required positions. In the second, he was probably at the time despondent and feeble because of his master's death. See Lord Lindsay, II. 273,[2] where also it is pointed out that in the effect of the light proceeding from the figure of Christ, Taddeo Gaddi indeed was the first of the Giottisti who showed true sense of light and shade. But until Leonardo's time the innovation did not materially affect Florentine art.

84. (II.) The Ascension (opposite the Resurrection, and not worth looking at, except for the sake of making more sure our conclusions from the first fresco). The Madonna is fixed in Byzantine stiffness, without Byzantine dignity.

(III.) The Descent of the Holy Ghost, on the left hand. The Madonna and disciples are gathered in an upper chamber: underneath are the Parthians, Medes, Elamites, etc., who hear them speak in their own tongues.[3]

Three dogs are in the foreground—their mythic purpose the same as that of the two verses which affirm the

[1] [John xx. 17 (Vulgate).]
[2] [*Sketches of the History of Christian Art.*]
[3] [Acts ii. 9–11.]

fellowship of the dog in the journey and return of Tobias:[1] namely, to mark the share of the lower animals in the gentleness given by the outpouring of the Spirit of Christ.

(IV.) The Church sailing on the Sea of the World. St. Peter coming to Christ on the water.

I was too little interested in the vague symbolism of this fresco to examine it with care,—the rather that the subject beneath, the literal contest of the Church with the world, needed more time for study in itself alone than I had for all Florence.[2]

85. On this, and the opposite side of the chapel, are represented, by Simon Memmi's hand (V.), the teaching power of the Spirit of God, and (VI.) the saving power of the Christ of God, in the world, according to the understanding of Florence in his time.

We will take the side of Intellect first, beneath the pouring forth of the Holy Spirit.

In the point of the arch beneath, are the three Evangelical Virtues. Without these, says Florence, you can have no science. Without Love, Faith, and Hope—no intelligence.

Under these are the four Cardinal Virtues, the entire group being thus arranged:—

A

B C

D E F G

A, Charity; flames issuing from her head and hands.

B, Faith; holds cross and shield, quenching fiery darts. This symbol, so frequent in modern adaptation from St. Paul's address to personal faith,[3] is rare in older art.

C, Hope, with a branch of lilies.

D, Temperance; bridles a black fish, on which she stands.

[1] [Tobit v. 16 and xi. 4. Compare *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 74, § 7, where Ruskin similarly explains the story of the dog as meant "to show that all the lower creatures, who can love, have passed, through their love, into the guardianship and guidance of angels."]

[2] [That is, during his visit in 1874; see the Introduction, above, pp. xlix. *seq.*]

[3] [Ephesians vi. 16: "Above all, taking the shield of faith, wherewith ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked."]

E, Prudence, with a book.

F, Justice, with crown and baton.

G, Fortitude, with tower and sword.

Under these are the great prophets and apostles: on the left, Job, David, St. Paul, St. Mark, St. John; on the right, St. Matthew, St. Luke, Moses, Isaiah, Solomon. In the midst of the Evangelists, St. Thomas Aquinas, seated on a Gothic throne.[1]

86. Now observe, this throne, with all the canopies below it, and the complete representation of the Duomo of Florence opposite, are of finished Gothic of Orcagna's school —later than Giotto's Gothic. But the building in which the apostles are gathered at the Pentecost is of the early Romanesque mosaic school, with a wheel window from the Duomo of Assisi, and square windows from the Baptistery of Florence. And this is always the type of architecture used by Taddeo Gaddi: while the finished Gothic could not possibly have been drawn by him, but is absolute evidence of the later hand.

[1] [Mr. Caird adds, "having at his feet the three heretics—Sabellius, Arrius, and Averroes." Among Ruskin's MSS., put together in view of a new edition of *Mornings in Florence,* is the following further note (by Mr. Caird) on Thomas Aquinas: "1227–1274. Younger son of Landulf, Count of Aquino on the Liris (Juvenal's birthplace), great-nephew of Frederick Barbarossa. Connected early with the Benedictines of Mte. Casino; great love of study; joined Dominicans about 1212 as a novice; did not, however, profess till 1243, from the great opposition made by his family. At Cologne he studies theology and philosophy under Albertus Magnus, and was called the Dumb Ox from his silence. Albertus said if the Ox ever did bellow, all the world would hear him. At Paris 1248; returned there 1253. Doctor and Lecturer 1255. For the rest see Maurice [*i.e.,* F. D. Maurice's *Mediæval Philosophy,* 1870, pp. 184 *seq.*].

"Of the theological opinions which he maintained, the most memorable is his assertion of the supreme and irresistible efficacy of Divine Grace. This doctrine was afterwards opposed by Duns Scotus, and was the pivot of controversy between Thomists and Scotists.

"He was called the Angelic Doctor, as representing Intellectual Power; Bonaventura the Seraphic, as representing Love. Used to make good observations; story of Innocent IV., on receiving money in his presence, observing that the days were gone by when the Church would have said, 'Silver and gold have I none.' Aquinas answered, 'And when she could say, Arise and walk.'

"Abstracted in habits; broke out at dinner with St. Louis (apropos of nothing) with a thump on the table, and an exclamation, 'That's a settler for the Manicheans,' or words to that effect. Whatever it was, St. Louis had it taken down; and I daresay it is in Aquinas somewhere.

"Best edition published at Rome 1570. 17 vols. folio. Ignatius Loyola chose his *Summa Theologia* as the first Jesuit text-book."]

"The Strait Gate"

From the fresco in the Spanish Chapel

Under the line of prophets, as powers summoned by their voices, are the mythic figures of the seven theological or spiritual, and the seven *ge*ological or natural sciences: and under the feet of each of them, the figure of its Captain-teacher to the world.

The Seven Earthly Sciences begin with Grammar, on the right, farthest from the window, and are to be read towards the window, thus:—

1. Grammar.	(Under her)	Priscian.[1]
2. Rhetoric.	,,	Cicero.
3. Logic.	,,	Aristotle.
4. Music.	,,	Tubal-Cain.
5. Astronomy.	,,	Atlas, King of Fésole.[2]
6. Geometry.	,,	Euclid.
7. Arithmetic.	,,	Pythagoras.

Then follow, read from right to left, the Heavenly Sciences, thus:—

1. Civil Law.	(Under her)	The Emperor Justinian.
2. Canon Law.	,,	Pope Clement V.
3. Practical Theology.	,,	Peter Lombard.
4. Contemplative Theology.	,,	Boethius.
5. Dogmatic Theology.	,,	Dionysius the Areopagite.
6. Mystic Theology.	,,	St. John Damascene.
7. Polemic Theology.	,,	St. Augustine.

87. Here, then, you have pictorially represented, the system of manly education, supposed in old Florence to be that necessarily instituted in great earthly kingdoms or republics, animated by the Spirit shed down upon the world at Pentecost. How long do you think it will take you, or ought to take, to see such a picture? We were to get to work this morning, as early as might be:[3] you have probably allowed half-an-hour for Santa Maria Novella; half-an-hour for San Lorenzo; an hour for the museum of sculpture at the Bargello; an hour for shopping; and then

[1] [But see below, § 94 *n.*, p. 387.]

[2] [In ed. 1 "Zoroaster" (see Bibliographical Note, p. 288). See below, § 105 *n.*, p. 394, for Ruskin's correction to "Atlas," and for a further suggested emendation.]

[3] [See above, § 68, p. 363.]

it will be lunch time, and you mustn't be late, because you are to leave by the afternoon train, and must positively be in Rome to-morrow morning. Well, of your half-hour for Santa Maria Novella,—after Ghirlandajo's choir, Orcagna's transept, and Cimabue's Madonna, and the painted windows, have been seen properly, there will remain, suppose, at the utmost, a quarter of an hour for the Spanish Chapel. That will give you two minutes and a half for each side, two for the ceiling, and three for studying Murray's explanations or mine. Two minutes and a half you have got, then—(and I observed, during my five weeks' work in the chapel, that English visitors seldom gave so much)—to read this scheme given you by Simon Memmi of human spiritual education. In order to understand the purport of it, in any the smallest degree, you must summon to your memory, in the course of these two minutes and a half, what you happen to be acquainted with of the doctrines and characters of Pythagoras, Aristotle, Dionysius the Areopagite, St. Augustine, and the Emperor Justinian, and having farther observed the expressions and actions attributed by the painter to these personages, judge how far he has succeeded in reaching a true and worthy ideal of them, and how large or how subordinate a part in his general scheme of human learning he supposes their peculiar doctrines properly to occupy. For myself, being, to my much sorrow, now an old person, and, to my much pride, an old-fashioned one, I have not found my powers either of reading or memory in the least increased by any of Mr. Stephenson's or Mr. Wheatstone's inventions; and though indeed I came here from Lucca in three hours instead of a day, which it used to take, I do not think myself able, on that account, to see any picture in Florence in less time than it took formerly, or even obliged to hurry myself in any investigations connected with it.

88. Accordingly, I have myself taken five weeks[1] to see

[1] [See the Introduction, above, pp. xxx.–xxxi. *n.*]

the quarter of this picture of Simon Memmi's: and can give you a fairly good account of that quarter, and some partial account of a fragment or two of those on the other walls: but, alas! only of their pictorial qualities in either case; for I don't myself know anything whatever, worth trusting to, about Pythagoras, or Dionysius the Areopagite; and have not had, and never shall have, probably, any time to learn much of them; while in the very feeblest light only,—in what the French would express by their excellent word "lueur,"—I am able to understand something of the characters of Atlas, Aristotle, and Justinian. But this only increases in me the reverence with which I ought to stand before the work of a painter, who was not only a master of his own craft, but so profound a scholar and theologian as to be able to conceive this scheme of picture, and write the divine law by which Florence was to live. Which Law, written in the northern page of this Vaulted Book, we will begin quiet interpretation of, if you care to return hither, to-morrow morning.

THE FIFTH MORNING

THE STRAIT GATE[1]

(I have revised the text of this edition with care; holding it one of the most important minor letters I have written, in its aphorisms of principle with respect to education. Some valuable observations and corrections, made for me by Mr. G. Collingwood, at Florence, this year, are subjoined in the notes at the bottom of the pages.—J. RUSKIN. *Lucca, October 12th*, 1882.[2])

89. As you return this morning to St. Mary's, you may as well observe—the matter before us being concerning gates, —that the western façade of the church is of two periods. Your Murray refers it all to the latest of these,[3]—I forget when, and do not care,—in which the largest flanking columns, and the entire effective mass of the walls, with their riband mosaics and high pediment, were built in front of, and above, what the barbarian renaissance designer chose to leave of the pure old Dominican church. You may see his ungainly jointing at the pedestals of the great columns, running through the pretty, parti-coloured base, which with the "Strait" Gothic doors, and the entire lines of the fronting and flanking tombs (where not restored by the devil-begotten brood of modern Florence), is of pure, and exquisitely severe and refined, fourteenth-century Gothic, with superbly carved bearings on its shields. The small detached line of tombs on the left, untouched in its sweet colour and living weed ornament, I would fain have painted,

[1] [With this "Morning" and its title, compare *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 59, § 3, where Ruskin summarises "the immediate gist of it."]

[2] [These notes are signed G. C.; while those added by the author are marked by the date 1882 in square brackets.]

[3] [See p. 130 of the edition of 1864, where the whole façade is attributed to the date 1470 and the design of Leon Battista Alberti. Recent editions follow Ruskin's correction.]

stone by stone: but one can never draw in front of a church in these republican days; for all the blackguard children of the neighbourhood come to howl, and throw stones, on the steps, and the ball or stone play against these sculptured tombs, as a dead wall adapted for that purpose only, is incessant in the fine days when I could have worked.*

If you enter by the door most to the left, or north, and turn immediately to the right, on the interior of the wall of the façade is an Annunciation, visible enough because well preserved, though in the dark; and extremely pretty in its way,—of the decorated and ornamental school following Giotto:—I can't guess by whom, nor does it much matter; but it is well to look at it by way of contrast with the delicate, intense, slightly decorated design of Memmi,—in which, when you return into the Spanish Chapel, you will feel the dependence for its effect on broad masses of white and pale amber, where the decorative school would have had mosaic of red, blue, and gold.

90. Our first business this morning must be to read and understand the writing on the book held open by St. Thomas Aquinas, for that informs us of the meaning of the whole picture.

It is this text from the book of Wisdom VII. 7, 8.

"Optavi, et datus est mihi sensus.
Invocavi, et venit in me Spiritus Sapientiæ,
Et preposui illam regnis et sedibus."

"I willed, and Sense was given me.
I prayed, and the Spirit of Wisdom came upon me,
And I set her before (preferred her to) kingdoms and thrones."

* I have since bought for St. George's Museum a drawing of these three arches, carried out with more patience than I possessed, by Mr. Henry R. Newman. [1882.[1]]

[1] [The editors are unable to say where Mr. Newman's drawing is. In the St. George's Museum at Sheffield there is a drawing of the subject made by Mr. T. M. Rooke in 1887. For other references to these artists, see Vol. XXI. pp. 43, 302.]

The common translation in our English Apocrypha[1] loses the entire meaning of this passage, which—not only as the statement of the experience of Florence in her own education, but as universally descriptive of the process of all noble education whatever—we had better take pains to understand.

First, says Florence, "I willed (in sense of resolutely desiring), and Sense was given me." You must begin your education with the distinct *resolution* to know what is true, and choice of the strait and rough road to such knowledge. This choice is offered to every youth and maid at some moment of their life; choice between the easy downward road, so broad that we can dance down it in companies, and the steep narrow way, which we must enter alone.* Then, and for many a day afterwards, they need that form of persistent Option, and Will: but day by day, the "Sense" of the rightness of what they have done, deepens on them, not in consequence of the effort, but by gift granted in reward of it. And the Sense of difference between right and wrong, and between beautiful and unbeautiful things, is confirmed in the heroic, and fulfilled in the industrious, soul.

That is the process of education in the earthly sciences, and the morality connected with them. Reward given to faithful *Volition.*

91. Next, when Moral and Physical senses are perfect, comes the desire for education in the higher world, where the senses are no more our Teachers, but the Maker of the

* "Alone" is too strong a word for what I meant—namely, that, however helped or guided by our friends, masters, and predecessors, each of us determines for himself, in the critical moments, what his life is to be, when it is right. To the wrong, we may always flow with the stream. [1882.]

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[1] ["Wherefore I prayed, and understanding was given me: I called upon God, and the spirit of wisdom came to me. . . . I preferred her before sceptres and thrones." Compare the notes for the lecture on Botticelli, above, p. 274 *n.*, where the verse is again quoted.]

senses. And that teaching, we cannot get by labour, but only by petition.

"Invocavi, et venit in me Spiritus Sapientiæ"—"I prayed, and the Spirit of Wisdom" (not, you observe, *was given*,* but) "*came* upon me." The *personal* power of Wisdom: the "σοφία" or Santa Sophia, to whom the first great Christian temple was dedicated.[1] This higher wisdom, governing by her presence, all earthly conduct, and by her teaching, all earthly art, Florence tells you, she obtained only by prayer.

92. And these two Earthly and Divine sciences are expressed beneath, in the symbols of their divided powers; —Seven terrestrial, Seven celestial, whose names have been already indicated to you:—in which figures I must point out one or two technical matters before attempting their interpretation. They are all by Simon Memmi originally; but repainted, many of them all over, some hundred years later—(certainly after the discovery of America, as you will see[2])—by an artist of considerable power, and some feeling for the general action of the figures; but of no refinement or carefulness. He dashes paint in huge spaces over the subtle old work; puts in his own chiaro-oscuro where all had been shadeless, and his own violent colour where all had been pale; and repaints the faces, so as to make them, to his notion, prettier and more human: some of this upper work has, however, come away since, and the original outline, at least, is traceable; while in the face of the Logic, the Music, and one or two others, the original work is very pure. Being most interested myself in the earthly sciences, I had a scaffolding put up, made on a level with them, and examined them inch by inch, and the following report will be found accurate until next repainting.

For interpretation of them, you must always take the

* I, in careless error, wrote "was given" in *Fors Clavigera* [Letter 60].

[1] [See below, p. 438 *n.*]
[2] [See below, § 110, p. 400.]

central figure of the Science, with the little medallion above it, and the figure below, all together. Which I proceed to do, reading first from left to right for the earthly sciences, and then from right to left the heavenly ones, to the centre, where their two highest powers sit, side by side.

93. We begin, then, with the first in the list given above (Vaulted Book, § 86[1]): Grammar, in the corner farthest from the window.

SECTION I

The Seven Earthly Sciences; read from right to left, from the corner opposite the window, to the centre of the side wall.

I. GRAMMAR: more properly Grammaticè, "Grammatic Art," the Art of *Letters* or "Literature," or—using the word which to some English ears will carry most weight with it—"Scripture," and its use. The Art of faithfully reading what has been written for our learning; and of clearly writing what we would make immortal of our thoughts. Power which consists first in recognizing letters; secondly, in forming them; thirdly, in the understanding and choice of words which, errorless, shall express our thought. Severe exercises all, reaching—very few living persons know, how far; beginning properly in childhood, and then only to be truly acquired. It is wholly impossible —this I say from too sorrowful experience—to conquer by any effort of time, habits of the hand (much more of head, and soul), with which the vase of flesh has been formed and filled in youth,—the law of God being that parents *shall compel* the child in the day of its obedience into habits of hand, and eye, and soul, which, when it is old, shall not, by any strength, or any weakness, be departed from.*

* I italicize this primary sentence: the word "compel" may be read in its mildest sense by really good parents, whose steps their children follow in pure love. [1882.]

[1] [See above, p. 379.]

"Enter ye in," therefore, says Grammaticè, "at the Strait Gate."[1] She points through it with her rod, holding a fruit (?) for reward, in her left hand. The gate is very strait indeed—her own waist no less so,* her hair fastened close. She had once a white veil binding it, which is lost. Not a gushing form of literature, this,—or in any wise disposed to subscribe to Mudie's,[2] my English friends—or even patronize Tauchnitz editions of—what is the last new novel you see ticketed up to-day in Mr. Goodban's window?[3] She looks kindly down, nevertheless, to the three children whom she is teaching—two boys and a girl: (Qy. Does this mean that one girl out of every two should not be able to read or write? I am quite willing to accept that inference, for my own part,—should perhaps even say, two girls out of three[4]). This girl is of the highest classes, crowned, † her golden hair falling behind her, the Florentine girdle round her hips—(not waist, the object being to leave the lungs full play; but to keep the dress always well down in dancing or running). The boys are of good birth also, the nearest one with luxuriant curly hair—only the profile of the farther one seen. All reverent and eager. Above, the medallion is of a figure looking at a fountain. Underneath, Lord Lindsay says, Priscian, and is, I doubt not, right.[5]

94. *Technical Points.*—The figure is said by Crowe to be entirely repainted.[6] The *dress* is so, throughout,—both

* I don't see that her waist is straighter than other people's; and she has neither stays nor girdle.—(G. C.)

† The crown has been since effaced by advancing decay.—(G. C.)

[1] [Matthew vii. 13.]

[2] [For Ruskin's dislike of circulating libraries, see *Sesame and Lilies*, § 32 (Vol. XVIII. p. 86).]

[3] [Still an English library and bookseller's shop in Florence.]

[4] [See *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 94.]

[5] [In Mr. Caird's notes for Ruskin's intended new edition, Priscian is corrected to "Donatus, who lived and taught in Rome during the fourth century. He was the master of St. Jerome, and his written grammar was the basis upon which Latin grammars for long after were framed." The reference to Lord Lindsay is to *Sketches of the History of Christian Art*, vol. iii. p. 37.]

[6] [*New History of Painting in Italy*, 1864, vol. i. p. 370 *n.*]

the hands also;—the fruit, and rod. But the eyes, mouth, hair above the forehead, and outline of the rest, with the faded veil, and happily, the traces left of the children, are genuine; the strait gate perfectly so, in the colour underneath, though reinforced; and the action of the entire figure is well preserved: but there is a curious question about both the rod and fruit. Seen close, the former perfectly assumes the shape of folds of dress gathered up over the raised right arm, and I am not absolutely sure that the restorer has not mistaken the folds—at the same time changing a pen or style into a rod. The fruit also I have doubts of, as fruit is not so rare at Florence that it should be made a reward. It is entirely and roughly repainted, and is oval in shape. In Giotto's Charity, luckily not restored, at Assisi,[1] the guide-books have always mistaken the heart she holds for an apple:—and my own belief is that originally, the Grammaticè of Simon Memmi made with her right hand the sign which said, "Enter ye in at the Strait Gate," and with her left, the sign which said, "My son, give me thine Heart."[2]

95. II. RHETORIC. Next to learning how to read and write, you are to learn to speak; and, young ladies and gentlemen, observe,—to speak as little as possible, it is farther implied, till you *have* learned.

In the streets of Florence at this day you may hear much of what some people would call "rhetoric"—very passionate speaking indeed, and quite "from the heart"—such hearts as the people have got.* That is to say, you never hear a word uttered but in a rage, either just ready

* Very noble hearts the *people*,—meaning the peasantry,—have: but the streets of the great cities bring all evil to the surface, and continually multiply and reverberate its power. [1882.]

[1] [The reference is to "The Marriage of S. Francis and Poverty," to whom Charity gives a heart: see the description of the fresco in *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 45, and compare the fresco of Charity at Padua, where again Charity holds a heart in her hand (*ibid.*, Letter 7).]

[2] [Proverbs xxiii. 26.]

to burst, or for the most part, explosive instantly: everybody—man, woman, or child—roaring out their incontinent, foolish, infinitely contemptible opinions and wills, on every smallest occasion, with flashing eyes, hoarsely shrieking and wasted voices,—insane hope to drag by vociferation whatever they would have, out of man and God.

Now consider Simon Memmi's Rhetoric. The science of *Speaking;* primarily of making oneself *heard* therefore: which is not to be done by shouting. She alone, of all the sciences, carries a scroll: and although a speaker, gives you something to read. It is not thrust forward at you at all, but held quietly down with her beautiful depressed right hand; her left hand set coolly and strongly on her side.

And you will find that, thus, she alone of all the sciences *needs no use of her hands.* All the others have some important business for them;—she, none. She can do all with her lips, holding scroll, or bridle, or what you will, with her right hand, her left on her side.

Again, look at the talkers in the streets of Florence, and see how, being essentially *un*able to talk, they try to make lips of their fingers! How they poke, wave, flourish, point, jerk, shake finger and fist at their antagonists—dumb essentially, all the while, if they knew it; unpersuasive and ineffectual, as the shaking of tree branches in the wind.

96. You will at first think her figure ungainly and stiff. It is so, partly; the dress being more coarsely repainted than in any other of the series. But she is meant to be both stout and strong. What she has to say is indeed to persuade you, if possible; but assuredly to overpower you. And *she* has not the Florentine girdle, for she does not want to move. She has her girdle broad at the waist—of all the sciences, you would at first have thought, the one that most needed breath! No, says Simon Memmi. You want breath to run, or dance, or fight with. But to speak! —If you know *how*, you can do your work with few words; very little of this pure Florentine air will be enough, if you shape it rightly.

Note, also, that calm setting of her hand against her side. You think Rhetoric should be glowing, fervid, impetuous? No, says Simon Memmi. Above all things,—*cool.*

And now let us read what is written on her scroll:—Mulceo, dum loquor, varios induta colores.

Her chief function, to melt; make soft, thaw the hearts of men with kind fire; to overpower with peace; and bring rest, with rainbow colours. The chief mission of all words that they should be of comfort.

You think the function of words is to excite? Why, a red rag will do that, or a blast through a brass pipe. But to give calm and gentle *heat;* to be as the south wind, and the iridescent rain, to all bitterness of frost; and bring at once strength, and healing. This is the work of human lips, taught of God.

97. One farther and final lesson is given in the medallion above. Aristotle, and too many modern rhetoricians of his school, thought there could be good speaking in a false cause. But above Simon Memmi's Rhetoric is *Truth,* with her mirror.*

There is a curious feeling, almost innate in men, that though they are bound to speak truth, in speaking to a single person, they may lie as much as they please, provided they lie to two or more people at once. There is the same feeling about killing: most people would shrink from shooting one innocent man; but will fire a mitrailleuse contentedly into an innocent regiment.

When you look down from the figure of the Science, to that of Cicero, beneath, you will at first think it entirely overthrows my conclusion that Rhetoric has no need of her hands. For Cicero, it appears, has *three* instead of two.

The uppermost, at his chin, is the only genuine one. That raised, with the finger up, is entirely false. That on

* Same figure as Rhetoric, plus the mirror. Memmi therefore thinks Rhetoric and Truth are one.—(G. C.)

"Logic" and "Rhetoric"

the book, is repainted so as to defy conjecture of its original action.

But observe how the gesture of the true one confirms, instead of overthrowing, what I have said above. Cicero is not speaking at all, but profoundly thinking *before* he speaks. It is the most abstractedly thoughtful face to be found among all the philosophers; and very beautiful. The whole is under Solomon, in the line of Prophets.

98. *Technical Points.*—These two figures have suffered from restoration more than any others, but the right hand of Rhetoric is still entirely genuine, and the left, except the ends of the fingers. The ear, and hair just above it, are quite safe, the head well set on its original line, but the crown of leaves rudely retouched, and then faded. All the lower part of the figure of Cicero has been not only repainted, but changed; the face is genuine—I believe retouched; but so cautiously and skilfully, that it is probably now more beautiful than at first.

99. III. Logic. The science of Reasoning, or more accurately Reason herself, or pure intelligence.

Science to be gained *after* that of Expression, says Simon Memmi; so, young people, it appears that, though you must not speak before you have been taught how to speak, you may yet properly speak before you have been taught how to think.

For, indeed, it is only by frank speaking that you *can* learn how to think. And it is no matter how wrong the first thoughts you have may be, provided you express them clearly,—and are willing to have them put right.

Fortunately, nearly all of this beautiful figure is virtually safe, the outlines pure everywhere, and the face perfect: the *prettiest*, as far as I know, which exists in Italian art of this early date. It is subtle to the extreme in gradations of colour: the eyebrows drawn, not with a sweep of the brush, but with separate cross touches in the line of

their growth—absolutely pure in arch; the nose straight and fine; the lips—playful slightly, proud, unerringly cut; the hair flowing in sequent waves, ordered as if in musical time; head perfectly upright on the shoulders; the height of the brow completed by a crimson frontlet set with pearls, surmounted by a fleur-de-lys.

Her shoulders are exquisitely drawn, her white jacket fitting close to soft, yet scarcely rising breasts; her arms singularly strong, at perfect rest; her hands, exquisitely delicate. In her right, she holds a branching and leaf-bearing rod (the syllogism); in her left, a scorpion with double sting (the dilemma)—more generally, the powers of rational construction and dissolution.*

Beneath her, Aristotle,—intense keenness of search in his half-closed eyes.

Medallion above (less expressive than usual), a man writing, with his head stooped.

The whole under Isaiah, in the line of Prophets.

100. *Technical Points.*—The only parts of this figure which have suffered seriously in repainting are the leaves of the rod, and the scorpion. I have no idea, as I said above, what the background once was; it is now a mere mess of scrabbled grey, carried over the vestiges, still with care much redeemable, of the richly ornamental extremity of the rod, which was a cluster of green leaves on a black ground. But the scorpion is indecipherably injured, most of it confused repainting, mixed with the white of the dress, the double sting emphatic enough still, but on the first lines.

The Aristotle is very genuine throughout, except his hat, and I think that must be nearly on the old lines, though I cannot trace them. They are good lines, new or old.

101. IV. Music. After you have learned to reason, young people, of course you will be very grave, if not

* See farther the notes on Polemic Theology, § 116. [1882.]

dull, you think. No, says Simon Memmi. By no means anything of the kind. After learning to reason, you will learn to sing; for you will want to. There is so much reason for singing in the sweet world, when one thinks rightly of it. None for grumbling, provided always you *have* entered in at the strait gate. You will sing all along the road then, in a little while, in a manner pleasant for other people to hear.[1]

This figure has been one of the loveliest in the series, an extreme refinement and tender severity being aimed at throughout. She is crowned, not with laurel, but with small leaves,—I am not sure what they are, being too much injured: the face thin, abstracted, wistful; the lips not far open in their low singing; the hair rippling softly on the shoulders. She plays on a small organ, richly ornamented with Gothic tracery, the slope of it set with crockets like those of Santa Maria del Fiore. Simon Memmi means that *all* music must be "sacred." Not that you are never to sing anything but hymns; but that whatever is rightly called music, or work of the Muses, is divine in help and healing.

The actions of both hands are singularly sweet. The right is one of the loveliest things I ever saw done in painting. She is keeping down one note only, with her third finger, seen under the raised fourth: the thumb, just passing under; all the curves of the fingers exquisite, and the pale light and shade of the rosy flesh relieved against the ivory white and brown of the notes. Only the thumb and end of the forefinger are seen of the left hand, but they indicate enough its light pressure on the bellows. Fortunately, all these portions of the fresco are absolutely intact.

102. Underneath, Tubal-Cain. Not Jubal, as you would expect. Jubal is the inventor of musical instruments. Tubal-Cain, thought the old Florentines, invented harmony

[1] [Compare *Præterita*, iii. § 81, where Ruskin quotes this passage.]

itself. They, the best smiths in the world, knew the differences in tones of hammer-strokes on anvil. Curiously enough, the only piece of true part-singing, done beautifully and joyfully, which I have heard this year (1874) in Italy (being south of Alps exactly six months, and ranging from Genoa to Palermo) was out of a busy smithy at Perugia. Of bestial howling, and entirely frantic vomiting up of hopelessly damned souls through their still carnal throats, I have heard more than, please God, I will ever endure the hearing of again, in one of His summers.[1]

You think Tubal-Cain very ugly? Yes. Much like a shaggy baboon: not accidentally, but with most scientific understanding of baboon character. Men must have looked like that, before they had invented harmony, or felt that one note differed from another, says Simon Memmi. Darwinism, like all widely popular and widely mischievous fallacies, has many a curious gleam and grain of truth in its tissue.

Under Moses.[2]

Medallion, a youth drinking. Otherwise, you might have thought only church music meant, and not feast music also.

103. *Technical Points.*—The Tubal-Cain, one of the most entirely pure and precious remnants of the old painting: nothing lost, and nothing but the redder ends of his beard retouched. Green dress of Music, in the body and over limbs, entirely repainted: it was once beautifully embroidered: sleeves, partly genuine, hands perfect, face and hair nearly so. Leaf crown faded and broken away, but not retouched.

104. V. Astronomy. By her ancient name Astrology, as we say Theology, not Theonomy: the knowledge of so

[1] [Compare the Introduction, above, p. xlviii.]

[2] [*i.e.*, the figures of Music and Tubal-Cain (with the medallion) are under Moses in the upper line of patriarchs, etc.]

much of the stars as we can know wisely; not the attempt to define their laws for them. Not that it is unbecoming of us to find out, if we can, that they move in ellipses, and so on; but it is no business of ours. What effects their rising and setting have on man, and beast, and leaf; what their times and changes are, seen and felt in this world, it is our business to know, passing our nights, if wakefully, by that divine candle-light, and no other.

She wears a dark purple robe; holds in her left hand the hollow globe with golden zodiac and meridians: lifts her right hand in noble awe.

"When I consider the heavens, the work of Thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which Thou hast ordained."[1]

Crowned with gold, her dark hair in elliptic waves, bound with glittering chains of pearl. Her eyes dark, lifted.

105. Beneath her, Zoroaster,* entirely noble and beautiful, the delicate Persian head made softer still by the elaborately wreathed silken hair, twisted into the pointed beard, and into tapering plaits, falling on his shoulders. The head entirely thrown back, he looks up with no distortion of the delicately arched brow: writing, as he gazes.

For the association of the religion of the Magi with their own, in the mind of the Florentines of this time, see "Before the Soldan."[2]

The dress must always have been white, because of its

* Atlas! according to poor Vasari, and sundry modern guides. I find Vasari's mistakes usually of this *brightly* blundering kind. In matters needing research, after a while, I find *he* is right, usually. [1876.]

And I *did* find him right myself, after farther "research"—the "Atlas" in question being the builder and first king of Fésole! but how far Magian or Persian, I know not; only in the fresco he is, I believe, represented as watching the stars for the hour to lay the first stone of his city.—J. R., Florence, October, 1882.[3]

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[1] [Psalms viii. 3.]

[2] [See above, p. 353.]

[3] [In Mr. Caird's later notes, for Ruskin's intended new edition of the book, "Ptolemy" is suggested instead of Zoroaster or Atlas: see below, p. 456.]

beautiful opposition to the purple above and that of Tubal-Cain beside it. But it has been too much repainted to be trusted anywhere, nothing left but a fold or two in the sleeves. The cast of it from the knees down is entirely beautiful, and I suppose on the old lines; but the restorer also could throw a fold well when he chose. The warm light which relieves the purple of Atlas above, is laid in by him. I don't know if I should have liked it better, flat, as it was, against the dark purple; it seems to me quite beautiful now. The full red flush on the face of the Astronomy is the restorer's doing also. She was much paler, if not quite pale.

Under St. Luke.

Medallion, a stern man, with sickle and spade. For the flowers, and for us, when stars have risen and set such and such times;—remember.

106. *Technical Points.*—Left hand, globe, most of the important folds of the purple dress, eyes, mouth, hair in great part, and crown, genuine. Golden tracery on border of dress lost; extremity of falling folds from left sleeve altered and confused, but the confusion prettily got out of. Right hand and much of face and dress repainted.

Zoroaster's head quite pure. Dress repainted, but carefully, leaving the hair untouched. Right hand and pen, now a common feathered quill, entirely repainted, but dexterously and with feeling. The hand was once slightly different in position, and held, most probably, a style.

107. VI. Geometry. You have now learned, young ladies and gentlemen, to read, to speak, to think, to sing, and to see. You are getting old, and will have soon to think of being married; you must learn to build your house, therefore. Here is your carpenter's square for you, and you may safely and wisely contemplate the ground a little, and the measures and laws relating to that, seeing you have got to abide upon it:—and have properly looked

J Ruskin

Allen & Co. [illegible]

Astronomy

[illegible]

at the stars; not before then, lest, had you studied the ground first, you might perchance never have raised your heads from it.

Geometry is here considered as the arbitress of all laws of practical labour, issuing in beauty.

She looks down, a little puzzled, greatly interested, holding her carpenter's square in her left hand, not wanting that but for practical work; following a diagram with her right.

Her beauty, altogether soft and in curves, I commend to your notice, as the exact opposite of what a vulgar designer would have imagined for her. Note the wreath of hair at the back of her head, which, though fastened by a *spiral* fillet, escapes at last, and flies off loose in a sweeping curve. Contemplative Theology is the only other of the sciences who has such wavy hair.

Beneath her, Euclid, in white turban. Very fine and original work throughout; but nothing of special interest in him.

Under St. Matthew.

Medallion, a soldier with a straight sword (best for science of defence), octagon shield, helmet like the beehive cap of Canton Vaud. As the secondary use of music in feasting, so the secondary use of geometry in war—her noble art being all in sweetest peace—is shown in the medallion.

Technical Points.—It is more than fortunate that in nearly every figure, the original outline of the hair is safe. Geometry's has scarcely been retouched at all, except at the ends, once in single knots, now in confused double ones. The hands, girdle, most of the dress, and her black carpenter's square, are original. Face and breast repainted.

108. VII. Arithmetic. Having built your house, young people, and understanding the light of heaven, and the measures of earth, you may marry—and can't do better.

And here is now your conclusive science, which you will have to apply, all your days, to all your affairs.

The Science of Number. Infinite in solemnity of use in Italy at this time; including, of course, whatever was known of the higher abstract mathematics and mysteries of numbers, but reverenced especially in its vital necessity to the prosperity of families and kingdoms; and first fully so understood here in commercial Florence.

Her hand lifted, with two fingers bent, two straight, solemnly enforcing on your attention her primal law—Two and two are—four, you observe,—not five, as those unhappy usurers think.

Under her, Pythagoras.

Above, medallion of king, with sceptre and globe, counting money. Have you ever chanced to read carefully Carlyle's account of the foundation of the existing Prussian empire, in economy?[1]

You can, at all events, consider with yourself a little, what empire this Queen of the terrestrial sciences must hold over the rest, if they are to be put to good use; or what depth and breadth of application there is in the brief parables of the counted cost of Power, and number of Armies.

To give a very minor, but characteristic instance. I have always felt that, with my intense love of the Alps, I ought to have been able to make a drawing of Chamouni, or the vale of Cluse, which should give people more pleasure than a photograph; but I always wanted to do it as I saw it, and engrave pine for pine, and crag for crag, like Albert Dürer. I broke my strength down for many a year, always tiring of my work, or finding the leaves drop off, or the snow come on, before I had well begun what I meant to do. If I had only *counted* my pines first,[2] and

[1] [See Ruskin's analysis of it in his Appendix to *Crown of Wild Olive* (Vol. XVIII. pp. 515 *seq.*).]

[2] [See the Notes on his Bond Street Exhibition of 1878, where this same point is referred to: Vol. XIII. pp. 510, 513.]

calculated the number of hours necessary to do them in the manner of Dürer, I should have saved the available drawing time of some five years, spent in vain effort. But Turner counted his pines, and did all that could be done for them, and rested content with that.

109. And how often in greater affairs of life, the arithmetical part of the business must become the dominant one! How many and how much have we? How many and how much do we want? How constantly does noble Arithmetic of the finite lose itself in base Avarice of the Infinite, and in blind imagination of it! In counting of minutes, is our arithmetic ever solicitous enough? In counting our days, is she ever severe enough? How we shrink from reckoning in their decades, the diminished store of them! And if we ever pray the solemn prayer that we may be taught to number them,[1] do we even try to do it after praying?

Technical Points.—The Pythagoras almost entirely genuine. The upper figures, from this inclusive to the outer wall, I have not been able to examine thoroughly, my scaffolding not extending beyond the Geometry.

Here then we have the sum of sciences—seven, according to the Florentine mind—necessary to the secular education of man and woman. Of these the modern average respectable English gentleman and gentlewoman know usually only a little of the last, and entirely hate the prudent applications of that: being unacquainted, except as they chance here and there to pick up a broken piece of information, with either grammar, rhetoric, music,* astronomy, or

* In all the classic, simple, and eternal modes of it. [1882.[2]]

[1] [Psalms xc. 12. For Ruskin's own habit of numbering his days, see the account of his diary in Vol. VII. p. xxiii.]

[2] [Though not so indicated in previous editions, this note was added in 1882, replacing the following in ed. 1 :—

"Being able to play the piano and admire Mendelssohn is not knowing music."

For Ruskin's views on Mendelssohn, see Vol. XXII. p. 497.]

geometry; and are not only unacquainted with logic, or the use of reason, themselves, but instinctively antagonistic to its use by anybody else.

110. We are now to read the series of the Divine sciences, beginning at the opposite side, next the window.

SECTION II

The Seven Heavenly Sciences; read from left to right; from the corner next the window to the centre of the wall

I. Civil Law. Civil, or "of citizens," not only as distinguished from Ecclesiastical, but from *Local* law. She is the universal Justice of the peaceful relations of men throughout the world, therefore holds the globe, with its *three* quarters, white, as being justly governed, in her left hand.

She is also the law of eternal *equity*, not of *erring statute;* therefore holds her sword *level* across her breast.

She is the foundation of all other divine science. To know anything whatever about God, you must begin by being Just.

Dressed in red, *which in these frescoes is always a sign of power, or zeal;* but her face very calm, gentle, and beautiful. Her hair bound close, and crowned by the royal circlet of gold, with pure thirteenth-century strawberry-leaf ornament.

Under her, the Emperor Justinian, in blue, with conical mitre of white and gold; the face in profile very beautiful. The imperial staff in his right hand, the Institutes in his left.

Medallion, a figure, apparently in distress, appealing for justice. (Trajan's suppliant widow?)

Technical Points.—The three divisions of the globe in her hand were originally inscribed Asia, Africa, Europe. The restorer has ingeniously changed Af into Ame—rica. Faces, both of the science and emperor, little retouched, nor any of the rest altered.

111. II. Christian Law. After the justice which rules men, comes that which rules the Church of Christ. The distinction is not between secular law and ecclesiastical authority, but between the rough equity of humanity, and the discriminate compassion of Christian discipline.

In full, straight-falling, golden robe, with white mantle over it; a church in her left hand; her right raised, with the forefinger lifted (indicating heavenly source of all Christian law? or warning?).

Head-dress, a white veil floating into folds in the air. You will find nothing in these frescoes without significance; and as the escaping hair of Geometry indicates the infinite conditions of lines of the higher orders, so the floating veil here indicates that the higher relations of Christian justice are indefinable. So her golden mantle signifies that it is a glorious and excellent justice beyond that which unchristian men conceive; while the severely falling lines of the folds, which form a kind of gabled niche for the head of the Pope beneath, correspond with the strictness of true Church discipline, and of the firmer as well as more luminous statute.

Beneath, Pope Clement V., in red, lifting his hand, not in the position of benediction, but, I suppose, of injunction, —only the forefinger straight, the second a little bent, the two last quite.[1] Note the strict level of the book; and the vertical directness of the key.

The medallion puzzles me. It looks like a figure counting money.*

* Probably a doctor expounding laws: the points of his fingers being touched in order.—(G. C.[2])

[1] [Mr. Caird's note for Ruskin's intended new edition is: "He is in precisely the position of the Pope in the opposite fresco [see p. 438], holding up his right hand in the attitude of the *Latin* benediction. The second finger is slightly crooked because it is impossible to keep it straight, especially with a glove on."]

[2] [Mr. Caird's note is: "The medallion represents a scholar turning in the third finger of his left hand with the index of his right. Christian law is divinely given, and the enforcement of it is entrusted to the learned:—

'Invocavi, et venit in me Spiritus Sapientiæ,
Et præposui illam regnis et sedibus.'"

See above, p. 383.]

Technical Points.—Fairly well preserved; but the face of the Science retouched: the grotesquely false perspective of the Pope's tiara, one of the most curiously naïve examples of the entirely ignorant feeling after merely scientific truth of form which still characterized Italian art.

Type of church interesting in its extreme simplicity; no idea of transept, campanile, or dome.

112. III. Practical Theology. The beginning of the knowledge of God being Human Justice, and its elements defined by Christian Law, the application of the law so defined follows, first with respect to man, then with respect to God.

"Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's—and to God the things that are God's."[1]

We have therefore now following, two sciences, one of our duty to men, the other to their Maker.

This is the first: duty to men. She holds a circular medallion, representing Christ preaching on the Mount, and points with her right hand to the earth.

The sermon on the Mount is perfectly expressed by the craggy pinnacle in front of Christ, and the high dark horizon. There is curious evidence throughout all these frescoes of Simon Memmi's having read the Gospels with a quite clear understanding of their innermost meaning.

I have called this science, Practical Theology:—the instructive knowledge, that is to say, of what God would have us to do, personally, in any given human relation: and the speaking His Gospel therefore by act. "Let your light so shine before men."[2]

She wears a green dress, like Music; her hair in the Arabian arch, with jewelled diadem.

Under David.

Medallion, Almsgiving.

Beneath her, Peter Lombard.

[1] [Matthew xxii. 21.]
[2] [Matthew v. 16.

Technical Points.—It is curious that while the instinct of perspective was not strong enough to enable any painter at this time to foreshorten a foot, it yet suggested to them the expression of elevation by raising the horizon.

I have not examined the retouching. The hair and diadem at least are genuine, the face is dignified and compassionate, and much on the old lines.

113. IV. Devotional Theology. Giving glory to God, or, more accurately, whatever feelings He desires us to have towards Him, whether of affection or awe.

This is the science or method of *devotion* for Christians universally, just as the Practical Theology is their science or method of *action*.

In blue and red: a narrow black rod still traceable in the left hand; I am not sure of its meaning. ("Thy rod and Thy staff, they comfort me?"[1]) The other hand open in admiration, like Astronomy's; but Devotion's is held at her breast. Her head very characteristic of Memmi, with upturned eyes, and Arab arch in hair.[2]

Under St. Paul.

Medallion, a mother lifting her hands: teaching her child the first elements of religion?

Beneath her, Boethius.[3]

Technical Points.—Both figures very genuine, and the painting of Boethius's black book, as of the red one in the next fresco, worth notice, showing how pleasant and interesting the commonest things become, when well painted.

114. V. Dogmatic Theology. After action and worship,

[1] [Psalms xxiii. 4.]

[2] [In ed. 1 the description of Dionysius was here transposed from the next Science. This, with incidental confusions, is the mistake referred to in § 118; for the details, see Bibliographical Note (above, p. 290).]

[3] [Mr. Caird's note is: "With an abstracted expression, grasps his chin with his right hand; in his left, a book."]

thought becoming too wide and difficult, the need of dogma becomes felt; the assertion, that is, within limited range, of the things that are to be believed.

Since whatever pride and folly pollute Christian scholarship naturally delight in dogma, the science itself cannot but be in a kind of disgrace among sensible men: nevertheless it would be difficult to overvalue the peace and security which have been given to humble persons by forms of creed; and it is evident that either there is no such thing as theology, or some of its knowledge must be thus, if not expressible, at least reducible within certain limits of expression, so as to be protected from misinterpretation.

In red,—again the sign of power,—crowned with a black (once golden?) triple* crown, emblematic of the Trinity. The left hand holding a scoop for winnowing corn; the other points upwards. "Prove all things—hold fast that which is good, or of God."[1]

Under her, Dionysius the Areopagite—mending his pen! But I am doubtful of Lord Lindsay's identification of this figure, and the action is curiously common and meaningless. It may have meant that meditative theology is essentially a writer, not a preacher.[2]

Under St. Mark.

Medallion, female figure laying hands on breast.†

Technical Points.—I have not examined the upper figure; the lower one is almost entirely genuine, and the painting of the red book quite exemplary in fresco style.

* Three-cusped, better than triple, which would mean the papal tiara; and I think it was *outlined* with black only.—(G. C.)

† The right laid on the breast, the left holds her girdle.[3]—(G. C.)

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[1] [1 Thessalonians v. 15.]

[2] [See *Sketches of the History of Christian Art*, vol. iii. p. 39. Mr. Caird's note is: "Dionysius the Areopagite mending his pen, or looking for a hair in it: to signify perhaps that dogma should be written clearly."]

[3] [Her cloak, rather.]

115. VI. Mystic Theology.* Monastic science, above dogma, and attaining to new revelation by reaching higher spiritual states.

In white robes, her left hand gloved (I don't know why) †—holding chalice. She wears a nun's veil fastened under her chin, her hair fastened close, like Grammar's, showing her necessarily monastic life; all states of mystic spiritual life involving retreat from much that is allowable in the material and practical world.

There is no possibility of denying this fact, infinite as the evils are which have arisen from misconception of it. They have been chiefly induced by persons who falsely pretended to lead monastic life, and led it without having natural faculty for it. But many more lamentable errors have arisen from the pride of really noble persons, who have thought it would be a more pleasing thing to God to be a sibyl or a witch, than a useful housewife. Pride is always somewhat involved even in the true effort: the scarlet head-dress in the form of a horn on the forehead in the fresco may perhaps indicate this, both here, and in the Contemplative Theology.[1]

Under St. John.

Medallion unintelligible, to me. A woman laying hands on the shoulders ‡ of two small figures.

Technical Points.—More of the minute folds of the white dress left than in any other of the repainted draperies. It is curious that minute division has always in drapery,

* Blunderingly in the guide-books called "Faith"!

† I think the remnant of a falcon's wing is traceable above the hand.—(G. C.)

Well,—but if so—why? Monks don't ride a-hawking. Does it mean the falcon's sight—or soaring—or is it the Egyptian falcon emblem of immortality? [1882.]

‡ No, reaching out to them.—(G. C.)

[1] [Here Ruskin omits to mention "Beneath her, St. John Damascene," an old man with white beard and soft cap; he has a book under his arm, and is making his quill pen.]

more or less, been understood as an expression of spiritual life, from the delicate folds of Athena's peplus down to the rippled edges of modern priests' white robes; Titian's breadth of fold, on the other hand, meaning for the most part bodily power. The relation of the two modes of composition was lost by Michael Angelo, who thought to express spirit by making flesh colossal.

For the rest, the figure is not of any interest, Memmi's own mind being intellectual rather than mystic.

116. VII. Polemic Theology.*

"Who goes forth, conquering and to conquer."

"For we war, not with flesh and blood," etc.[1]

In red, as sign of power, but not in armour, because she is herself invulnerable. A close red cap, with cross for crest, instead of helmet. Bow in left hand; long arrow in right.

She partly means Aggressive Logic: compare the set of her shoulders and arms with Logic's.[2]

She is placed the last of the Heavenly sciences, not as their culminating power, but as the last which can be rightly learned. You must know all the others, before you go out to battle. Whereas the general principle of modern Christendom is to go out to battle without knowing *any one* of the others! one of the reasons for this error, the prince of errors, being the vulgar notion that truth may be ascertained by debate! Truth is never learned, in any department of industry, by arguing, but by working, and observing. And when you have got good hold of one truth, for certain, two others will grow out of it, in a beautifully dicotyledonous fashion (which, as before noticed,[3] is

* Blunderingly called "Charity" in the guide-books.

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[1] [Revelation vi. 2; Ephesians vi. 12.]
[2] [See § 99, and Plate XXXVII.]
[3] [See again § 99, p. 392.]

the meaning of the branch in Logic's right hand). Then, when you have got so much true knowledge as is worth fighting for, you are bound to *fight*,*—or to die for it; but not to debate about it, any more.

There is, however, one further reason for Polemic Theology being put beside Mystic. It is only in some approach to mystic science that any man becomes aware of what St. Paul means by "spiritual wickedness in heavenly† places"; or, in any true sense, knows the enemies of God and of man.

117. Beneath, St. Augustine. Showing you the proper method of controversy;—perfectly firm; perfectly gentle.

You are to distinguish, of course, controversy from rebuke. The assertion of truth is to be always gentle: the chastisement of wilful falsehood may be—very much the contrary indeed. Christ's sermon on the Mount is full of polemic theology, yet perfectly gentle:—"Ye have heard that it hath been said—but *I* say unto you;"—"And if ye salute your brethren only, what do ye more than others?" and the like. But His "Ye fools and blind, for whether is greater,"[1] is not merely the exposure of error, but rebuke of the avarice which made that error possible.

Under the throne of St. Thomas; and next to Arithmetic, of the earthly sciences.

Medallion, a soldier, but not interesting.

* I will not encumber this letter with a defence of Holy Wars, whether defensive as that for the Scottish Covenant, or aggressive as the Mahometans under the four great Caliphs: the sentence is, I believe, hitherto the only one in which my opinion about them has been stated. [1882.]

† With cowardly intentional fallacy, translated "high" in the English Bible.[2]

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[1] [Matthew vi. 21, 22, 47, xxiii. 17.]

[2] [In the Greek Testament (Ephesians vi. 12) ἐν τοῖς ἐπουρανίοις, and in the Vulgate "in cœlestibus." The Revised Version gives correctly "in the heavenly places."]

Technical Points.—Very genuine and beautiful throughout. Note the use of St. Augustine's red bands, to connect him with the full red of the upper figure; and compare the niche formed by the dress of Canon Law, above the Pope, for different artistic methods of attaining the same object,—unity of composition.

But lunch time is near, my friends, and you have that shopping to do, you know.

THE SIXTH MORNING

THE SHEPHERD'S TOWER

118. I AM obliged to interrupt my account of the Spanish Chapel[1] by the following notes on the sculptures of Giotto's Campanile: first because I find that inaccurate accounts of those sculptures are in course of publication;[2] and chiefly because I cannot finish my work in the Spanish Chapel until one of my good Oxford helpers, Mr. Caird, has completed some investigations he has undertaken for me upon the history connected with it.[3] I had written my own analysis of the fourth side, believing that in every scene of it the figure of St. Dominic was repeated. Mr. Caird first suggested, and has shown me already good grounds for his belief,* that the preaching monks represented are in each scene intended for a different person. I am informed also of several careless mistakes which have got into my description of the fresco of the Sciences;† and finally, another of my young helpers, Mr. Charles F. Murray,[4]—one, however, whose help is given much in the form of antagonism,—informs me of various critical discoveries lately made, both

* He wrote thus to me on 11th November last: "The three preachers are certainly different. The first is Dominic; the second, Peter Martyr, whom I have identified from his martyrdom on the other wall; and the third, Aquinas."

† Corrected in the second edition.

[1] [It was to have been continued by an examination of the other great fresco, under the title of "The Visible Church." This was set up in type by Ruskin, and is now for the first time published: see below, p. 436.]

[2] [See Vol. XXII. p. 478. There had also appeared, shortly before the publication of this chapter, an article by Mr. Sidney Colvin, entitled "Giotto's Gospel of Labour" (*Macmillan's Magazine*, April 1877, vol. 35, pp. 448–460), being the substance of two lectures illustrated with slides from the series of photographs taken for Ruskin in 1874 (see below, p. 464). It appears from a letter to Mr. Caird that Ruskin did not agree in everything said by Mr. Colvin.]

[3] [For the result of these investigations, see now below, p. 455.]

[4] [Compare *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 79, where Ruskin refers to this passage; and see Vol. XXI. p. 299 *n.*]

by himself, and by industrious Germans, of points respecting the authenticity of this and that, which will require notice from me: more especially he tells me of certification that the picture in the Uffizii, of which I accepted the ordinary attribution to Giotto,[1] is by Lorenzo Monaco,—which indeed may well be, without in the least diminishing the use to you of what I have written of its predella, and without in the least, if you think rightly of the matter, diminishing your confidence in what I tell you of Giotto generally. There is one kind of knowledge of pictures which is the artist's, and another which is the antiquary's and the picture-dealer's; the latter especially acute, and founded on very secure and wide knowledge of canvas, pigment, and tricks of touch, without, necessarily, involving any knowledge whatever of the qualities of art itself. There are few practised dealers in the great cities of Europe whose opinion would not be more trustworthy than mine (if you could *get* it, mind you) on points of actual authenticity.[2] But they could only tell you whether the picture was by such and such a master, and not at all what either the master or his work was good for. Thus, I have, before now, taken drawings by Varley and by Cozens[3] for early studies by Turner, and have been convinced by the dealers that they knew better than I, as far as regarded the authenticity of those drawings; but the dealers don't know Turner, or the worth of him, so well as I, for all that. So also, you may find me again and again mistaken among the much more confused work of the early Giottesque schools, as to the authenticity of this work or the other; but you will find (and I say it with far more sorrow than pride) that I am simply the only person who can at present tell you the real worth of *any;* you will find that whenever I tell you to look at a picture, it is worth your pains; and whenever I tell you the character of

[1] [See above, § 27, p. 323.]
[2] [On this subject see the Introduction to Vol. XXII. (p. xxxix.).]
[3] [For Varley, see Vol. III. pp. 275, 472, 529, 625; and for Cozens, Vol. XIII. p. 55.]

a painter, that it *is* his character, discerned by me faithfully in spite of all confusion of work falsely attributed to him in which similar character may exist. Thus, when I mistook Cozens for Turner, I was looking at a piece of subtlety in the sky of which the dealer had no consciousness whatever, which was essentially Turneresque, but which another man might sometimes equal; whereas the dealer might be only looking at the quality of Whatman's paper, which Cozens used and Turner did not.

119. Not, in the meanwhile, to leave you quite guideless as to the main subject of the fourth fresco in the Spanish Chapel,—the Pilgrim's Progress of Florence,—here is a brief map of it.

On the right, in lowest angle, St. Dominic preaches to the group of Infidels; in the next group towards the left, he (or some one very like him) preaches to the Heretics: the Heretics proving obstinate, he sets his dogs at them, as at the fatallest of wolves, who being driven away, the rescued lambs are gathered at the feet of the Pope. I have copied the head of the very pious, but slightly weak-minded, little lamb in the centre,[1] to compare with my rough Cumberland ones, who have had no such grave experiences. The whole group, with the Pope, above (the niche of the Duomo joining with and enriching the decorative power of his mitre), is a quite delicious piece of design.

The Church being thus pacified, is seen in worldly honour under the powers of the Spiritual and Temporal Rulers. The Pope, with Cardinal and Bishop descending in order on his right; the Emperor, with King and baron descending in order on his left; the ecclesiastical body of the whole Church on the right side, and the laity,—chiefly its poets and artists,—on the left.[2]

[1] [Ruskin's study of the lamb is not known to the editors.]

[2] [Among Ruskin's MSS. is a sheet which may be read at this point, as an alternative to the following paragraph in the text:—

"In these two groups, then, with the beautifully painted actual Church above them, the first clause of the picture ends. The second begins again, above, on the right hand, representative of the scheme of a higher redemption. Respecting which you must first observe that the theology of the

Then, the redeemed Church nevertheless giving itself up to the vanities and temptations of the world, its forgetful saints are seen feasting with their children dancing before them (the Seven Mortal Sins, say some commentators). But the wise-hearted of them confess their sins to another ghost of St. Dominic; and confessed, becoming as little children,[1] enter hand in hand the gate of the Eternal Paradise, crowned with flowers by the waiting angels, and admitted by St. Peter among the serenely joyful crowd of all the saints, above whom the white Madonna stands reverently before the throne. There is, so far as I know, throughout all the schools of Christian art, no other so perfect statement of the noble policy and religion of men.

120. I had intended to give the best account of it in my power; but, when at Florence, lost all time for writing that I might copy the group of the Pope and Emperor for the schools of Oxford;[2] and the work since done by Mr. Caird has informed me of so much, and given me, in some of its suggestions, so much to think of, that I believe it will be best and most just to print at once his account of the fresco as a supplement to these essays of mine,[3] merely indicating any points on which I have

four niches of this chapel is throughout a scheme of redemption, never one of condemnation. What is to happen to the children who will not learn their grammar; to grown-up people who have no acquaintance with arithmetic; to the obstinate Pagans who still hug their beloved books; or the irreclaimable Heretics who can only be represented as wolves, we are nowhere told. All other Florentine theologians, even the gentlest Angelico, insist at length on the terrors of condemnation and the powers of Hell and of Death. But Simon Memmi only shows the gate of Hades open to give up, not to receive, its prey, and is absolutely silent as to the fate which may be appointed for the blasphemer or betrayer of the faith he has to preach.

"Nevertheless, such betrayal must be represented as possible even after the truest clergy and noblest kings have done their utmost to teach and to protect their people; and in the bosom of the Church itself, in this world, there will be found always a certain number of persons whom no hope can win, no creed purge from the pleasures and passions of their earthly life. To these Christians, who forget their heavenly calling, St. Dominic has here to preach the glory of a higher life."]

[1] [Matthew xviii. 3: see below, p. 452.]

[2] [See Plate XL., No. 123 in the Reference Series (Vol. XXI. p. 39); and compare the beginning of *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 46, where Ruskin describes the subject.]

[3] [The additional chapter was put into type by Ruskin, and is now included.]

objections to raise, and so leave matters till Fors lets me see Florence once more.[1]

Perhaps she may, in kindness, forbid my ever seeing it more, the wreck of it being now too ghastly and heart-breaking to any human soul that remembers the days of old.[2] Forty years ago, there was assuredly no spot of ground, out of Palestine, in all the round world, on which, if you knew, even but a little, the true course of that world's history, you saw with so much joyful reverence the dawn of morning, as at the foot of the Tower of Giotto. For there the traditions of faith and hope, of both the Gentile and Jewish races, met for their beautiful labour:[3] the Baptistery of Florence is the last building raised on the earth by the descendants of the workmen taught by Dædalus; and the Tower of Giotto is the loveliest of those raised on earth under the inspiration of the men who lifted up the tabernacle in the wilderness. Of living Greek work there is none after the Florentine Baptistery; of living Christian work, none so perfect as the Tower of Giotto; and, under the gleam and shadow of their marbles, the morning light was haunted by the ghosts of the Father of Natural Science, Galileo; of Sacred Art, Angelico, and of the Master of Sacred Song. Which spot of ground the modern Florentine has made his principal hackney-coach stand and omnibus station. The hackney coaches, with their more or less farmyard-like litter of occasional hay, and smell of variously mixed horse-manure, are yet in more permissible harmony with the place than the ordinary populace of a fashionable promenade would be, with its cigars, spitting, and harlot-planned fineries: but the omnibus place of call being in front of the door of the tower, renders it impossible to stand for a moment near it, to look at the sculptures either of the eastern or southern side; while the north side

[1] [He went there for the last time in September to October, 1882, when he revised *Mornings in Florence*.]

[2] [Compare *Præterita*, ii. § 145.]

[3] [Compare above, p. 240.]

is enclosed with an iron railing, and usually encumbered with lumber as well: not a soul in Florence ever caring now for sight of any piece of its old artists' work: and the mass of strangers being on the whole intent on nothing but getting the omnibus to go by steam; and so seeing the cathedral in one swift circuit, by glimpses between the puffs of it.

121. The front of Notre Dame of Paris was similarly turned into a coach-office when I last saw it—1874.* Within fifty yards of me as I write, the Oratory of the Holy Ghost[1] is used for a tobacco-store, and in fine, over all Europe, mere Caliban bestiality and Satyric ravage—staggering, drunk and desperate, into every once enchanted cell where the prosperity of kingdoms ruled, and the miraculousness of beauty was shrined in peace.

Deluge of profanity, drowning dome and tower in Stygian pool of vilest thought,—nothing now left sacred, in the places where once—nothing was profane.

For *that* is indeed the teaching, if you could receive it, of the Tower of Giotto; as of all Christian art in its day. Next to declaration of the facts of the Gospel, its purpose (often in actual work the eagerest) was to show the *power* of the Gospel. History of Christ in due place; yes, history of all He did, and how He died: but then, and often, as I say, with more animated imagination, the showing of His risen presence in granting the harvests and guiding the labour of the year. All sun and rain, and length or decline of days received from His hand; all joy, and grief, and strength, or cessation of labour, indulged or endured, as in His sight and to His glory. And the familiar employments of the seasons, the homely toils of the peasant, the lowliest skills of the craftsman, are signed always on the stones of the Church, as the first and truest condition of sacrifice and offering.

* See *Fors Clavigera* in that year [Letter 41, § 4].

[1] [The church of the Spirito Santo on the Zattere, Venice, close to the Calcina restaurant, where Ruskin was lodging at the time (see Introduction to Vol. XXIV.).]

122. Of these representations of human art under heavenly guidance, the series of bas-reliefs which stud the base of this tower of Giotto's must be held certainly the chief in Europe.* At first you may be surprised at the smallness of their scale in proportion to their masonry; but this smallness of scale enabled the master workmen of the tower to execute them with their own hands; and for the rest, in the very finest architecture, the decoration of most precious kind is usually thought of as a jewel, and set with space round it,—as the jewels of a crown, or the clasp of a girdle. It is in general not possible for a great workman to carve, himself, a greatly conspicuous series of ornament; nay, even his energy fails him in design, when the bas-relief extends itself into incrustation, or involves the treatment of great masses of stone. If his own does not, the spectator's will. It would be the work of a long summer's day to examine the over-loaded sculptures of the Certosa of Pavia;[1] and yet in the tired last hour, you would be empty-hearted. Read but these inlaid jewels of Giotto's once with patient following; and your hour's study will give you strength for all your life. So far as you can, examine them of course on the spot; but to know them thoroughly you must have their photographs: the subdued colour of the old marble fortunately keeps the lights subdued, so that the photograph may be made more tender in the shadows than is usual in its renderings of sculpture, and there are few pieces of art which may now be so well known as these, in quiet homes far away.

123. We begin on the western side. There are seven sculptures on the western, southern, and northern sides; six on the eastern; counting the Lamb over the entrance door of the tower, which divides the complete series into two

* For account of the series on the main archivolt of St. Mark's, see my sketch of the schools of Venetian sculpture in third number of *St. Mark's Rest* [§§ 103–105].

[1] [Compare Vol. VIII. p. 50 and *n.*]

groups of eighteen and eight. Itself, between them, being the introduction to the following eight, you must count it as the first of the terminal group: you then have the whole twenty-seven sculptures divided into eighteen and nine.

Thus lettering the groups on each side for West, South, East, and North, we have:

W. S. E. N.
7 + 7 + 6 + 7 = 27; or,

W. S. E.
7 + 7 + 4 = 18; and,

E. N.
2 + 7 = 9.

There is a very special reason for this division by nines; but, for convenience' sake, I shall number the whole from 1 to 27, straightforwardly.[1] And if you will have patience with me, I should like to go round the tower once and again; first observing the general meaning and connection of the subjects, and then going back to examine the technical points in each, and such minor specialities as it may be well, at the first time, to pass over.

124. (1.) The series begins, then, on the west side, with the Creation of Man.[2] It is not the beginning of the story of Genesis; but the simple assertion that God made us, and breathed, and still breathes into our nostrils the breath of life.[3]

This, Giotto tells you to believe as the beginning of all knowledge and all power.* This he tells you to believe, as a thing which he himself knows.

He will tell you nothing but what he *does* know.

* So also the Master-builder of the Ducal Palace of Venice. See *Fors Clavigera* for June of this year (1877) [Letter 78, § 3].

[1] [Compare the list of subjects on p. 465.]
[2] [For subjects (1), (2), and (3), see Plate XLIII.]
[3] [Genesis ii. 7.]

(2.) Therefore, though Giovanni Pisano and his fellow-sculptors had given, literally, the taking of the rib out of Adam's side,[1] Giotto merely gives the mythic expression of the truth he knows,—"they two shall be one flesh."[2]

(3.) And though all the theologians and poets of his time would have expected, if not demanded, that his next assertion, after that of the Creation of Man, should be of the Fall of Man, he asserts nothing of the kind. He knows nothing of what man was. What he is, he knows best of living men at that hour, and proceeds to say. The next sculpture is of Eve spinning and Adam hewing the ground into clods. Not *digging:* you cannot, usually, dig but in ground already dug. The native earth you must hew.

They are not clothed in skins. What would have been the use of Eve's spinning if she could not weave? They wear, each, one simple piece of drapery, Adam's knotted behind him, Eve's fastened round her neck with a rude brooch.

Above them are an oak and an apple-tree. Into the apple-tree a little bear is trying to climb.

The meaning of which entire myth is, as I read it, that men and women must both eat their bread with toil. That the first duty of man is to feed his family, and the first duty of the woman to clothe it. That the trees of the field are given us for strength and for delight, and that the wild beasts of the field must have their share with us.*

125. (4.) The fourth sculpture,* forming the centre-piece of the series on the west side, is nomad pastoral life.[3]

Jabal, the father of such as dwell in tents, and of such

* The oak and apple boughs are placed, with the same meaning, by Sandro Botticelli, in the lap of Zipporah.[4] The figure of the bear is again represented by Jacopo della Quercia, on the north door of the Cathedral of Florence. I am not sure of its complete meaning.

[1] [As in the sculptures on the Cathedral of Orvieto: see above, p. 245.]
[2] [Genesis ii. 24.]
[3] [For subjects (4) to (7), see Plate XLIV.]
[4] [Compare *The Æsthetic and Mathematic Schools*, § 124 (above, p. 276).]

as have cattle, lifts the curtain of his tent to look out upon his flock. His dog watches it.[1]

(5.) Jubal, the father of all such as handle the harp and organ.

That is to say, stringed and wind instruments;—the lyre and reed. The first arts (with the Jew and Greek) of the shepherd David, and shepherd Apollo.

Giotto has given him the long level trumpet, afterwards adopted so grandly in the sculptures of La Robbia and Donatello. It is, I think, intended to be of wood, as now the long Swiss horn, and a long and shorter tube are bound together.

(6.) Tubal Cain, the instructor of every artificer in brass and iron.

Giotto represents him as sitting, *fully robed*, turning a wedge of bronze on the anvil with extreme watchfulness.

These last three sculptures, observe, represent the life of the race of Cain; of those who are wanderers, and have no home. *Nomad* pastoral life; Nomad artistic life, Wandering Willie; yonder organ man, whom you want to send the policeman after, and the gipsy who is mending the old schoolmistress's kettle on the grass, which the squire has wanted so long to take into his park from the roadside.

(7.) Then the last sculpture of the seven begins the story of the race of Seth, and of home life. The father of it lying drunk under his trellised vine; such the general image of civilized society, in the abstract, thinks Giotto.[2]

With several other meanings, universally known to the Catholic world of that day,—too many to be spoken of here.

126. The second side of the tower represents, after this introduction, the sciences and arts of civilized or home life.

(8.) Astronomy.[3] In nomad life you may serve yourself

[1] [Compare the description of this sculpture in Ruskin's review (1847) of Lord Lindsay, Vol. XII. p. 206; and see the notes on "Giotto's Pet Puppy," below, p. 474.]

[2] [Compare the lecture on Ghiberti, above, pp. 247–248.]

[3] [For subjects (8) to (11), see Plate XLV.]

of the guidance of the stars; but to know the laws of *their* nomadic life, your own must be fixed.

The astronomer, with his sextant revolving on a fixed pivot, looks up to the vault of the heavens and beholds their zodiac; prescient of what else with optic glass the Tuscan artist viewed, at evening, from the top of Fésole.

Above the dome of heaven, as yet unseen, are the Lord of the worlds and His angels. To-day, the Dawn and the Daystar: to-morrow, the Daystar arising in the heart.[1]

(9.) Defensive architecture. The building of the watch-tower. The beginning of security in possession.

(10.) Pottery. The making of pot, cup, and platter. The first civilized furniture; the means of heating liquid, and serving drink and meat with decency and economy.

(11.) Riding. The subduing of animals to domestic service.

(12.) Weaving.[2] The making of clothes with swiftness, and in precision of structure, by help of the loom.

(13.) Law, revealed as directly from heaven.

(14.) Dædalus (not Icarus, but the father trying the wings). The conquest of the element of air.

127. As the seventh subject of the first group introduced the arts of home after those of the savage wanderer, this seventh of the second group introduces the arts of the missionary, or civilized and gift-bringing wanderer.

(15.) The conquest of the Sea. The helmsman, and two rowers, rowing as Venetians, face to bow.

(16.) The Conquest of the Earth. Hercules victor over Antæus.[3] Beneficent strength of civilization crushing the savageness of inhumanity.

(17.) Agriculture. The oxen and plough.

(18.) Trade. The cart and horses.

(19.) And now the sculpture over the door of the tower,

[1] [2 Peter i. 19.]
[2] [For subjects (12) to (15), see Plate XLVI.]
[3] [For subjects (16) to (19), see Plate XLVII.]

The Lamb of God, expresses the Law of Sacrifice, and door of ascent to heaven. And then follow the fraternal arts of the Christian world.

(20.) Geometry.[1] Again the angle sculpture, introductory to the following series. We shall see presently why this science must be the foundation of the rest.

(21.) Sculpture.

(22.) Painting.

(23.) Grammar.

(24.) Arithmetic.[2] The laws of number, weight, and measures of capacity.

(25.) Music. The laws of number, weight (or force), and measure, applied to sound.

(26.) Logic. The laws of number and measure applied to thought.[3]

(27.) The Invention of Harmony.

128. You see now — by taking first the great division of pre-Christian and Christian arts, marked by the door of the Tower; and then the divisions into four successive historical periods, marked by its angles—that you have a perfect plan of human civilization. The first side is of the nomad life, learning how to assert its supremacy over other wandering creatures, herbs, and beasts. Then the second side is the fixed home life, developing race and country; then the third side, the human intercourse between stranger races; then the fourth side, the harmonious arts of all who are gathered into the fold of Christ.

129. Now let us return to the first angle, and examine piece by piece with care.

(1.) *Creation of Man.*

Scarcely disengaged from the clods of the earth, he opens his eyes to the face of Christ. Like all the rest of the Sculptures, it is less the representation of a past fact

[1] [For subjects (20) to (23), see Plate XLVIII.]

[2] [For subjects (24) to (27), see Plate XLIX.]

[3] [In one of his copies of the book, Ruskin notes, "I have a suspicion that this is not Logic, but Controversy."]

than of a constant one. It is the continual state of man, "of the earth,"[1] yet seeing God.

Christ holds the book of His Law—the "Law of life"[2] —in His left hand.

The trees of the garden above are,—central above Christ, palm (immortal life); above Adam, oak (human life). Pear, and fig, and a large-leaved ground fruit (what?) complete the myth of the Food of life.

As decorative sculpture, these trees are especially to be noticed, with those in the two next subjects, and the Noah's vine, as differing in treatment from Giotto's foliage, of which perfect examples are seen in 16 and 17. Giotto's branches are set in close sheaf-like clusters; and every mass disposed with extreme formality of radiation. The leaves of these first, on the contrary, are arranged with careful concealment of their ornamental system, so as to look inartificial. This is done so studiously as to become, by excess, a little unnatural!—Nature herself is more decorative and formal in grouping. But the occult design is very noble, and every leaf modulated with loving, dignified, exactly right and sufficient finish; not done to show skill, nor with mean forgetfulness of main subject, but in tender completion and harmony with it.

Look at the subdivisions of the palm-leaves with your magnifying glass. The others are less finished in this than in the next subject. Man himself incomplete, the leaves that are created with him, for his life, must not be so.

(Are not his fingers yet short; growing?)

130. (2.) *Creation of Woman.*

Far, in its essential qualities, the transcendent sculpture of this subject; Ghiberti's[3] is only a dainty elaboration and beautification of it, losing its solemnity and simplicity in a flutter of feminine grace. The older sculptor thinks of the

[1] [1 Corinthians xv. 47: "the first man is of the earth, earthy."]

[2] [See Romans viii. 2.]

[3] [See the lecture on Ghiberti, above, pp. 244–245, and Plate XXI.; and for other references to this sculpture by Giotto, see *ibid.*, p. 247, and *Deucalion*, ii. ch. i. § 4.]

Uses of Womanhood, and of its dangers and sins, before he thinks of its beauty; but, were the arm not lost, the quiet naturalness of this head and breast of Eve, and the bending grace of the submissive rendering of soul and body to perpetual guidance by the hand of Christ—(*grasping* the arm, note, for full support)—would be felt to be far beyond Ghiberti's in beauty, as in mythic truth.

The line of her body joins with that of the serpent-ivy round the tree trunk above her: a double myth—of her fall, and her support afterwards by her husband's strength. "Thy desire shall be to thy husband."[1] The fruit of the tree —double-set filbert,—telling nevertheless the happy equality.

The leaves in this piece are finished with consummate poetical care and precision. Above Adam, laurel (a virtuous woman is a crown to her husband[2]); the filbert for the two together; the fig, for fruitful household joy (under thy vine and fig-tree*—but vine properly the masculine joy); and the fruit taken by Christ for type of all naturally growing food, in His own hunger.

Examine with lens the ribbing of these leaves, and the insertion on their stem of the three laurel leaves on extreme right: and observe that in all cases the sculptor works the moulding *with* his own part of the design; look how he breaks variously deeper into it, beginning from the foot of Christ, and going up to the left into full depth above the shoulder.

131. (3.) *Original labour.* Much poorer, and intentionally so. For the myth of the creation of humanity, the sculptor uses his best strength, and shows supremely the grace of womanhood; but in representing the first peasant state of life, makes the grace of woman by no means her conspicuous quality. She even walks awkwardly; some feebleness in foreshortening the foot also embarrassing the

* Compare *Fors Clavigera,* February 1877 [Letter 74, § 6].

[1] [Genesis iii. 16.]
[2] [Proverbs xii. 4; 1 Kings iv. 25.]

sculptor. He knows its form perfectly—but its perspective, not quite yet.

The trees stiff and stunted—they also needing culture. Their fruit dropping at present only into beasts' mouths.

132. (4.) *Jabal.*

If you have looked long enough, and carefully enough, at the three previous sculptures, you cannot but feel that the hand here is utterly changed. The drapery sweeps in broader, softer, but less true folds; the handling is far more delicate; exquisitely sensitive to gradation over broad surfaces—scarcely using an incision of any depth but in outline; studiously reserved in appliance of shadow, as a thing precious and local—look at it above the puppy's head, and under the tent. This is assuredly painter's work, not mere sculptor's. I have no doubt whatever it is by the own hand of the shepherd boy of Fésole.[1] Cimabue had found him drawing (more probably *scratching* with Etrurian point) one of his sheep upon a stone.[2] These, on the central foundation-stone of his tower he engraves, looking back on the fields of life: the time soon near for him to draw the curtains of his tent.[3]

I know no dog like this in method of drawing, and in skill of giving the living form without one touch of chisel for hair, or incision for eye, except the dog barking at Poverty in the great fresco of Assisi.[4]

Take the lens and look at every piece of the work from corner to corner—note especially as a thing which would only have been enjoyed by a painter, and which all great painters do intensely enjoy—the *fringe* of the tent,* and

* "I think Jabal's tent is made of leather; the relaxed intervals between the tent-pegs show a curved ragged edge like leather near the ground" (Mr. Caird). The edge of the opening is still more characteristic, I think.

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[1] [On this subject see the Introduction, above, p. lxiii.]

[2] [See below, p. 474.]

[3] [Giotto began work on the Campanile in July 1334; it had hardly risen above the first storey when he died in January 1337.]

[4] [Described in *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 45, though the incident of the dog barking at the feet of Poverty is not there mentioned.]

precise insertion of its point in the angle of the hexagon, prepared for by the archaic masonry indicated in the oblique joint above;* architect and painter thinking at once, and *doing* as they thought.

I gave a lecture to the Eton boys a year or two ago, on little more than the shepherd's dog, which is yet more wonderful in magnified scale of photograph. The lecture is partly published—somewhere, but I can't refer to it.[1]

133. (5.) *Jubal.*

Still Giotto's, though a little less delighted in; but with exquisite introduction of the Gothic of his own tower. See the light surface sculpture of a mosaic design in the horizontal moulding.

Note also the painter's freehand working of the complex mouldings of the table—also resolvedly oblong, not square; see central flower.

(6.) *Tubal Cain.*

Still Giotto's, and entirely exquisite; finished with no less care than the shepherd, to mark the vitality of this art to humanity; the spade and hoe—its heraldic bearing—hung on the hinged door.† For subtlety of execution, note the texture of wooden block under anvil, and of its iron hoop.

The workman's face is the best sermon on the dignity of labour yet spoken by thoughtful man. Liberal Parliaments and fraternal Reformers have nothing essential to say more.

* Prints of these photographs which do not show the masonry all round the hexagon are quite valueless for study.

† Pointed out to me by Mr. Caird, who adds farther, "I saw a forge identical with this one at Pelago the other day,—the anvil resting on a tree-stump: the same fire, bellows, and implements; the door in two parts, the upper part like a shutter, and used for the exposition of finished work as a sign of the craft: and I saw upon it the same finished work of the same shape as in the bas-relief—a spade and a hoe."

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[1] [The lecture, or part of it, is now printed from Ruskin's MS. in an Appendix to this volume (see below, p. 471), but the editors have not traced any previous publication of it.]

(7.) *Noah.*

Andrea Pisano's, more or less imitative of Giotto's work.

134. (8.) *Astronomy.*

We have a new hand here altogether. The hair and drapery bad; the face expressive, but blunt in cutting; the small upper heads, necessarily little more than blocked out, on the small scale; but not suggestive of grace in completion: the minor detail worked with great mechanical precision, but little feeling; the lion's head, with leaves in its ears, is quite ugly; and by comparing the work of the small cusped arch at the bottom with Giotto's soft handling of the mouldings of his, in 5, you may for ever know common mason's work from fine Gothic. The zodiacal signs are quite hard and common in the method of bas-relief, but quaint enough in design: Capricorn, Aquarius, and Pisces, on the broad heavenly belt; Taurus upside down, Gemini, and Cancer, on the small globe.

I think the whole a restoration of the original panel, or else an inferior workman's rendering of Giotto's design, which the next piece is, with less question.

(9.) *Building.*

The larger figure, I am disposed finally to think, represents civic power, as in Lorenzetti's fresco at Siena.[1] The extreme rudeness of the minor figures may be guarantee of their originality; it is the smoothness of mass and hard edge work that make me suspect the 8th for a restoration.

(10.) *Pottery.*

Very grand; with much painter's feeling, and fine mouldings again. The *tiled* roof projecting in the shadow above, protects the first Ceramicus-home. I think the women are meant to be carrying some kind of wicker or reed-bound water-vessel. The Potter's servant explains to them the extreme advantages of the new invention. I can't make any conjecture about the author of this piece.

[1] [See *A Joy for Ever*, § 57 (Vol. XVI. p. 54, and Plate I.)]

(11.) *Riding.*

Again Andrea Pisano's, it seems to me. Compare the tossing up of the dress behind the shoulders, in 3 and 2. The head is grand, having nearly an Athenian profile; the loss of the horse's fore-leg prevents me from rightly judging of the entire action. I must leave riders to say.

135. (12.) *Weaving.*

Andrea's again, and of extreme loveliness; the stooping face of the woman at the loom is more like a Leonardo drawing than sculpture. The action of throwing the large shuttle, and all the structure of the loom and its threads, distinguishing rude or smooth surface, are quite wonderful. The figure on the right shows the use and grace of finely woven tissue, under and upper—that over the bosom so delicate that the line of separation from the flesh of the neck is unseen.

If you hide with your hand the carved masonry at the bottom, the composition separates itself into two pieces, one disagreeably rectangular. The still more severely rectangular masonry throws out by contrast all that is curved and rounded in the loom, and unites the whole composition: that is its æsthetic function; its historical one is to show that weaving is queen's work, not peasant's; for this is palace masonry.

(13.) *The Giving of Law.* More strictly, of *the* Book of God's Law: the only one which *can* ultimately be obeyed.*

The authorship of this is very embarrassing to me. The

* Mr. Caird convinced me of the real meaning of this sculpture. I had taken it for the giving of a book, writing further of it as follows:—

All books, rightly so called, are Books of Law, and all Scripture is given by inspiration of God. (What *we* now mostly call a book, the infinite reduplication and vibratory echo of a lie, is not given, but belched up out of volcanic clay by the inspiration of the devil.) On the Book-giver's right hand the students in cell, restrained by the lifted right hand:

"Silent, you,—till you know;" then, perhaps, you also.

On the left, the men of the world, kneeling, receive the gift.

Recommendable seal, this, for Mr. Mudie!

Mr. Caird says: "The book is written law, which is given by Justice

face of the central figure is most noble, and all the work good, but not delicate; it is like original work of the master of whose design No. 8 might be a restoration.

(14.) *Dædalus.*

Andrea Pisano again; the head superb, founded on Greek models, feathers of wings wrought with extreme care; but with no precision of arrangement or feeling. How far intentional in awkwardness, I cannot say; but note the good mechanism of the whole plan, with strong standing-board for the feet.

136. (15.) *Navigation.*

An intensely puzzling one; coarse (perhaps unfinished) in work, and done by a man who could not row; the plaited bands used for rowlocks being pulled the wrong way. Right, had the rowers been rowing English-wise:[1] but the water at the boat's head shows its motion forwards, the way the oarsmen look. I cannot make out the action of the figure at the stern: it ought to be steering with the stern oar.

The water seems quite unfinished. Meant, I suppose, for surface and section of sea, with slimy rock at the bottom; but all stupid and inefficient.

(16.) *Hercules and Antæus.*

The earth power, half hidden by the earth, its hair and hand becoming roots, the strength of its life passing through the ground into the oak tree. With Cercyon, but first named (Plato, *Laws*, Book VII., 796[2]), Antæus is the master of contest without use;—φιλονεικίας ἀχρήστου—and is

to the inferiors, that they may know the laws regulating their relations to their superiors—who are also under the hand of law. The vassal is protected by the accessibility of formularized law—the superior is restrained by the right hand of power."

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[1] [And not Venetian-wise: see above, § 127, p. 419.]

[2] ["As regards wrestling, the tricks which Antæus and Cercyon devised in their systems out of a vain spirit of competition (φιλονεικίας ἀχρήστου χάριν) are useless for war." For Antæus, see *Michael Angelo and Tintoret*, § 30 (Vol. XXII. p. 102); and for an incidental reference to this bas-relief, *Ariadne Florentina*, § 247 (*ibid.*, p. 478).]

generally the power of pure selfishness and its various inflation to insolence and degradation to cowardice;—finding its strength only in fall back to its Earth,—he is the master, in a word, of all such kind of persons as have been writing lately about the "interests of England."[1] He is, therefore, the power invoked by Dante to place Virgil and him in the lowest circle of Hell;—"Alcides whilom felt,—that grapple, straitened sore," etc.[2] The Antæus in the sculpture is very grand; but the authorship puzzles me, as of the next piece, by the same hand. I believe both Giotto's design.

137. (17.) *Ploughing.*

The sword in its Christian form. Magnificent: the grandest expression of the power of man over the earth and its strongest creatures that I remember in early sculpture,—(or for that matter, in late). It is the subduing of the bull which the sculptor thinks most of; the plough, though large, is of wood, and the handle slight. But the pawing and bellowing labourer he has bound to it:—here is the victory.

(18.) *The Chariot.*

The horse also subdued to draught—Achilles' chariot in its first, and to be its last, simplicity. The face has probably been grand—the figure is so still. Andrea's, I think by the flying drapery.

(19.) *The Lamb, with the symbol of Resurrection.*

Over the door: "I am the door;—by me, if any man enter in," etc.[3] Put to the right of the tower, you see fearlessly, for the convenience of staircase ascent; all external symmetry being subject with the great builders to interior use;[4] and then, out of the rightly ordained infraction of formal law, comes perfect beauty; and when, as here, the Spirit of Heaven is working with the designer,

[1] [The reference is to discussions of the Eastern Question, with regard to which Ruskin was strongly opposed to the Turkish sympathies of Lord Beaconsfield's Government: compare *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 74 (§ 16) and Letter 78 (§ 5).]

[2] [*Inferno*, xxxi. 123 (Cary).]

[3] [John x. 9.]

[4] [As, for instance, in the external windows on the sea front of the Ducal Palace: see Vol. X. p. 334.]

his thoughts are suggested in truer order, by the concession to use. After this sculpture come the Christian arts,—those which necessarily imply the conviction of immortality. Astronomy without Christianity only reaches as far as—"Thou hast made him a little lower than the angels—and put all *things* under his feet";[1]—Christianity says beyond this,—"Know ye not that we shall judge angels" (as also the lower creatures shall judge us!).* The series of sculptures now beginning, therefore, show the arts which *can* only be accomplished through belief in Christ.

138. (20.) *Geometry.*

Not "mathematics": *they* have been implied long ago in astronomy and architecture: but the due Measuring of the Earth and all that is on it. Actually done only by Christian faith—first inspiration of the great Earth-measurers. Your Prince Henry of Spain,[2] your Columbus, your Captain Cook (whose tomb, with the bright artistic invention and religious tenderness which are so peculiarly the gifts of the nineteenth century, we have just provided a fence for,[3] of old cannon open-mouthed, straight up towards Heaven—your modern method of symbolizing the only appeal to Heaven of which the nineteenth century has left itself capable—"The voice of thy Brother's blood crieth to me"[4]—your outworn cannon, now silently agape, but sonorous in the ears of angels with that appeal)—first inspiration,

* In the deep sense of this truth, which underlies all the bright fantasy and humour of Mr. Courthope's *Paradise of Birds*, that rhyme of the risen spirit of Aristophanes may well be read under the tower of Giotto, beside his watch-dog of the fold.[5]

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[1] [Psalms viii. 5–6; 1 Corinthians vi. 3.]

[2] [A slip of the pen for "Portugal," the reference being to Prince Henry, surnamed "the Navigator," born at Oporto, 1394; died, 1460.]

[3] [A sheet of copper with an inscription, attached to the stump of a cocoa-nut palm, for many years served as the only memorial of Captain Cook's murder by the natives of Hawaii in 1779; but in November 1874 a monument was erected at the spot (Owyhee) by the inhabitants of Honolulu, and the British Government subsequently sent some obsolete guns from Esquimalt "for the purpose of making an enclosure around the memorial" (see *Times*, November 16, 1875).]

[4] [Genesis iv. 10.]

[5] [See the passages from Mr. Courthope's book quoted in *Love's Meinie*, § 123 (Vol. XXV.).]

I say, of these; constant inspiration of all who set true landmarks and hold to them, knowing their measure; the devil interfering, I observe,[1] lately in his own way, with the Geometry of Yorkshire, where the landed proprietors,* when the neglected walls by the roadside tumble down, benevolently repair the same, with better stonework, *outside* always of the fallen heaps;—which, the wall being thus built *on* what was the public road, absorb themselves, with help of moss and time, into the heavy swells of the rocky field—and behold, gain of a couple of feet—along so much of the road as needs repairing operations.

This, then, is the first of the Christian sciences: division of land rightly, and the general law of measuring between wisely-held compass points. The type of mensuration, circle in square, on his desk, I use for my first exercise in the *Laws of Fésole.*[2]

139. (21.) *Sculpture.*

The first piece of the closing series on the north side of the Campanile, of which some general points must be first noted, before any special examination.

The two initial ones, Sculpture and Painting, are by tradition the only ones attributed to Giotto's own hand.[3] The fifth, Song, is known, and recognizable in its magnificence, to be by Luca della Robbia. The remaining four are all of Luca's school,—later work therefore, all these five,

* I mean no accusation against any class; probably the one-fielded statesman is more eager for his little gain of fifty yards of grass than the squire for his bite and sup out of the gipsy's part of the roadside. But it is notable enough to the passing traveller, to find himself shut into a narrow road between high stone dykes which he can neither see over nor climb over (I always deliberately pitch them down myself, wherever I need a gap), instead of on a broad road between low grey walls with all the moor beyond—and the power of leaping over when he chooses, in innocent trespass for herb, or view, or splinter of grey rock.

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[1] [Observations made, no doubt, during Ruskin's driving tours in Yorkshire: see the Introduction to Vol. XXIV.]

[2] [Fig. 1 in § 7: Vol. XV. p. 358.]

[3] [So attributed by Vasari: see the Introduction, above, p. lxiv.]

than any we have been hitherto examining, entirely different in manner, and with late flower-work beneath them instead of our hitherto severe Gothic arches. And it becomes of course instantly a vital question—Did Giotto die leaving the series incomplete, only its subjects chosen, and are these two bas-reliefs of Sculpture and Painting among his last works?[1] or was the series ever completed, and these later bas-reliefs substituted for the earlier ones, under Luca's influence, by way of conducting the whole to a grander close, and making their order more representative of Florentine art in its fulness of power?

140. I must repeat, once more, and with greater insistence respecting Sculpture than Painting, that I do not in the least set myself up for a critic of authenticity,—but only of absolute goodness.[2] My readers may trust me to tell them what is well done or ill; but by whom, is quite a separate question, needing for any certainty, in this school of much-associated masters and pupils, extremest attention to minute particulars not at all bearing on my objects in teaching.

Of this closing group of sculptures, then, all I can tell you is that the fifth[3] is a quite magnificent piece of work, and recognizably, to my extreme conviction, Luca della Robbia's; that the last, Harmonia, is also fine work; that those attributed to Giotto are fine in a different way,—and the other three in reality the poorest pieces in the series, though done with much more advanced sculptural dexterity.

But I am chiefly puzzled by the two attributed to Giotto, because they are much coarser than those which seem to me so plainly his on the west side, and slightly different in workmanship—with much that is common to both, however, in the casting of drapery and mode of introduction of details. The difference may be accounted for partly by haste or failing power, partly by the artist's less

[1] [Compare *Ariadne Florentina*, § 58 (Vol. XXII. pp. 336–337).]
[2] [Compare § 118, above, p. 410.]
[3] ["Song," No. 25: below, p. 434.]

deep feeling of the importance of these merely symbolic figures, as compared with those of the Fathers of the Arts; but it is very notable and embarrassing notwithstanding, complicated as it is with extreme resemblance in other particulars.

141. You cannot compare the subjects on the tower itself; but of my series of photographs take 6 and 21,[1] and put them side by side.

I need not dwell on the conditions of resemblance, which are instantly visible; but the *difference* in the treatment of the heads is incomprehensible. That of the Tubal-Cain is exquisitely finished, and with a painter's touch; every lock of the hair laid with studied flow, as in the most beautiful drawing. In the "Sculpture," it is struck out with ordinary tricks of rapid sculptor trade, entirely unfinished, and with offensively frank use of the drill-hole to give picturesque rustication to the beard.

142. Next, put 22 and 5 back to back. You see again the resemblance in the earnestness of both figures, in the unbroken arcs of their backs, in the breaking of the octagon moulding by the pointed angles; and here, even also in the general conception of the heads. But again, in the one, of Painting, the hair is struck with more vulgar indenting and drilling, and the Gothic of the picture-frame is less precise in touch and later in style. Observe, however,—and this may perhaps give us some definite hint for clearing the question,—a picture-frame *would be* less precise in making, and later in style, properly, than cusped arches to be put under the feet of the inventor of all musical sound by breath of man. And if you will now compare finally the eager tilting of the workman's seat in 22 and 6, and the working of the wood in the painter's low table for his pots of colour, and his three-legged stool, with that of Tubal-Cain's anvil block; and the way in which the lines of the forge and upper triptych are in each composition used to

[1] [Nos. 6 and 5 are on Plate XLIV.; Nos. 21 and 22 on Plate XLVIII.]

set off the rounding of the head, I believe you will have little hesitation in accepting my own view of the matter—namely, that the three pieces of the Fathers of the Arts were wrought with Giotto's extremest care for the most precious stones of his tower; that also, being a sculptor and painter, he did the other two, but with quite definite and wilful resolve that they *should be*, as mere symbols of his own two trades, wholly inferior to the other subjects of the patriarchs; that he made the Sculpture picturesque and bold as you see it is, and showed all a sculptor's tricks in the work of it; and a sculptor's Greek subject, Bacchus, for the model of it; that he wrought the Painting, as the higher art, with more care, still keeping it subordinate to the primal subjects, but showed, for a lesson to all the generations of painters for evermore,—this one lesson, like his circle of pure line,[1] containing all others,—"Your soul and body must be all in every touch."[2]

143. I can't resist the expression of a little piece of personal exultation, in noticing that he holds his pencil as I do myself: no writing master, and no effort (at one time very steady for many months), having ever cured me of that way of holding both pen and pencil between my fore and second finger; and the third and fourth resting the backs of them on my paper.

144. As I finally arrange these notes for press, I am further confirmed in my opinion by discovering little finishings in the two later pieces which I was not before aware of. I beg the masters of High Art, and sublime generalization, to take a good magnifying glass to the "Sculpture" and look at the way Giotto has cut the compasses, the edges of the chisels, and the *keyhole of the lock* of the toolbox.

For the rest, nothing could be more probable, in the confused and perpetually false mass of Florentine tradition, than the preservation of the memory of Giotto's carving his

[1] [See *Giotto and his Works in Padua*, Vol. XXIV. pp. 19, 20.]
[2] [Compare Ruskin's maxim in *Two Paths*, § 54 (Vol. XVI. p. 294).]

own two trades, and the forgetfulness, or quite as likely ignorance, of the part he took with Andrea Pisano in the initial sculptures.

145. I now take up the series of subjects at the point where we broke off, to trace their chain of philosophy to its close.

To Geometry, which gives to every man his possession of house and land, succeed, 21, Sculpture, and 22, Painting, the adornments of permanent habitation. And then, the great arts of education in a Christian home. First—

(23.) *Grammar*, or more properly Literature altogether, of which we have already seen the ancient power in the Spanish Chapel series;[1] then,

(24.) *Arithmetic*,

central here as also in the Spanish Chapel, for the same reasons; here, more impatiently asserting, with both hands, that two, on the right, you observe—and two on the left—do indeed and for ever make Four. Keep your accounts, you, with your book of double entry, on that principle; and you will be safe in this world and the next, in your steward's office. But by no means so, if you ever admit the usurer's Gospel of Arithmetic, that two and two make Five.

You see by the rich hem of his robe that the assertor of this economical first principle is a man well to do in the world.

(25.) *Song*.

The essential power of music in animal life. Orpheus, the symbol of it all, the inventor properly of Music, the law of kindness, as Dædalus of Music, the Law of Construction. Hence the "Orphic life" is one of ideal mercy (vegetarian),—Plato, *Laws*, Book VI., 782,—and he is named first after Dædalus, and in balance to him as head of the school of harmonists, in Book III., 677 (Steph.).[2] Look for

[1] [See above, p. 386.]

[2] ["In those days men are said to have lived a sort of Orphic life, having the use of all lifeless things, but abstaining from all living things." "For it is

the two singing birds clapping their wings in the tree above him: then the five mystic beasts,—closest to his feet the irredeemable boar; then lion and bear, tiger, unicorn, and fiery dragon closest to his head, the flames of its mouth mingling with his breath, as he sings. The audient eagle, alas! has lost the beak, and is only recognizable by his proud holding of himself; the duck, sleepily delighted after muddy dinner, close to his shoulder, is a true conquest. Hoopoe, or indefinite bird of crested race, behind;[1] of the other three no clear certainty. The leafage throughout such as only Luca could do, and the whole consummate in skill and understanding.

(26.) *Logic.*

The art of Demonstration. Vulgarest of the whole series; far too expressive of the mode in which argument is conducted by those who are not masters of its reins.

(27.) *Harmony.*

Music of Song, in the full power of it, meaning perfect education in all art of the Muses and of civilized life: the mystery of its concord is taken for the symbol of that of a perfect state; one day, doubtless, of the perfect world. So prophesies the last corner-stone of the Shepherd's Tower.

evident that the arts were unknown during thousands and thousands of years. And no more than a thousand or two thousand years have elapsed since the discoveries of Dædalus, Orpheus, and Palamedes." For the mode of reference to the pages in Stephanus' edition, see *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 82.]

[1] [Compare *Unto this Last*, § 74 *n.* (Vol. XVII. p. 100).]

THE SEVENTH MORNING

THE VISIBLE CHURCH

[*By Mr. R. Caird*[1]]

146. Go back to the fourth morning ("The Vaulted Book"), to the bottom of page 368—"under the fourth quarter (St. Peter's Ship), the authority and government of the State and Church;" and to page 377—"IV. The Church sailing on the sea of the World; St. Peter coming to Christ on the waters." The saving power of the Christ of God; as He saved Peter, sinking in the Lake of Galilee, so may He save His Church, sinking in the troubled waters of temporal strife, pray the Dominicans; and Martini puts their prayer into visible form for them in the fourth fresco, that on the western wall. When he did so the Popes were in exile at Avignon, and the Church was in great straits; but still to be rescued by Dominicans, thought the Prior of St. Mary's, and forthwith gave a plan to his painter which, when executed, appeared so beautiful that Lanzi says it is true poesy in painting.[2]

147. The fresco[3] divides itself into five parts—two lower, two central, and one upper; and it is convenient to take the lower to your left hand first.

[1] [This is the "Supplement" spoken of by Ruskin in § 120 (p. 412). It consists of Mr. Caird's notes on the fresco, as sent to Ruskin, who had it set up in type and intended to publish it, but did not carry out his purpose of "indicating objections," etc.]

[2] ["Some of his larger works may be seen in the Chapter House of the Spanish Friars at Florence, and there the Order of the Preaching Friars are poetically represented as engaged in the service of the Church, in rejecting innovators and in luring souls to Paradise" (Lanzi's *History of Painting in Italy*, Roscoe's translation, Bohn's Library, vol. i. p. 279).]

[3] [Plate XXXIX.]

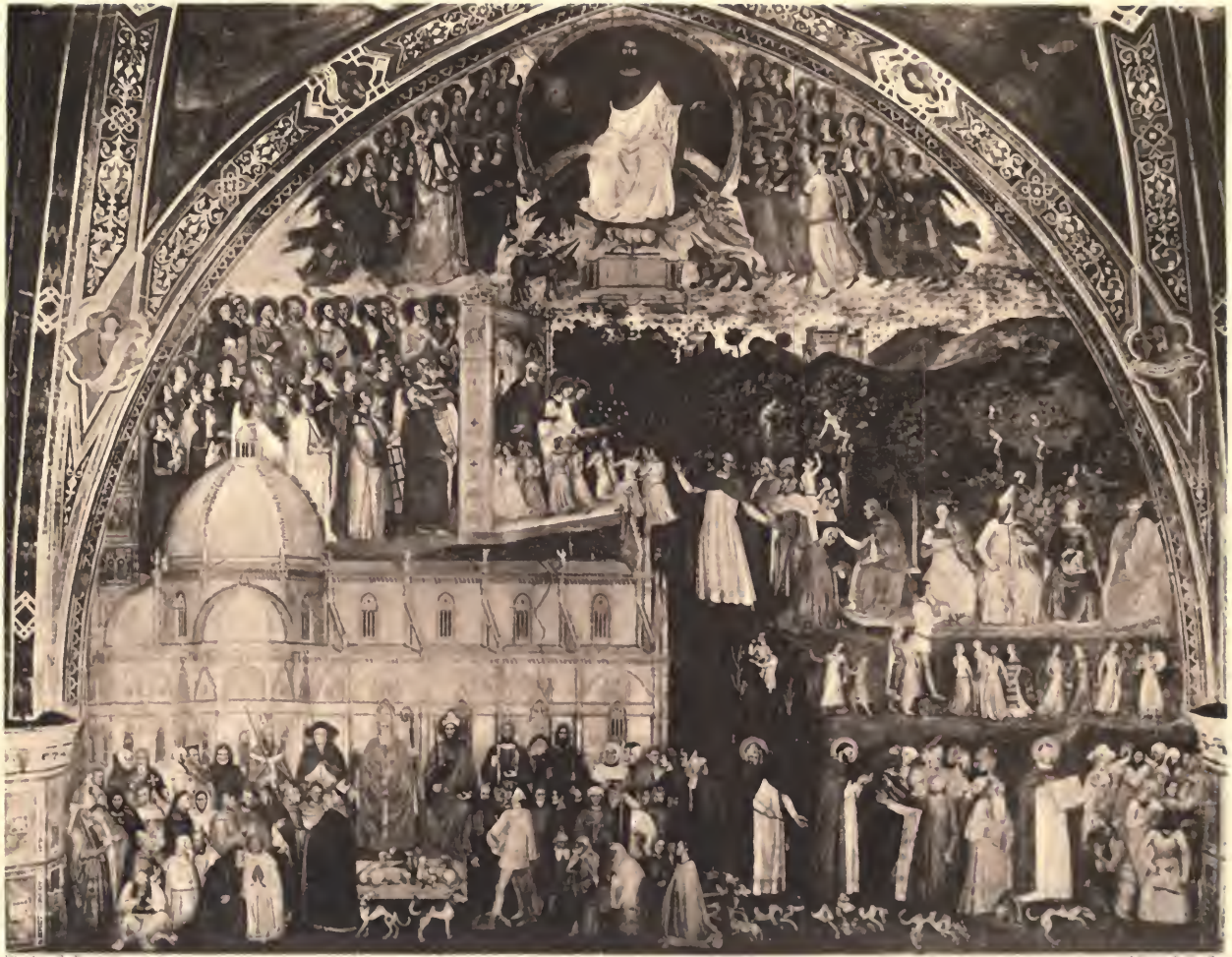

Photo G Brogi

Allen & Co Sc

"The Visible Church"

(I.) As the background of it you see the Church. Martini took for his type of the Church Militant, Saint Mary of the Flower, now the Cathedral or Duomo, the House of God, as Arnolfo originally designed it. And Vasari tells us "of which designs, through the little care the workmen of St. Mary's had of them, we should have nothing to remind us, if Simon had not left them painted in this work."[1] But note that the architecture, in its details of buttress and window, has been entirely repainted and altered. So that what you see now is by no means the design of Arnolfo. There are lines of pointed windows, described outside of those which the restorer has chosen to substitute for them, and very much larger.

Observe that the campanile is placed at the tribune end of the church, instead of beside the façade, as it is now. It was perhaps intended by the first architects to be placed there, and if so it proves that this fresco was painted not later than 1334, when Giotto laid the foundation of his watch-tower.*

148. In front of the church sit six principal figures: to your left the Pope, a Cardinal, and a Bishop; to your right the Emperor, a King, and a Duke, for the defence of it. Pope and Emperor, Cardinal and King, Bishop and Duke. The Pope is Clement V., the second Pontiff who ruled in exile at Avignon. The Emperor is Henry of Luxembourg, called Henry VII. for imperial title. The Cardinal is Fra Niccolo Albertini of Prato, a Dominican, the first Cardinal of the Convent of Saint Mary Novella. The King is Philip the Fair of France. The Duke, Charles of Calabria.

* The argument of modern critics, chiefly German, who deny that Martini painted these frescoes, is based upon their having been painted after 1340. In 1339 Martini went to Avignon, and there died in 1344. Might he not have returned in those five years? But it is more probable, from this evidence of the campanile, that Martini painted at least this fresco in 1332.

[1] [In the Life of "Simon and Lippo Memmi" (vol. i. p. 185, Bohn). Mr. Caird, it will be seen, correctly calls "Memmi" Martini.]

And the Bishop is Fra Angiolo Acciajuoli, a Dominican, the Bishop of Florence.

149. The Pope is clothed in reddish mauve, crowned with the triple papal crown, which has luckily not been retouched; the gilded Tau cross on his breast, the stem of it going right down, is within the old lines, but the whole is carelessly repainted.* He wears rings on the second, third, and fourth fingers of the left hand, which holds a crozier. The crozier is repainted. I can only trace the old

* The Tau cross T has been the received emblem of Life, or deliverance from Death, from earliest ages. It is difficult to distinguish the T as a symbol from the × and the + so nearly do their meanings assimilate to each other, Eternal Life being the ultimate signification of the cross in its varied forms. In India the Tau cross was used in the temples, dedicated to Chrishna, the second person in their Trinity, of whom it was the sign; and it was also the emblem of Thoth in Egypt, and of Hermes in Greece (hence its name of Crux Hermis). The cross was well known among the Jews, and there are several ancient traditions connected with the T form of it. It was supposed that the mark on the doors of the Israelites, which the destroying angel passed over in the night, when Israel went out of Egypt, was the T. The pole whence the serpent hung in the wilderness, that they who saw it might live, was said by tradition to be the T cross, and was so represented, in Christian art. And in the Vulgate is the remarkable translation of Ezekiel ix. 4, "et signa Thau super frontes virorum gementium."

It is noticeable also that by the sign T was distinguished in Roman official lists the names of the living soldiers after a battle.

Some of the churches of the age of Constantine were built in the form of a cross, but with very light projections, and I do not know whether usually in the Latin or the T form. The Church of S. Paolo fuori-le-mura at Rome, re-built by Valentinian and the two co-reigning Emperors, took the form of the T with some modifications. The earliest existing example of the T cross as a form for churches is the chapel in the Archiepiscopal palace at Ravenna, built by S. Peter Chrysologus about 440 A.D.

The form of the equilateral or Greek cross for churches, may be said to date from the building of St. Sophia, Constantinople, A.D. 540–548. The architect, Anthemius of Lydia, seems to have been a man of real originality, and his idea appears to have been stamped once for all on the Byzantine Church. He probably saw (as Michael Angelo did a thousand years after, in the building of St. Peter's) that an equilateral cross is essential to the impressiveness and grandeur of a dome; and his church became the model for Eastern Christendom. But the great schism made each Church cling tenaciously to any individualities it has developed, and invest its type of art and ritual with a strong party spirit. Thus the basilica became the western form, developing with the cross.

The Pope and the Emperor

lines up to the hand, and I doubt if it ever really was a crozier. He holds his right hand up in the attitude of the Roman benediction, in so far as he can with his glove on. His face has an anxious expression.

150. The Emperor sits with a noteworthy crown on his head. Although the figure is entirely repainted, I think the original features of the face remain, and the crown is intact. It is in three parts—the lower like a king's, showing nine points in front, alternately high and low; the high like fleur-de-lys; the low a little ball; the central part is octagonal, tapering slightly to the top, with scroll work of conventional ornament upon it; and the upper part is pyramidal with similar ornament. It is in relief.

His robe is of pale green—yellow in the light, with broad yellow (perhaps once gold) borders, and lined with reddish mauve like the colour of the Pope's robe. He wears a gold brooch, like a medallion, on his breast, of which the old lines are distinctly traceable. In his left hand he holds a skull; on examination, this proves to be the diabolical invention of the restorer—originally it was merely a globe. In his right hand a sword held erect. This has always been so; but the repainting has not been done strictly on the old lines.

He is the ultimate arbiter in all disputes between the kings of the world.

151. The Cardinal has a most beautiful face, expressive of calm contemplation; he holds a book in his hands, resting upon his knees.

His, the care of order and discipline in spiritual things.

152. The King, Philip, sits gloved, with the rod of rule held vertically in his right hand; in his left a pyx—ruling over a nation of peaceful duchies.

He wears a yellow robe, with a gold band coming over each shoulder, and going down his body in front, and connected by a cross band at his waist. These bands are set with rosettes. Please note that the restorer, in repainting this drapery (as well as all the others), has not taken the

trouble to dispose the folds of it suitably to the sitting posture.

153. The Bishop is perhaps the least touched figure of all, except in the face, and here note what mischief the restorer has done. In the Bishop, Pope, Emperor, and Duke, besides countless faces beneath and to the right, observe the ugly protuberance of mouth and lip. It has been given by drawing a dark, comparatively broad, line between the lips, and extending it beyond the original length of the mouth. Compare it with the delicately sensitive mouth of the Cardinal.

The Bishop is robed in green, with a broad gold border; a gold band goes across his breast and over his shoulders, and hangs down straight in front. He has in his right hand a rod, terminating in a very small cross; with his left he holds up his robe. He wears Bishop's gloves.

154. The Duke has merely a gold fillet on his head, with a running ornamental scroll upon it, and has two gold stripes on each arm; his robe is deep red, in token of strength. In his bared right hand he holds a sword, now long, but originally short; in his left his glove. His expression is stern.

These men were, in their order, the leaders in defence of the Church Militant at that time.

And this we know of them:

155. When the imperial chair was vacant, after the death of Albert in 1308, the German Electors were not agreed about a successor. The French King, Philip, had secretly obtained a promise from Pope Clement, when he assisted him in the election to the papal chair, to promote the election of his brother, Charles of Anjou, as emperor. Clement, afraid of compromising the honour of the Church, consulted the Cardinal of Prato in his difficulty. He advised consultation with the Princes of Germany, and to the question, "Whom shall we make emperor"? replied: "I hear that the Count of Luxemburg is to-day the best

man of the realm (Magna), and the most loyal, and the most frank, and the most Catholic; and I doubt not, if he comes to this dignity through thee, that he will be faithful and obedient to thee and to the Holy Church, and a man to come to the greatest things."[1]

Acting on this advice a convocation was made of the electors, who, previously and secretly instructed by the Cardinal, elected Henry, without any disturbance or dissent. Villani says of him:—

"Henry, Count of Luxemburg, ruled as Emperor four years, seven months, and eighteen days from his first coronation to his end. He was wise, and just, and gracious; valiant and firm in arms; honourable and Catholic; and for the little state which he had by his birth, he was of great heart; feared, and held in respect, and if he had lived longer he would have done the greatest things. He was elected Emperor in the manner aforesaid, and immediately after he received the confirmation of the Pope he had himself crowned in Germany as king, and then pacified all the discords of the barons of the realm with strong mind to come to Rome for the imperial crown, and to make peace in Italy, instead of the divers discords and wars which were there and then to follow the passage over seas to regain the Holy Land, if God had granted it to him."[2]

He went south, taking many cities by the way, and was crowned in Rome by papal legates from Avignon. He was always opposed by the Florentines—for the Guelphs were uppermost, and Dante was an exile. This emperor died in 1313 at Bonconvento, near Siena, on his way to make war upon King Robert of Naples.

156. When in 1311 Henry arrived in Italy, Dante, to sustain and strengthen Ghibellinism, wrote his famous Treatise *De Monarchia*, in which he maintained:—

(1.) That a monarch is necessary to the well-being of human society, and to the best ordering of the world.

(2.) That the office of the monarchy or of the "Impero" belongs by right to the Roman people.

(3.) That its authority is held direct from God, and not from any of His ministers or vicars.

[1] [Villani, book viii. ch. ci. (vol. iv. p. 200).]
[2] [Book ix. ch. i. (vol. v. p. 3).]

In such reverence did Dante hold Henry that in the thirtieth canto of his *Paradise* Beatrice tells him:—

> "In that proud stall—
> On which the crown already o'er its state
> Suspended holds thine eyes, or e'er thyself
> May'st at the wedding sup—shall rest the soul
> Of the great Harry, he who, by the world
> Augustus hail'd, to Italy must come
> Before her day be ripe."[1]

He also wrote to him from Arezzo, as follows:—

"To the most sacred conqueror—our Lord Henry—all Tuscans who desire peace upon earth kiss thy feet. For a witness of the boundless love of God the heredity of peace hath been left to us, that by its marvellous sweetness our harsh warfare may become mild, and in its use we may merit the joys of our celestial Fatherland."

And then proceeds to invite him to come to Tuscany.

He wrote, too, to our Cardinal, Niccolo of Prato, who had been sent by Pope Benedict, Clement's predecessor, to make peace between the Guelphs and Ghibellines. What strife there was between them we know well from Dante's own sad history.

157. Of the Duke we learn that, alarmed by discords among the parties and sects of the citizens, the Florentines in 1325 elected and appointed to be Lord of Florence and of the country appertaining Charles of Calabria, eldest son of Robert, King of Jerusalem and of Sicily, for the space of ten years, and that the people of Florence rejoiced greatly when he accepted the office.

So this picture-poem of Martini's brings vividly before us at least three of the evils of discord:—

1. The exile of the Popes from Italy.
2. The exile of Dante from Florence.
3. The loss of Florentine independence.

The second was probably not thought of by the Dominicans, or greatly cared for; and yet, after five and a half centuries it is the one which affects us most.

[1] [Lines 131–137 (Cary).]

158. Then beyond Duke Charles, to your right, are seven figures, probably representing the Princes or Dukes of Italy —Duke of Urbino, Marquises of Treviso and Ancona, Lord of Este, and three others. Charles of Calabria is placed above them, as representative, being both Lord of Florence and a royal duke. Beneath them is a row of noteworthy figures. Nearest the centre, beside the sheepfold, stands Taddeo Gaddi; next to him in profile, the head only seen, Giotto—his blue hood is ornamented by monograms in gold, a G under a coronet, perhaps in allusion to Dante's line, "Ora ha Giotto il grido,"[1] crowned as a recognized master. Then in a strange white costume—a satire upon French modes — Cimabue, say modern guides, on what authority I cannot discover. Next to him a stern, grey-bearded, thick-set Tuscan, yet with a lurking humour in his small straight eyes—Simon Martini himself.

In the same row, Vasari mentions Francis Petrarch, next to a Knight of Rhodes; and Mecatti[2] names the figure in armour to the extreme right, Count Guido of Poppi.

159. Kneeling beneath these is a group of men and women—holy palmers and worldly penitents. Among the latter Laura—Petrarch's Laura, we call her—with a little tongue of fire between her breast and throat, says Vasari. Commentators call her a personification of the voluptuousness of sensual pleasure—a Gentile Venus.

I interpret this group as voluntary pilgrims expiating offences, and gentle ladies leaving the frivolities of court life to practise charitable deeds—the Defence of the Church by the Example of Penitents. To balance the corresponding figures on the other side of the sheepfold, men and women, blameless of life, in holy orders—the Defence of the Church by the Example of Renunciation. These two respectively under the main groups of the Laity and the Priesthood.

[1] [See above, pp. 202, 333.]

[2] [*Notizie Istoriche riguardanti il Capitolo . . . di Santa Maria Novella, detto comunemente Il Capellone degli Spagnuoli da diversi autori compilate e date alla luce dall' Abate Giuseppe Maria Mecatti* (but really compiled by G. V. Fattoni), 1737, p. 11.]

160. To your left, ruled over by Pope and Cardinal and Bishop, are Generals of Orders, Monks and Nuns.

Observe the Templar joking with a scarlet-robed and hooded dignitary high on the left.

Of the orders you may trace Dominicans and Franciscans, Teachers of Faith and Teachers of Works, of St. Mary's and Holy Cross (see "Santa Croce," p. 299); and several outshoots from the Benedictine which flourished near Florence—the Camaldolesi, so called from Casa Maldolo, the house of Maldolo, who gave the beautiful site of their monastery in the Apennines, some thirty miles from Florence, to Saint Romualdo, of Ravenna, their founder. Of him the Legendary says: "Roaming through the woods and over the mountains, he had always his eyes and his heart turned to the trees and to the fountains and to the fields, delighting in solitude, with which he refreshed his spirit." And thereafter he founded his order, and "then began the new Paradise of heavenly men whose life was contemplation and penitence."

Also the Vallombrosians, an order founded by Saint John Gualberto, a Florentine, and established in the hills nearer Florence than Camaldoli, "in una valle detta ombrosa"—Vallombrosa—a favourite summer pilgrimage for visitors to this day, and beloved by Ariosto and Milton, who is said to have laid the scene of his Paradise there. This order was devoted to the stamping out of heresy and augmenting of the Catholic faith.

There are also Olivetans. They and the Camaldolesi wear white; the Vallombrosians ash colour. A Dominican bishop addresses them; a Benedictine nun, a very beautiful simple young figure, kneels in the foreground beside a fervent Camaldolese in ecstatic prayer; and sitting, Turkish fashion, to the left, an Olivetan is absorbed in study—signifying the Defence of the Church by prayer and study.

161. In the centre, under the feet of the Pope, is the sheepfold, guarded by two dogs—Domini Canes, dogs of the Lord. The one looks up to his charge; the other, with

tail erect, ears pricked, and mouth open, showing gleaming teeth, on the watch for thieves and robbers.

Of these six sheep most have been entirely repainted; but the lamb to your right in the foreground, in sleepy security, scratching his ear, is, I think, untouched.

162. (II.) The second part of the fresco, the lower to your right, represents the Dominicans at work in the world.

Saint Dominic, an elderly man, the first figure to your right, urges on the dogs, black and white, symbolic of the dress of his order, to rescue the lambs, which are being carried off by wolves. This strife goes on in the immediate foreground.

The next figure is Saint Peter Martyr, easily identified by a reference to the picture of his martyrdom in the fresco on the northern (entrance) wall. He is much younger than Dominic. I lay stress upon this identification because most writers on this fresco, if not all, have supposed these three figures (Dominic, Peter Martyr, and Thomas Aquinas) to be Saint Dominic in three phases of his life.

Peter Martyr is arguing with heretics. He was of the order of Preaching Friars, born of heretic parents, "as light arises from darkness, as roses are born of thorns." The Legendary says of him, "In the time of this saint, there were many heretics in Lombardy, and Pope Innocent IV., wishing to weed out the tares which had sprung up among the grain, *and to drive the wolves far from the sheep*, created certain inquisitors of the order of Saint Dominic," among others Peter. He provoked great hatred among the heretics, who ultimately brought about his death.

163. Now see how Martini tells the story. Peter Martyr, addressing these heretics with a keen and by no means conciliating face, is telling off his arguments on the fingers of his left hand, and is just turning in the fourth finger. The heretics are in three rows, the first and third consisting of three, and the second of six, figures.

Beginning with the foremost row, and reading from the top downwards, our figures are:—

Impatience, in a red gown, turning away, and raising his right hand impatiently and derisively, having heard enough of such nonsense.

Volubility (Bunyan's Talkative), in blue, involved in the argument, holding out both hands to the preacher, and speaking eagerly and spitefully.

Insistency, in yellow, lets his left hand hang, and raises his right towards Peter, with the forefinger extended, laying down the law.

Those three are probably doctors or teachers of their sects, having many buttons all down the front of their dresses and on their sleeves.

In the next row you see:—

Sneering, wears a curious sugarloaf dark hat, smiles gently.

Cunning, with a linen cloth wound round about his head, holding his chin in his right hand, like Boethius in the opposite fresco.[1] He is preparing a subtle reply.

Slander, in light blue, addresses himself to two figures of Ignorant Bigotry behind him, pointing to Peter contemptuously with his thumb over his right shoulder.

Pride, with a wearied, careless expression.

Incredulity, smiling.

Anger, reminding us of Cain, who slew Abel because his own deeds were evil and his brother's righteous. He is an old man, in violet robes, with a long white beard, and turns to go away, his teeth clenched, raising his right hand in menace, and carrying away his book.

In the third row are:—

Worldly Wisdom, a lawyer, with a shrewd, keen face; and the two Ignorant Bigots mentioned under Slander.

So much for Peter Martyr preaching ineffectually.

164. Further to the right Saint Thomas Aquinas, too,

[1] [See above, § 113, p. 403 *n.*]

preaches to heretics, but with different method and different result.

I identify him by comparison with the representation of him on the opposite fresco,[1] and with the two figures on this, which I call Dominic and Peter Martyr. He is younger than Dominic, and stouter and less hirsute than Peter, quite answering to the description of him in the Legendary :—

"As to the stature of his body he was tall and erect, and his complexion was of the colour of grain; he had a large head and was a little bald; and was fleshy (carnoso) and of robust strength."

Besides, whereas Peter Martyr's preaching was irritating, Thomas's was convincing, precisely the points which Martini emphasizes.

He was born of noble parentage, and in his youth made marvellous progress in "grammar, rhetoric, logic, and in the other liberal arts." On account of his heavy body, and clumsiness, and little speech, his fellow students at Cologne nicknamed him the "Dumb Ox."[2] "An ox," prophesied his teacher, "whose lowings will be heard throughout Christendom." He was elected a Doctor of the Church, ranking with Gregory, Ambrose, Augustine, and Jerome, the famous four. He faces the heretics with a confident smile, holding in his hand an open Bible. I cannot decipher the text on the left page, it is so much destroyed, and that on the right cannot be construed alone.*

He convinces by the simple word. You remember how Christian said to Piety in the *Pilgrim's Progress*, "But by chance there came a man whose name is Evangelist, and he directed me to the wicket gate, which else I should never have found."

* It runs "Mea detestabuntur inpium : multitudinis usus."

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[1] [See above, p. 378.
[2] [See, agaiu, above, p. 378 *n.*]

165. His hearers number sixteen, in four rows deep.

Reading them, as in the former case, we have in the first row:—

Dismay, clasping both hands over his breast, and looking down.

Discomfiture, in a turban, holding his forefinger in his mouth, sees where his arguments failed.

Conviction, two figures (Christian and Hopeful) kneeling, one with arms crossed over his breast, the other with palms joined in the attitude of prayer, looking to the teacher for farther direction.

In the second row:—

Inward Debate, in a red cap, looks sternly before him.

Despair, a very fine face of the Christ type, holding both hands on his ears, unable to hear more.

Doubt, with a beautiful face, holding his book, uncertain whether to give it up or not, and turning away.

Renunciation, an Armenian, with a high red hat, and snaky curls, bends down, tearing the leaves out of his book.

In the third row:—

The two upper figures are rather inexpressive; one resembles Socrates.

Care, holding up both hands, with the palms towards you, with a face full of conviction.

Impotence with mouth open and eyes half shut.

In the fourth row:—

The upper, an Armenian, is inexpressive.

Sorrow, with a fine devotional expression.

Meditation.

Wrath, an angry ruler, but unable to be rude because of the mildness and calmness of the preacher.

Compare Aquinas' face with Augustine's, under Polemic Theology in the opposite fresco.[1]

[1] [See above, § 117, p. 407.]

166. (III.) And now passing from the Church's dealings with heretics, we come to our third part, central on the right.

Take the first row of small figures beneath the daïs, and note that the young man playing the bagpipes, above whose head rises the line of the back of the confessor's chair, separates two principal divisions of the subject.

Before him, to your right, is Evil; his face is towards it; behind him Good. He is playing to four girls, clothed in many-coloured fantastic robes, of the hues of the rainbow—Iris the Unstable—dancing a circular dance together, symbolic of the giddy vortex of earthly pleasures. Concerning this symbolism of parti-colour, note Dante's "fera alla gaietta pelle."[1]

There seems to be no going back from it; there is no returning figure. But two girls who have ceased from dancing are being led "down the flowery way that leads to the broad gate and the great fire,"[2] by another girl, who holds them each lightly by one finger. They go neither gladly nor reluctantly; and before them, turning back towards them a little, another girl goes singing and playing on a tambourine, like a Syren. These figures are all beautiful and very graceful.

Beside, rather behind, the bagpiper, stand two youths —the one with his arm round the other's neck, looking on at the dancing. Behind them a woman is forcibly dragging off a young boy, who tries to get away from her to join his two older friends. His attitude is drawn with great power, and is very expressive. Note how petulantly he shoves her arm away from him, in his attempt to draw his hand out of hers. But no; these are no sights for him, she says, and pulls him away to solace himself in the company of two good boys, who are plucking and eating figs.

And observe that the dancing ground is set thick with

[1] [*Inferno* i. 42: where Dante notes among good omens the gay skin of the panther.]

[2] [*All's Well that Ends Well*, Act iv. sc. 5.]

plants and herbs and flowers, drawn with extremest care, and very lovely; but behind the bagpiper the way is plain and unattractive.

This group appears to me to symbolize childhood under tutelage; then youth standing undecided on the threshold of vanity, and the use it makes later of the power given to it to choose between good and evil.

167. Immediately above, on a daïs, sit four large figures throned—the gods of the worldly—two male and two female alternating. These I interpret, reading from the right, as Vain Philosophy, Wantonness, Cruelty, and Vain Music.

Vain Philosophy, representing the speculations and scientific investigations of men accounted wise by the world, and distinctly regarded as hostile to spiritual well-being by the Prior of St. Mary's in this scheme of his. He sits wrapped in inward and carnal cogitations, clothed in long grey robes, holding his chin.

Next to him, a female figure, sits Wantonness, in a red gown, with a strangely imbecile expression in her eyes, playing with a squirrel, which she holds in her lap.

Then Cruelty, represented by the pleasures of the chase, a strong man looking up somewhat proudly; a hawk on his left wrist, pecking at a piece of raw flesh.

And Vain Music, an extremely beautiful figure, playing on a violin, the instrument of merry sounds as opposed to the organ, the instrument of sacred melody, which music plays in the Strait Gate fresco over Tubal-Cain.[1] The organ is played over the Master Smith; the fiddle, over thoughtless dancers.

Vain Philosophy represents the inventors of devilish arts, who in the manufacture of engines of warfare for the destruction of their fellows, and in the making of adulterated food and shoddy clothing, obscure God's sky with foul smoke and pollute His rivers with chemical refuse, as well as the men of crooked counsel who teach heresies and scepticism.

[1] [See above, § 101, p. 393.]

And Cruelty, with its hunting and hawking, brings in its train banqueting and revelry, and hatred and murder.

168. These set the snares that take *man; woman* is netted by the other two.

For Wantonness substitutes a toy for her baby, bidding her neglect her household work and sit in idleness and luxury; and Vain Music fiddles to her lascivious strains.

Note the exquisitely beautiful leaf painting in the fruit trees behind these figures.

Beyond, the world is symbolized by an orchard, and in the trees of it are men, with faces all set the downward way, repeating the sin of Eve, plucking the forbidden fruit and sharing it with their fellows.

But now look back at the bagpiper, and above his head you will see the confessor's chair. A Dominican sits in it, and before him kneels a penitent, much in position in which Tintoret placed some of his Doges kneeling before the Madonna in his Ducal Palace pictures at Venice. He holds his cap with both hands before him.

The meaning of this is simply the necessity of confession, penitence, and absolution before getting to heaven.

169. (IV.) Above this kneeling figure is a group of men whose sins have been remitted, to whom Saint Dominic is pointing out the Strait Gate of Heaven—which begins our fourth part.

This gate is very simple in design—a mere arch, but very beautifully decorated with mosaic ornament, like Giotto's campanile. Compare it with the architecture of the house in the Pentecost fresco above the Strait Gate opposite.

In the doorway stands St. Peter, pointing inwards with his key; outside stand two angels, putting garlands of roses on the heads of the little children, who kneel two and two before them, and then rise up and enter. Not prepared by any miracle, these garlands, for behind the angels is the rosebush whence the flowers were taken, and many more

remain upon it for the crowning of those who are yet to come.

But observe chiefly that those who enter *are* little children. "Except ye be converted and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven."[1]

170. Within the gate are many saints whom we recognize by their signs. They are divided into two groups or rows—an upper and a lower; the upper go by twos, and the lower by fours.

The ten saints in the upper row are in their order:—

St. John Baptist and St. John Evangelist.

St. Matthew and St. Paul.

St. Mark and St. Luke.

St. Dominic and St. Francis.

Pope Benedict XI. and St. Thomas Aquinas.

In the lower range the first four are:—

David, crowned and carrying his harp; Noah with his ark; Joshua the leader; and Moses, carrying his two tables.

The second row are:—

St. Stephen with stones on his head; St. Peter Martyr with a knife in his; next unknown; and Lawrence with his gridiron.

The third row:—

The upper unknown; Queen Elizabeth of Hungary, crowned and carrying a loaf; St. Valerian, garlanded, and his wife St. Cecilia.

The fourth row:—

Two Bishops and two Monks, one a Camaldolese.

The fifth row:—

Saints Margaret and Lucy (?); Catherine, with her wheel; and Catherine of Siena, in Dominican garb.

The sixth row:—

The four upper female Saints unknown; the lower, St. Agnes, carrying her lamb.

[1] [Matthew xviii. 3: see above, p. 412.]

171. (V.) Between these two central divisions and the host of heaven (our fifth part) is the starry sky. You may see the stars distinctly over the angels' heads at Heaven's Gate.

Above it, in the point of the arch, the culmination of all that precedes, sits the Christ of God, throned in a circular glory, having a Book—the Word of Life—in His right hand, and the double keys of Heaven and of Hell in His left. Beneath Him lies upon an altar the Lamb that was slain, with the Evangelists' foursquare about it; St. John's eagle, St. Luke's cow, St. Mark's lion, and St. Matthew's human creature—all winged.

On each side of Christ, down the bends of the arch, are ranged the winged and singing Heavenly Host; and among them, to your left, is Mary the Mother, robed in white and crowned as Queen, with the Lily of the Annunciation, the Florentine lily, in her right hand; in her left, her book, in which is written her song, the writing of which Sandro Botticelli has painted for us.[1]

[1] [In the picture known as "The Madonna of the Magnificat": No. 1267 *bis* in Sala ii. of the Tuscan School, in the Uffizi.]

[NOTES

THE following notes by Mr. Caird are bound up at Brantwood with the other material for use in an intended new edition of *Mornings in Florence*:—

1. "MEMMI" AND THE SPANISH CHAPEL [see pp. 370, 372 *n.*, 409].

"I have now got all the information I can, and it is tolerably complete. The following particulars about Simon Martini are extracted from Cav. Milanesi's *Documenti per la Storia dell' Arte Senese.*

"In going over the documents I came upon several notices relating to Memmi. First of all, his name is Simone Martini (his father's name was Martini of Siena), and he is so called in all the documents. He married Johanna, the daughter of Memmo. His brother's name, in the papers existing in MS. in Siena, is Donatus, and I can't find any mention of Filippo. I find Rosini says he painted in the Spanish Chapel in 1332, but can't give any authority for it. He was born in 1284, but we hear nothing of him till 1320. His will, dated 30th June 1344, is preserved in Siena. He went to Avignon with his brother Donatus on the 8th of February 1339. A copy of the procuration granted to them exists. He died at Avignon on the 4th August 1344. We have proof of this in the evidence given in a law case between the monks of the monastery of Vico and the heirs of Simon and of Donatus, as follows:—

"'Quod ante mortalitatem proxime preteritam domina Johanna uxor dicti magistri Simonis, redivit a Vignone Senas, induta de panno bruno ut vidua dicti magistri Simonis olim mariti sui, et tunc dixit sibi testi quod dictus magister Simon mortuus erat Vignoni.'

"I have read copies of both documents.

"But I am inclined to believe that he painted these frescoes before 1334, because in that year Giotto laid the foundation of his campanile, and in the fourth fresco the Church of Santa Maria del Fiore is painted with the campanile at the wrong end of it.[1] I don't think Martini would have done so if it had been actually built when he painted. Vasari says he painted the church from the original designs of Arnolfo. But why might he not have returned from Avignon during these five years?

"Dr. Milanesi, who is annotating the new edition of Vasari, says that Martini did not paint them. I listened to all his arguments, and they are based upon the execution of the paintings after 1340, when Martini was in Avignon. He has no further evidence than the will of Bonamico Guidalotti, and it is easily explained if Martini's paintings were completed."

[1] [See above, § 147, p. 437.]

2. Zoroaster or Ptolemy [see p. 395].

"Via del Mandorlo, No. 22°, Florence,
"15*th October* 1877.

"My dear Mr. Ruskin,—I take the liberty of sending you the following notes which I have made on a statement which you make in *Mornings in Florence*. It is the old question of Ptolemy *versus* Zoroaster. First, I quote Brunetto Latini's definition of Astrology in the *Tesoro;* then his notice of Zoroaster as a master of hurtful science. After which I note Passavanti's classing of Zoroaster among the professors of diabolical science:—

"'And these sciences are called in their tongue Theology, Physics, and Mathematics.

"'The third is mathematics, by which we know the nature of things which have no body. There are four sciences in the body of mathematics, which are called by right name, the one arithmetic, the other music, the third geometry, and the fourth astrology.

"'The fourth science is astrology, which teaches us all the ordering of the heaven, of the firmament, of the stars, and of the course of the seven planets by the Zodiac, which are the twelve signs; and how the weather changes to heat and to cold, or to rain, or to drought, or to wind, by reason which is established in the stars.'

"In cap. 24 of the same book he thus notices Zoroaster:—

"'And in that time a master who had name Zoroaster found the magical art of incantations and of other hurtful things.'

"So that Zoroaster as known to Latini could not represent Astrology, as defined by him.

"We can show that the same conception of Zoroaster as a professor of hurtful science was dominant among the Dominicans when this fresco was painted, by a quotation from the *Mirror of True Penitence,* written by Fra Jacopo Passavanti, Superior of the Church and Convent of Sta. Maria Novella until his death in 1357. This Frate was a man of great acquirements, and was recognized as inferior only to Boccaccio as a writer of the Italian tongue. I find this notice of his death:—

"'All the citizens bitterly lamented such a loss, and specially his own monks of S. Maria Novella, who, having given him solemn burial, determined, that *in memory of the magnificence and embellishments, particularly of paintings, with which he had this Church adorned on the occasion of having been chosen by one of the workmen* (*operai*) *to superintend and have care of the completion of the great building of the same,*' they would build a marble tomb for him.

"Under the heading 'Of the Third Diabolical Science,' he writes:—

"'And this is a certain science and art which the devil has taught and revealed from the beginning of the world, and specially after the flood, to some evil-doing men to learn certain hidden things and to be able to do certain things impossible for men to do, as was that Zoroaster and Hermes Tresmegistus and others besides, who made writing and books of it, by which this cursed art is learned by many, and it is called generally magical art.'

"And he goes on: 'All which is said and done by this art is unlawful, interdict, and forbidden both by God and by the Church.'

"It is scarcely likely that Zoroaster should come into Martini's scheme of 'pictorial philosophy' under his superintendence.

"Now Ptolemy was the author of the Ptolemaic system of Astronomy, and Dante places him between Euclid and Hippocrates in Limbo among 'the sapient throng,' who are excluded from Paradise for lack of baptism. There seems to be no objection to him.

"I am in search of a MS., 'Cronaca del Convento di S. Maria Novella di Fra Modesto Biliotti,' which will probably throw some light upon the history of the building of the chapel. The confiscation of the Conventual Library by Government and the disorder in which the works are kept make it difficult to find.

"I am not the only person in Florence who is extremely gratified to you for writing *The Laws of Fésole.*

"I am glad for more reasons than one, the chief one being that I find every imaginable theory and rule for practice attributed to you by art students; now you give us a clearly formularized set of rules to refer to. I read some portions to a Professor of Drawing the other day; he was very much surprised, and thought it impossible you should have written them, having acquired strange misconceptions from his pupils.

"Can I be of any use this winter in Florence?

"Believe me,

"Ever, yours gratefully,

"R. Caird."]

IV

THE SHEPHERD'S TOWER

(1881)

THE SHEPHERD'S TOWER.

A

SERIES OF PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE SCULPTURES

OF

GIOTTO'S TOWER.

TO ILLUSTRATE PART VI. OF

"MORNINGS IN FLORENCE."

BY

JOHN RUSKIN, LL.D.,

HONORARY STUDENT OF CHRIST CHURCH, OXFORD.

1881

[*Bibliographical Note.*—This publication, issued in 1881, consisted of twenty-nine platinotypes, to accompany which Ruskin wrote a Preface.

The text consisted of 4 pages, folio. Title-page (as on the preceding page here) p. i. Preface (here p. 463), pp. ii.–iii.; List of Subjects (here p. 465), p. iv. Issued mounted in a half-morocco folio, with leather flaps, at the price of Three Guineas.

The Preface has not hitherto been reprinted. The illustrations here given are reduced by photogravure process from the original negatives. References to the Plates are here added to the "List of Subjects."]

PREFACE

THE importance of these bas-reliefs to an intelligent reader of Italian history cannot be overrated, seeing that they are the only authentic records left of the sculptural design of the man who, as builder, sculptor, painter, and theologian, absolutely rebuilt and recoloured the entire mind and faith of Italy in the days of Dante. How much the visions of Dante himself were painted on the walls of his heart and in the inner light of his soul by Giotto, he himself must have been scarcely conscious: for all inferior men, the engraved and coloured Bible[1] of Giotto and his school became their inevitable master, and a continual monitor of all that was dutiful in the work and lovely in the hope of Christian persons.

The Master's own estimate of the power of these bas-reliefs must have been very high; for instead of making them a part of such encrusted and continuous decoration as the most powerful sculptor of the Pisan school had accustomed the populace to expect, he sets them as gems in a kind of Etruscan chain round the base of his tower, minute in the extreme compared to the extent of its surface; so far above the eye as to secure them absolutely from all chance of injury or wear, but by time and its mud and rain; and entirely unrecommended and unassisted by the slightest external minor imageries of organic form. In all fine northern sculpture of the time, the external courses of foliage, and crockets, and bosses of pinnacle, relieve the simplicity of falling draperies, and disguise or enrich with picturesque shadow the harshness of feature and expression

[1] [Compare what Ruskin says of St. Mark's (Vol. X. p. 112).]

in the figures. But here the Master allows only the severest masonry and mouldings to approach or limit his subject; requires, in concentrated space, undisturbed attention; and trusts, without the slightest link of decoration, to the inner sequence and consistency of thought.

There were no photographs of these sculptures in the year 1872, when I first examined them with the attention they deserved: while the interval between the church and campanile, being used as a lumber-store and brick-deposit by the restorers, was inaccessible, and the entire series of the Orpheus and Harmonia with Giotto's own two unquestioned pieces of handiwork, never, therefore, seen by any creatures but the swallows. Subsequently (I believe in 1874), I photographed the whole series, but, being desirous to make the proofs as useful as possible, took no precautions, and put no restriction on their sale; the consequence of which was that they got bought up by the Florentine dealers, and, I afterwards found, could only be got in what I held to be damaged states, trimmed at the margins, and the like. I therefore, in 1876, had another series made for myself, with the enclosing masonries complete: of these I have placed the negatives in my assistant, Mr. Ward's* hands, and can answer for the impressions being properly taken. My account of the subjects in the "Shepherd's Tower" (*Mornings in Florence*, No. VI.) contains all that need be pointed out to a general student respecting the method and meaning of these sculptures: and there is nothing in the compass of the arts of Italy either more deserving of his attention, or more sufficiently and intelligibly submitted to it by any existing representation, than Giotto's foundation of civic morality in these sculptured myths of human Art and Harmony.

J. Ruskin.

Brantwood, 24*th May*, 1881.

* 2 Church Terrace, Richmond, Surrey.

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"The Shepherd's Tower"

The Door of the Tower

1

2

3

Creation of Man

Creation of Woman

Original Labour

4

5

6

7

Jabal
Tubal-Cain

Jubal
Noah

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Astronomy
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Hercules and Antaeus
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Geometry
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Arithmetic
Music

Logic
Harmony

APPENDIX

I. "GIOTTO'S PET PUPPY" (1874)

II. GIOTTO AND NICCOLA PISANO

III. A NOTE ON BOTTICELLI'S "ZIPPORAH" (1876)

[*Bibliographical Note.*—The notes printed in Appendix I. are headed by Ruskin "Giotto's Pet Puppy." The lecture, for which they were written, appears to be the one referred to in the following letters to Mr. Oscar Browning, which are here reprinted from *St. George*, vol. vi. pp. 140, 141 ("Personal Recollections of John Ruskin," by Oscar Browning):—

"*November* 18*th*, 1874.

"My dear Sir,—You have indeed kindly and justly interpreted my silence. I was detained two months in Italy beyond the time I intended, and have had no power of arranging my home engagements in the confusion of various calls on me—it seemed to me all imperative—since my return. I was often thinking of you, but was afraid it was too late to come. What day, now, might I conveniently take for a lecture on Giotto and Botticelli? It would be perhaps a little duller than one on natural history, but I adopt your suggestions at once. I had thought of giving them rather one on glaciers, but the Giotto lecture would be more interesting to the older members of the audience.

"Ever faithfully yours,
"J. Ruskin."

"My dear Sir,—My messenger had not come back from posting my letter before I recollected I was engaged to meet the Bishop of Natal at the Master of Balliol's, on Saturday, 28. . . . It is needful I should meet Bishop Colenso to know how I can best help him in his resistance to the injustice done the native races; so that—with your permission—I will say Saturday, 12th December, on Botticelli, and perhaps I may get another chance of a lecture early in the spring, if the boys like it.

"Ever truly yours,
"J. Ruskin."

If this be the lecture in question, Ruskin must have gone on from Giotto to Botticelli.

The Eton College Literary and Scientific Society's minute-book contains the following report (here quoted from W. G. Collingwood's *Life and Work of Ruskin*, 1900, p. 305):—

"On Saturday, December 12th, Professor Ruskin lectured before a crowded, influential, and excited audience, which comprised our noble Society and a hundred and thirty gentlemen and ladies, who eagerly accepted an invitation to hear Professor Ruskin 'talk' to us on Botticelli.

"It is utterly impossible for the unfortunate secretary of the Society to transmit to writing even an abstract of this address; and it is some apology for him when beauty of expression, sweetness of voice, and elegance in imagery defy the utmost efforts of the pen."

The passages on Giotto and Niccola Pisano (Appendix II.) are from some MS. sheets at Brantwood, bound up among matter intended for the continuation of *St. Mark's Rest*. They may have been written for the missing lecture on Giotto (see above, p. 210) in the course on *The Æsthetic and Mathematic Schools of Florence;* they certainly illustrate the distinction drawn in that course between "sentiment" and "science."

The note on Botticelli's "Zipporah" (Appendix III.) is here for the first time reprinted from pp. 9, 10 of the catalogue of the exhibition referred to above, the work to which it was appended being thus described:—

> "163. Copy of the figure of Zipporah, from Botticelli's fresco, of the same size as the original . . . . *Professor Ruskin.*"

The catalogue, which is now seldom met with, is in octavo, pp. 16, in mauve-coloured paper wrappers; the front wrapper has on it:—

> Corporation of Brighton. | The | Exhibition of Pictures | lent by | Professor Ruskin, | . . . | and the | Arundel Society, | Opened April 6, 1876. | Royal Pavilion Gallery. | Entrance—Museum, Church Street. | Open Daily at 10 A.M.

The imprint (at the end) is "H. J. Infield, *Sussex Daily News* Office, North Street, Brighton." This catalogue was not included in the Bibliography by Wise and Smart.]

I

"GIOTTO'S PET PUPPY"[1]

(1874)

1. Of all the forms of waste of time against which I would fain warn my boy at Eton, if I were happy enough to have one there, there are two which, being both unpleasant as well as improper, I hope he would take my advice in avoiding after he had fairly tried both. The one is thinking what might have happened if one had done what one didn't; and the other, fearing what may happen after one has done what one ought.

Nevertheless, when one gets older, both these vain occupations of mind become occasionally inevitable; and I never see the outline of Windsor Castle from the train that takes me to Oxford without a quickly checked but irresistible tendency to ask myself what sort of a man I should have turned out had I been an Eton boy. The principal point in that speculation being of course, first, whether I should have cared for pictures? I hesitatingly think not, but I very positively think that it would be well for every Eton boy to have a good chance of caring for them; and his chance mainly consists in three things—the first, in having all bad ones as much as possible kept out of his way; the second, in never being asked to look at any good ones that he doesn't like;[2] the third, in being asked to find out for himself why he likes what he does like, and whether he is a wise boy in doing so, and may become a wiser one in such matters.

2. For instance, I think, without any compulsion or severe instruction, most of you will like in some degree this bit of bas-relief[3]—of what in proper heraldic language should be called "a puppy vigilant." Sésant, or sitting, is the more common term; but this puppy, being employed in watching sheep, and sitting, therefore, as high as he can, is a puppy vigilant.

Now you must not think that I am the least condescending to you, as only boys, in asking whether you really like this piece of work. But I want to know whether you do like it before I give you the appalling and deterring information that this is Etruscan-Greek art of the purest style and central period. And if you do like it I hope to give you before you leave the room a conviction that you have in you already the faculty of

[1] [See the reference to this lecture in *Mornings in Florence*, § 132 (above, p. 424); and compare Vol. XIII. p. 401.]

[2] [Compare *Elements of Drawing*, Vol. XV. pp. 210, 219.]

[3] [See Plate XLIV.]

discerning and enjoying the qualities of Etrusco-Greek art of the central period without being troubled to read volumes of art-criticism, or even submitting to a long course of lectures from an art-Professor.

3. Any of you who paint in water-colours know what a nice colour burnt Siena is, but perhaps you don't often think why it is called burnt Siena instead of burnt Florence or burnt London. That is so because the city of Siena stands on a mass of sandstone connected with a vast district of warm red ochreous sands and clays in the heart of the northern Apennines, a district which is the Ceramicus, Tuileries, or Potter's Field of the civilized world—a district in which, when I last visited the old city[1] —Urbs Vetusta, now Orvieto—with my friend, the excellent water-colour painter, Mr. Albert Goodwin, we found the space round the steps of its cathedral occupied on the market-day with such a company of lively modern Etruscan pots.

4. Now this country, primarily favoured in possessing this red delicious clay, has also the most beautiful or at least available marbles in the world; and somehow or another it had always commercial command of gold. Its clay-workers, stone-cutters, and goldsmiths had therefore material ready to their hand always, but it is not in the possession of material only that you can explain the fact of their becoming the best workmen in that kind in the world, alike before Christ and after Christ.

The best workmen, I say; not necessarily therefore the best artists. The ancient Etruscan gold and metal work and the drawing on their pottery is finer, more subtle, more wonderful as work than Athenian gold, or bronze, or pottery, but you have no Etruscan Parthenon or Etruscan Phidias. But after Christ, these workmen became artists in the highest kind; and Michael Angelo is the Etruscan Phidias, and the cathedral of Florence is the Etruscan Parthenon.

5. And the fact I wish to put clearly before you to-day is the continuance of this great race, without any break in descent, from the days of Lars Porsena of Clusium to that in which the present King of Italy received Castruccio Castracani's sword from the Tuscans of Val di Nievole.[2] Always a race of warriors, but not robber warriors. Living on their own land as shepherds and husbandmen; holding first the Greek religion and then the Christian in sincerity and intensity never elsewhere paralleled; regarding the grave, before Christ, with noble reverence, and, after Christ, with heavenly security of hope; changing the arched shade of the Etrurian cave into the sweet cloister of the Vale of Arno, filled with the earth of the Holy Land, their best treasure from beyond the sea.[3] On that voyage their shipmen brought home clay instead of gold; but God made it to them a treasure, so that all the things they could desire were not to be compared to it. Solomon had indeed made gold to be in Jerusalem as stones.[4] The Pisan made the dust of Jerusalem to be as gold.

[1] [In 1872: see the Introduction to Vol. XXII. p. xxvi. For other references to Mr. Goodwin, see Vol. XIV. pp. xix., 434; and Vol. XXI. pp. xlviii., 211.]

[2] [For Castruccio Castracani, Duke of Lucca, see Vol. XII. pp. 224–225; and for other references to the gift of his sword to King Victor Emanuel, Vol. XIX. p. 441, and *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 18, § 5.]

[3] [See *Val d'Arno*, § 28 (above, p. 24).]

[4] [Proverbs iii. 15; 1 Kings x. 27 ("And the king made silver to be in Jerusalem as stones").]

6. A shepherd race they were, remember, even more than an agricultural one—the Val d'Arno corresponding exactly, in its general relation to the hill country of the Apennines, to the Vale of Sparta as related to Arcadia. And the Florentines of the twelfth century may be best conceived by you as Spartan and Arcadian Christians, intensely warlike yet desiring peace with all men;[1] entirely continent and simple in habits of life, yet having the fulness of Athenian imagination joined with the dignity and sanctity of the Dorian race. Their first central Christian temple was built to St. John the Baptist—octagonal and domed, like a little chamber in the Catacombs, surrounded by their chief burial-place for their nobles. "Wherefore, we are buried with him by baptism unto death."[2] The tombs were taken away in the thirteenth century. The building remains. It is Dante's "mio bel San Giovanni."[3]

7. There is a side of it.[4]

This is the most perfect living Etruscan-Greek architecture you can see, and I know nothing like it in Attica for exquisite grace of proportion and reserve of power.

But just two miles north of Florence, at the foot of the Apennines, there is an entirely unaltered Etruscan building, older than this—the little Abbey of Fésole, under the very walls of the ancient Etruscan city.

And on the lintel of the door of this church there is an inscription which I have here copied, being the first words which I myself ever read, written by the Etruscan Christians:

"All things whatsoever which ye seek praying, believe that ye shall receive them, and they shall happen to you.

"And when ye shall stand to pray, forgive, if you have aught against any."—(Mark xi. 24, 25.[5])

8. I will venture to delay you a few moments to say a few words to my younger hearers on this matter. Whatever thoughts come to you respecting the nature, use, or duty of prayer, speak out to yourselves and deal with firmly. Don't act hesitatingly on half understandings and half beliefs, but determine whether you believe or not, and act bravely and simply according to that determination.[6] Either the verse is literally true or literally false; and if literally false, you need not trouble yourselves about its possible metaphorical significance. But be sure you have honour and strength enough to try it before you venture to say it is false. Decide first whether you can think of God as your Father; if you can, you can ask Him much more simply for what you want than you can your father on earth, because the greater Father understands you thoroughly. You have nothing to explain to Him, and can hide nothing from Him. He knows exactly what you want, and why you want it; and when you really

[1] [See *Val d'Arno*, Lecture V. ("Pax Vobiscum"), above, pp. 69 *seq.*]

[2] [Romans vi. 4.]

[3] [See above, p. 269. The Baptistery was up to 1293 surrounded with graves, but in that year the ground around it was paved.]

[4] [Here Ruskin showed the drawing here reproduced on Plate XX. (above, p. 241).]

[5] [See above, p. 268.]

[6] [Compare *Ethics of the Dust*, § 115 (Vol. XVIII. pp. 351-352).]

pray in sincerity your first natural feeling will be, Why should I ask for this in words, or in any formal manner? Well, all that can be told you about that is—and if you are modest and sensible you will be satisfied with the answer—that practically the thing is so, and from the beginning of time has been so. Make up your mind what you want, and that you have a good reason for wanting it; ask it in clear words, and you will find all your hope and strength increased thereupon, and will gradually come to find out more than I care to tell you just now. Only mind that all honest prayer means your having your heart free from wilful sin. If you are not doing your best to obey your Father, there is no way of taking His Name in vain so insolent and so deadly as praying to Him.[1]

9. Now the entire system of Florentine art is merely the exposition of that legend,[2] and the beginning of it was in the valley just behind this church, when a noble of the city—an artist as well as a noble—Cimabue, "of the noble family of that name,"[3] found, as you have heard so often, a shepherd lad drawing one of his sheep on a stone. Drawing, it is commonly said; but he was without doubt scratching,[4] in imitation of the exquisite engraved lines he had seen on this very stone and other such. And being taken to Florence and taught by Cimabue, he became not only the greatest painter of his time, but the founder of restored Christian art in all times. "Ille ego sum," wrote Florence on his tomb, "per quem pictura extincta revixit."[5]

10. Nor painting only, but sculpture and architecture also, for this boy of Fésole perfected himself in all the arts; and opposite that Etruscan baptistery of green and white marble he built this tower of red and white marble—tower called still his, Giotto's; and on the base of it he designed a series of sculptures representing the life, art, and learning of the human race, from their creation to that Christian day. It is Giotto's Darwinian theory of human development. This he designed in a series of twenty-seven tablets, beginning with the creation of Adam; then, of Eve; then, "Adam delved and Eve span"; and then, shepherd life, accepted of heaven.

Jabal, the father of such as dwelt in tents and of such as have cattle.[6] And this shepherd life, as he had done when he was a boy, scratched now more dexterously on the stone. There it is, photographed for you as carved by his own hand. Jabal in his tent, and two sheep before him, and a little lamb on his right hand, and a little puppy on his left; and that's the puppy.

11. Now I can't show you grander Greek sculpture than that. Pure Greek work of the highest style. It is of a puppy dog indeed, not of Jupiter Tonans; instead of the ambrosial locks, only a velvety little puppy's ear,

[1] [Ruskin, it is clear, intended to publish this lecture, for the MS. here continues:—

"(I add for the general reader a note from a lecture lately given in Oxford, which will complete what I wish at present to say on this matter)."

The reference is, no doubt, to the Oxford lecture, now printed at the end of Vol. XXII.: see pp. 535 *seq.*]

[2] [*i.e.*, the legend on the Badia of S. Domenico at Fésole.]

[3] [Vasari's *Lives*, vol. i. p. 35 (Bohn).]

[4] [See *Mornings in Florence*, § 132 (above, p. 423).]

[5] [See *The Æsthetic and Mathematic Schools*, § 17 (above, p. 196).]

[6] [Genesis iv. 20.]

which you long to see shaken; which as you look at it, you think will shake. All the great principles of art are in this. Take Michael Angelo's first. If you look at that puppy a while, you will say to him, "Bark! It's like life."[1] Well, then, take the Law of Phidias—life in perfect power, but in repose.[2] That puppy is up to anything, but as far as it is in puppy nature to be quiet, quiet as the Theseus.[3] Think of Snyders' dogs in comparison! A vile modern sculptor—nay, a vulgar ancient one—would have made the dog in action. In the Metopes of Selinus[4] there are dogs attacking Actæon, like Landseer's otter dogs. No, say Phidias and Giotto; brightness, strength, and cheerfulness, and peace—these are what great art has to contemplate.[5]

12. Well, finally, we have had Michael Angelo's principle of art and Phidias'; now take Titian's.

Titian learned from Giotto,[6] and what do you think chiefly? He learned his colour, and he learned his breadth. Never to break a mass that can be kept whole. Think how easy it would have been for a common sculptor to have cut this dog all over crisp hair, and made him project from the stone, so that everybody would have gone to look at the wonderful dog. No, says Giotto; Love me, love my dog, and look for him. And he shall be carved more in the spirit than the body. Puppy heart more than puppy body, puppy body more than puppy skin, and puppy skin more than puppy hair.[7]

Well, this is only what might be covered by a teacup of the sculptures that surround this tower with the record of the birth, and the harmony of the education, and the prophecy of the immortality of the human race.

[1] [For the explanation of this reference, see above, p. 217.]

[2] [Compare *Aratra Pentelici*, Vol. XX. p. 339.]

[3] [With what is here said of the "Theseus" in the British Museum, compare Vol. XIX. p. 203; for Snyders, see Vol. VII. p. 337; and for Landseer's otter dogs, Vol. IV. p. 149 *n.*]

[4] [Seen by Ruskin at Palermo in 1874: see the Introduction, above, p. xxxiii.]

[5] [Here the MS. contains a note (doubtless developed extempore in the lecture):—

"Hercules and Antæus by Giotto and Pollajuolo."

For "Hercules and Antæus by Giotto," see *Mornings in Florence*, § 136 (above, p. 427). Antonio Pollajuolo treated the subject in a small picture in the Uffizi (No. 1153).]

[6] [Compare *Mornings in Florence*, §§ 25, 26 (above, p. 321), and *Giotto and his Works in Padua*, § 19 (Vol. XXIV. p. 36.)]

[7] [Here, again, Ruskin must have added passages extempore. The note in the MS. is:—

"All fine sculpture a beautiful boss"

—a theme which is discussed in *Aratra Pentelici*, Vol. XX. p. 214.]

II

GIOTTO AND NICCOLA PISANO

1. At the close of the thirteenth century Italy stood sole mistress of the Arts to Europe. This throne was given her by St. Francis and St. Dominic, under the greater force of St. Benedict and St. Bernard. The teaching of these two men gave new fiery life to the dormant Etruscan race, and in the first glow of it Giotto came from the fields of Fésole to write its passion in eternal light. At the same moment Niccola Pisano arose to compel and confine the newly kindled spirit by the strict laws of physical truth; and these two men together moulded the entire system of the constructive arts of the Christian soul.

2. Now of these two, remember, Giotto of Fésole was taught by the Greeks, Nicolas of Pisa by the Romans, both being themselves Etruscans. Their native strength was given them by their race and its country. From the Greeks, Giotto learned the spirit of Nature; from the Romans, Niccola Pisano her physical conditions and practical laws. For instance, if the two men have each to represent the subject of the "Taking Down from the Cross," Giotto will think first of representing the grief of the Virgin, Niccola Pisano first of representing the pressure of the weight of the body on the arms of the persons receiving it.[1] In the noble art that followed, the aims and powers of both were united. In the modern school they are not only separate but antagonist; and a base sentiment which thinks it may defy with impunity the laws of gravitation divides the domain of art with a base science which imagines that man is capable of no ascent but that of the dust in the whirlwind, and is in peril of no fall deeper than into his grave.

3. In thus opposing Science to Sentiment it must not be supposed that I mean to confirm the commonly held opposition of the Real and Ideal, or Natural and Supernatural. Grief is no less real than weight, and spirit not less natural than matter. Both Giotto and Niccola are equally Realists—both are equally Naturalists; but the one represents distinctively the truth and nature of human feeling, and the other the truth and nature of human flesh. And even this distinction you are to observe in them not as total, but only as principally guidant and characteristic. They are dexter and sinister sides of a noble shield, and each quartered with the opposite colour. Niccola Pisano is more forcible and true in rendering emotion than any modern English sentimentalist, and Giotto carves a dog better than Landseer did his lions; but in the whole gist of his work, the law with Pisano is to get his substance true, and let feeling take care of itself, and with Giotto to get feeling true, and let substance take care of itself.

4. I must still be so far tiresome as to qualify, or at least explain, even my expression of opposition between Sentiment and Science. The Sentimental school is, in the depth of it, far the more scientific of the two, but

[1] [See above, pp. 224 *seq.*, and Plate XVIII.]

with a science that cannot be taught, and which is not therefore in ordinary language called science, but "Intuition."

Thus in Giotto's fresco of St. Francis restoring the boy to life[1] who had fallen from an upper story of his house into the street, as the child rises, one of the women standing by throws up her arms to Heaven, clasping her hands with the perfect expression of an instantaneous cry of thankfulness. No "science" whatever is shown in drawing the muscles of the arms. The science is in seizing the exact angles of them with the body, the exact bend at the elbows, and the precise degree of pressure in the clasped fingers, which express sudden thankfulness. The number of observations which must have been made on human gestures and of accurately mathematical comparisons of the angles, taken by the arms in different degrees and kinds of passions (as, for a rough instance, despair would have thrown them up, not forward; and joy, without thankfulness, closer to the breasts), before the painter could strike his line so finely as to express even the difference between sudden thanks and sudden prayer, are indeed a scientific operation far more prolonged and delicate than the analysis of a mineral, but requiring for its success a gift of sympathy which not one man in a million would be found to possess, while science, commonly so called, consists only in the collection of observations which it is in the power of everybody to make. Any hospital demonstrator could have marked the muscles of the woman's arms, and any apothecary's apprentice analysed the fluid which lubricated their joints, but science at that universally communicable level does not make a painter.

5. With these distinct, therefore, but not antagonist—on the contrary nobly adjutant—gifts, Giotto and Pisano are set to their task under virtually the order and inspiration of St. Francis and St. Dominic; that is to say, of the two preachers of Christian Work and Christian Faith, under whom, after twelve centuries of widely smouldering and partly quenched vitality, the Christian religion burst into all embracing-flame.

The Dominican gospel, whether preached by St. Dominic himself, by Luther, by the last ordained High Church curate, or the last elected Methodist cobbler, is always essentially the same:—

> "All those shall die
> The eternal death who believe not as I."*

It cannot be any other, for no man can earnestly preach a faith other than his own, nor his own with acceptable zeal, virtue, and modesty, unless he supposes it essential to the salvation of all men. The essential Franciscan gospel is "Whosoever doeth the will of my Father, which is in Heaven, the same is my brother." "Let him that loveth God, love his brother also."[2]

The Franciscan faith is impossible without the Dominican, and the Dominican diabolical without the Franciscan.

* Lowell ("Ambrose").

[1] [This is one of three frescoes in the transept of the Lower Church of Assisi representing miracles of St. Francis. A reproduction of the fresco here described is given at p. 68 of F. Mason Perkins's *Giotto* (1902).]

[2] [Matthew xii. 50; 1 John iv. 21.]

III

A NOTE ON BOTTICELLI'S "ZIPPORAH"[1]

(1876)

The drawing, kindly lent the Council of the Arundel Society, is a careful copy of the entire fresco by Alessandro Botticelli, one of the fourteen[2] which, under his direction (three by his own hand), were devoted in the Sistine Chapel to the illustration of the giving of the Law by Moses, and its ratification by Christ.

The one copied represents the first active part of the Life of Moses, beginning with the slaying of the Egyptian, giving in the centre his deliverance of Zipporah and her sisters, which led to his marriage; then continuing to the vision of the burning bush, and his leaving the land of Midian with his wife and children.[3] The photograph represents the central portion of the fresco on a large scale, and my study is as nearly a facsimile as I could make it of the single figure of Zipporah.

Botticelli, trained in the great Etruscan Classic School, retains in his ideal of the future wife of Moses every essential character of the Etrurian Pallas,[4] regarding her as the Heavenly Wisdom given by inspiration to the Lawgiver for his helpmate; yet changing the attributes of the goddess

[1] [To an exhibition of pictures in oil and water-colour, held by the Corporation of Brighton in 1876 (opened April 6), Ruskin lent some drawings by himself; namely, "Study of the Aiguilles of Chamouni," "Near Pitlochrie, Scotland," "By Garry Side, Killiecrankie," and the copy of the figure of Zipporah (reproduced as the frontispiece to this volume) from Botticelli's fresco of "Scenes in the Life of Moses" in the Sistine Chapel. Ruskin exhibited also "Photograph of part of a Fresco in Sistine Chapel, painted by Botticelli," and "Woodcut of the Attic Pallas." Signor Fattorini's water-colour drawing of the same fresco by Botticelli was lent by the Committee of the Arundel Society. To these latter drawings, etc., Ruskin wrote the following explanatory note for the catalogue.]

[2] [A slip of the pen for twelve: see *Ariadne Florentina*, § 209 (Vol. XXII. p. 442).]

[3] [See Plate XXIV. here (p. 276).]

[4] [Ruskin's writings at this time contain other remarks upon the permanence of the Etruscan tradition in Italian art. See *Fors Clavigera*, 1876 (Letter 66), where he traces back to the Cervetri Sarcophagus in the British Museum certain details in the work of Fra Filippo Lippi and Jacopo della Quercia: see also a footnote to Letter 71. The "Attic power of Etruria"—the artistic connexion between Athens and the Etruscans—is also touched upon in Ruskin's Preface to *Bibliotheca Pastorum*, vol. i. ("The Economist of Xenophon"). See also in this volume pp. 200–203, 342 *n.*]

into such as become a shepherd maiden. To show the perfect correspondence with still earlier tradition, I have sent also my woodcut of the Attic Pallas,[1] of the Phidian period, in which every piece of the dress will be found to have its corresponding piece in that of Zipporah.[2]

There is first the sleeved chiton or linen robe, falling to the feet, looped up a little by the shepherdess; then the peplus or covering mantle, very nearly our shawl, but fitting closer; Athena's, crocus coloured, embroidered by herself with the battle against the giants;[3] Zipporah's, also crocus coloured, almost dark golden, embroidered with blue and purple, with mystic golden letters on the blue ground; the fringes of the ægis are, however, transposed to the peplus; and these being of warm crimson complete the sacred chord of colour (blue, purple, and scarlet), Zipporah being a priest's daughter.

The ægis of Pallas becomes for Zipporah a goatskin satchel, in which she carries apples and oak (for pleasure and strength); her lance becomes a reed, in which she carries her wool and spindle; the tresses of her hair are merely softened from the long black falling tresses of Athena; a leaf of myrtle replaces the olive. The scarcely traceable thin muslin veil over her breast represents the part of the ægis which, in the Pallas, is drawn with dots, meaning soft dew instead of storm.

The black outlines are very carefully traced, being used by Botticelli to give distinctness to the painting, which is about eighteen feet from the ground, and in shade.

JOHN RUSKIN.

[1] [This woodcut is Plate IV. in *Aratra Pentelici* (Vol. XX. p. 242).]

[2] [With the description of Zipporah here, compare, above, pp. 275–276.]

[3] [See above, p. 275 *n.*]

END OF VOLUME XXIII

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